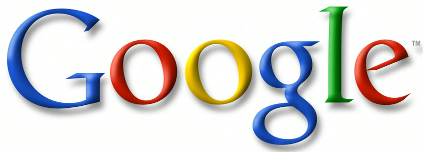

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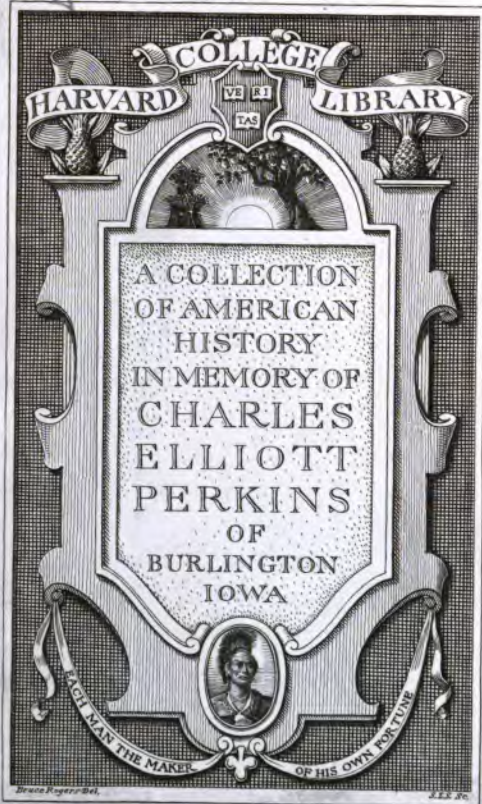

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EAST BY WEST.

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"We had thought at least, with the wind in the East,
The ship would not travel due West."

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EAST BY WEST.

A JOURNEY IN THE RECESS.

BY

HENRY W. LUCY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
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EAST BY WEST.

CHAPTER I.

DINING AND CREMATING.

We lunched with Mr. Inouyé, the Foreign Minister, at his pretty country house on the outskirts of Tokio. Mr. Ito was present, together with several English gentlemen who have been closely associated with the Government of Japan in furthering its desire of drawing nearer to Western civilization. The Foreign Office, where Mr. Inouyé officially resides, is furnished throughout in European style. At his country house the Foreign Minister preserves the two styles, there being a suite of reception and dining rooms furnished in European style, and one wing of the house in Japanese manner. There is no doubt which

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is the prettier. Nothing could be daintier or in better taste than the Japanese house. The colouring is exquisite; the various woods, simply polished and showing the grain, are a pleasure to look upon. The house stands high, with trees and fields facing it, and in summer weather must be the perfection of a summer residence.

What can be done in the way of grafting European notions of furniture upon the Japanese style of house architecture, is seen in a pretty little bungalow which Mr. Greville, of the British Embassy, has built for himself at Tokio. He took what was originally a Japanese house, made a few alterations while strictly preserving its style, and then began to furnish and adorn it with prizes drawn in the curio lottery. Mr. Trench pathetically complains that when paying a visit he is always afraid to move about, being prone either to knock his head against the ceiling, or to knock over something on tables or floor. But the *chargé d'affaires* is a very tall man, and even he is not so dangerous as he represents himself.

It is very difficult now to obtain really old lacquer or old things of any kind in Japan. Madame Inouyé is happy in many priceless possessions. She has not only knowledge and special opportunities of exercising it, but

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has been quietly at work for some years. Every foreigner who goes to Japan is on the look-out for old lacquer and curios which antedate the European demand for them. Whatever of the real thing comes up is eagerly snatched at. But Japanese modern art is equal to the emergency, and makes many things that are beautiful if not old. I met in a remote country district an enterprising Semitic from London who had spent two months in Japan and had bought up enough odds and ends to freight a brig. He would buy old lamps if he could get them. If not, new ones would do; but he must have them as like the old ones as possible, and would then take them by the dozen and the score. This is a clearing-out process from a strictly trading point of view, which I believe is not uncommon, and which must at no distant date empty Japan of whatever makes her dear to the curiosity hunter.

One other little difficulty the foreigner meets with in Japan surrounds the question of money. Japanese currency is chiefly in paper money, in convenient denominations down to ten yen, which should be of the value of five-pence. But for a long period terminating with last year, the paper currency was grievously depreciated. What was nominally worth four

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shillings, could with difficulty be exchanged for three, and it reached levels lower than that. The Government, and above all their new policy, was upon trial. They might break down any day, and who could say that their successors would, even if they could, meet the promise to pay which the notes bore? Gradually confidence in the Government and in the future of Japan has grown, and with it paper money has very nearly touched par. At the present moment a paper yen is worth only fivepence less than the silver dollar, which is a recuperation as remarkable and even more rapid than that of greenbacks or Italian notes.

This sure sign of the growing prosperity and stability of the new empire is not viewed with very great approval by all who live within its borders. It is said, and with unquestionable truth, that it has sent up the prices of everything and made living appreciably dearer. Once a yen always a yen, is a golden rule among the shopkeepers and tradespeople of Japan. What they charged a yen for when the note was worth only three shillings, they still charge a yen for now the little bit of paper is worth three and sevenpence, and seems bent on reaching par.

That, however, is not the grievance of the foreign visitor. He would certainly bear to

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have currency worth twenty-five per cent. less than its nominal value, since that would mean that for his English sovereign he would get twenty-five shillings. But he thinks he has a reasonable right to demand that he shall know a yen note when he sees it, and shall not confound a fifty-yen note with one valued at twenty. Formerly yen notes were recognizable at sight, having the figure "one" printed on them in numerals. Now there are yen notes of various colours, sizes, and designs, with no figure of denomination printed on them. The fifties are the same size as the twenties, and are exactly the same pattern save for cabalistic signs in the corners—of course plain enough to the Japanese, but worse than Greek to the foreigner. It is true that if you know where to look for it, and have a microscope handy, you can discover the figure "twenty" printed on the tenpenny note, and "fifty" on the two-shilling one. But these are not conditions always realizable, especially at night.

I heard of a recent visitor to Japan who had only a month to see the country in. Like John Gilpin, "tho' on pleasure bent he had a frugal mind," and a dear friend estimated that he spent one week of the four in studying his notes before he made payments, and went away saddened by the conviction that he

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had three times paid away fifty-yen notes for twenty. This is not likely to be strictly true, but it indicates a matter of considerable embarrassment to visitors to Japan, and might be commended to the attention of the Government among their other reforms.

The explanation of this shower of diverse designs in copper plate is the establishment of national banks, of which there are no less than 152, each authorized to issue its own notes. The necessity for diversity of designs is obvious; but there is the more reason why the denomination should be made clear. The silver yen, a strikingly handsome coin, is now at par with the Mexican dollar. It is, indeed, preferred by tradespeople and banks, since Chinese industry has found a new and wide field in dealing with the Mexican coin. By the exercise of dexterity and industry the artisan removes the face from one side of the coin, cuts out the silver, fills up the cavity with baser metal, and resets the face in a way that makes it difficult for any but trained eyes to detect the fraud. So widely has this practice obtained, that when payment is made in Mexican dollars the recipient rings every coin. It is of no consequence when the transaction does not exceed three or four dollars, but when it comes to thirty, forty, or over, it

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is rather a bore to have to stand by and watch each coin tested. This is necessary, since the industry branches out in another direction, and the guileless-looking Chinese, who is judicially testing your money, may have ready at hand a few of these manipulated coins ready for opportunities. These somehow get mixed up with yours, and he, with a pitying smile for your earlier misfortune, will invite you to replace them with sterling silver.

Between luncheon and dinner was a convenient time for witnessing a cremation. In Tokio, the principal place of cremation is situated at Shen-jo, a suburb reached through long lines of busy streets. It was fête day in the neighbourhood, and we approached it through a dense crowd of holiday makers. The shops were brightly lit. Jinrikshas abounded, most of them holding two, and one at least four, persons, two being babies. On these occasions the Japan infant obtains a change of view and position. For the most part it peers out upon the world round the side of its mother's or sister's head. But it being physically impossible for a woman to sit in a jinriksha with the everlasting baby at her back, it is, on this occasion only, slewed round to the front.

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Many of the tea-houses in this quarter were brilliantly illuminated with scores of lanterns. One, which our guide said was "a goose-house," had over a hundred, a tall pole running up from before it hanging out a score. It appears that the Japanese is rapidly developing carnivorous tastes. As the home culinary department is not yet equal to cooking joints, the luxurious Japanese of the lower middle class goes out to a beef-house, or a goose-and-duck house, and feeds on the unfamiliar viand.

After an hour's drive through a lane of busy life we came to the silent house where the dead awaited the last service of the living. It stands a little apart from the main road, a building of a single story, with an innocent-looking tall chimney, that might be connected with a pottery or a small iron-foundry. The business is always conducted privately, and there are few in Tokio, except those who are professionally engaged, who have witnessed the process. But arrangements made by the omnipotent Foreign Minister opened the doors, and secured a respectful welcome. We were first received in the house of the manager, where tea was served in priceless porcelain cups of Kutani ware. The furnace, if so imposing a name may be used for a process so

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simple, stood a few paces from the house. On entering it there was nothing to be seen but what appeared to be two butter-tubs resting upon a few faggots of wood. There were several cavities about two inches deep and a foot long in the stone floor, and these were filled with shavings. According to municipal law, no burning is to be done before half-past six in the evening. It still wanted ten minutes to that time, but in the circumstances the manager thought he would be safe in anticipating the hour, and the shavings were fired.

One of the men, kneeling before the growing flame, fanned it with a piece of wood. It caught the dry faggots, greedily licked the sides of the tubs, rose high in the air, and then, with a horrible thud, the head of the barrel burst outwards. Quick as thought, the man seized a large piece of wood, lying by in readiness, and hid from sight whatever may have protruded. It is the boast of the skilful cremator that under his supervision the contents of the barrel are never exposed to view. A heavy matting of wet straw is laid over the length of the barrel before the fire is ignited. As the barrel is burned away this falls in and covers the body. In three hours the work is done. Every particle of flesh is burned away, and there remains only the skeleton.

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The bones and the teeth the relatives collect and give them sepulture.

There are three classes of cremation at this establishment. In the first class each body is burned separately, a charge being made of seven yen, equal to twenty-eight shillings in our money. In the second class the charge is only ten shillings, the difference being that two or more, according to the briskness of trade, are burned at the same time. The third class pay six and sixpence, the semblance of a coffin provided by the tub being dispensed with. It will be seen that, as compared with the most moderate scale of ordinary burial charges, cremation is cheap. As far as I could gather, it is this which recommends it to the class of Japanese, generally the least wealthy, who avail themselves of the resources at the establishment at Shen-jo and kindred institutions.

We dined in the evening with Mr. Irwin, the American gentleman to whose energy Japan is, as already noted, indebted for a new and well-equipped line of coasting steamers. Mr. Irwin has a Japanese wing to his residence, and the Japanese portion of the establishment is infinitely the prettier. It was a fairy-like scene as we took our places on cushions on the matted floor of the dining-

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room. It was to be in every respect a Japanese dinner; consequently there were (at the outset at least) no chairs, much less tables. After a while hospitality overcame the rigour of etiquette, and at a crisis when my unaccustomed knees were beginning to crack, a small stool was quietly brought in, on which I was able to sit without disturbing the harmony of the picture. That was effectively done by Mr. Dennison, an American gentleman in the confidence of the Foreign Office. Though he has lived many years in Japan, he has never been able to take kindly to the national posture, and now nothing less than a big cane chair suited the exigencies of his burly frame.

Outside, the garden was festooned with Chinese lanterns which softly illumined its dark recesses. A panel drawn aside at the foot of the room opened upon the veranda, which served admirably for a stage, on which three small children performed, during the meal, a touching drama. Hidden from view was a musician who played upon a samisen, a three-stringed instrument, as old as the sixteenth century, thrummed upon banjo-wise with the fingers. From time to time the musician, a woman, broke forth into a monotonous chant descriptive of the scene going

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forward on the stage, and analytic of the motives of the characters; just as on the real stage the Jôruri singers assist the players.

For the sole actor in this dramatic company (two members were girls) this adventitious aid was quite superfluous. The youth was in his sixth year, the son of a small shopkeeper, who added something to his income by hiring out his children for these performances in private houses. I gathered the general plan of the play to be that he was a faithful retainer, whose young master (his sister, aged nine) was in love with a young lady, a character taken by a sprightly young thing of seven, who was, for family reasons, not an eligible party. The duty of young Roscius was to advise and, if possible, restrain his master from indulgence in this unhappy passion. The way he frowned and strutted, shook his gory locks, and waved his aged but still virile hand; the way he relapsed for a moment into attitudes of profound and saddened thought while the Jôruri singer told what was passing within his perturbed breast; the way when, angered past endurance, he threatened to draw an imaginary sword; his haughtiness, his affection for his master, his unbending hostility to the fair one, and, above all, the efforts he made when declaiming intense passages to produce bass

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notes out of his piping treble, were things worth a journey to Japan to see and hear.

All were good, the maiden with her pretty face and quaint womanly manner, the love-lorn lord, patient to the last, under the tyranny of his truculent retainer. But the small boy was simply sublime, and should be heard of hereafter on a wider stage.

When we took our seats around the festive board, the first course was already served. Before each guest was placed a little lacquered tray, raised three or four inches from the ground. On it was a covered porcelain bowl, containing a small quantity of boiled rice. A second covered bowl of lacquer held some clear fish soup, which I made bold to eat, and found uncommonly good. As there was only chop-sticks to eat the rice, I said I rarely ate rice at this time of day, and passed it by. Nor did I care about the contents of the third bowl, which contained some mysterious-looking vegetables. Whilst we were discussing or regarding these delicacies, there entered a bevy of pretty serving-girls bearing lacquered cups for each guest and a little blue jar containing saké. It was slightly mulled, the small jars being replenished from a silver kettle.

Each guest has his appointed handmaid.

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Mine was exceedingly pretty, a great addition to the picture as she gracefully knelt at the other side of the tray, watchful for opportunity to do service. As there was nothing particular to do, she filled up the time by smiling on me in the friendliest manner. I smiled back, and we go on very well together without articulate speech.

Presently the little handmaiden rose, left the room, and with the others returned carrying a covered vessel of pure white wood. This was full of rice, with which she refilled the empty rice bowls, whilst another maiden, nearly as pretty, removed the bowls of clear soup, a third replacing them with lacquer bowls containing stewed wild ducks, raw fish, white cakes of bean paste, and a little bowl of pickles, which may have been savoury to the taste but were certainly unpleasant to the nose. After a while—just as young Roscius on the stage had discovered his master making signs over a supposititious garden wall to his lady-love, and murder seemed imminent—my little handmaid brought up another bowl containing a fresh kind of soup. Whilst I cautiously tasted this she went out again and brought in some fried fish on a plate, with a little ginger and pickled vegetables in a porcelain bowl. The fish, I ascertained, was tai,

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a kind of plaice, and it is the correct thing to eat it with ginger. Sixthly, she brought another plate of fish stewed in soy, with a plate of lily bulbs and another of chestnuts.

Close on her heels came a girl bearing the wine kettle, this time quite hot. Having had sufficient saké in the cooler state, I declined a further supply, whereupon another kettle was brought. I said I would take some of that, not knowing its contents, but earnest in search of knowledge. It turned out to be plain hot water. It seems to be an accepted doctrine among the Japanese gourmands that at this stage of the feast "something hot" must be taken. For those who like it there is saké. Those who do not care for saké gurgle down hot water. I did not care for my supply now I had it, but the indefatigable handmaid placed on my tray, as others had served to them, a cup of hot water, with leaves of an aromatic plant floating on it, doing their best to counteract the influence of the pickled vegetables.

Here there was a pause. Cigarettes were served round, and some of the guests who had squatted on the floor through the dinner took the opportunity of stretching their limbs by strolling about the room and neighbouring apartments. Though what has gone before is

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quickly told, it took a considerable time in the accomplishment. The play had been going forward simultaneously, and the faithful retainer had now learned beyond doubt the infatuation of his master, and his brow had grown in blackness. He had killed nobody as yet, but his hand frequently sought his sword hilt, and slaughter was imminent. I thought we had finished dinner, but there remained yet another course. All the dishes had been removed, and now came a tray bountifully supplied with plates of bean jelly, rice cake, and other toothsome things. There were also grapes, of which Japan grows some excellent varieties, and hopes shortly to do better. There was also a toothpick, but I did not feel as if I wanted one.

This course disposed of, the host rose and conducted us to another room, where tea is usually served. If there had been a few thick slices of bread and butter with the tea I would gladly have gone forth in search of it. As it was, the prospect of a thimbleful of pale yellow fluid served round with smiles and bows was a little depressing. But our host knew the weakness of the European. We had, when offered our choice, recklessly voted in favour of a Japanese dinner, and we had had it, or, to be more exact, had had some of

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it. Still an inch of fish, perilously conveyed to the mouth with chopsticks, a mouthful of soup, and a sniff of greens kept too long in salt water, are not filling. We were therefore unfeignedly glad to discover, in place of the tea-tray, a table bountifully set forth with a good British dinner.

I noticed that the Japanese who had so long sat at meat in the other room took very kindly to the European food, a preference which I fancy is growing. I once asked the disguised prince who came across with us in the *Coptic* which style of food he preferred, the European or the Japanese.

"The Japanese," he promptly answered.

But then he had not for seven years had an opportunity of tasting it.

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CHAPTER II.

A PERSONAL EPISODE IN HISTORY.

Sitting one day in the European drawing-room of Mr. Inouyé's counting-house (which, after all, has its conveniences in the matter of chairs), the Foreign Minister told me the story of his life, which is also, in a great measure, the story of the life of the new Empire of Japan. In 1864 Japan was in those throes which surely presaged a new birth of one kind or other, most probably of revolution and rapine. At Tokio the Tycoon reigned, but scarcely governed; at Kioto the Mikado reigned, but in no sense governed. The ancient and curiously solemn farce of dual majesty still prevailed. The Mikado's person and authority were sacred—too sacred for contact with mundane affairs. He lived in his palace surrounded by all the attributes of imperial majesty. His name was revered throughout all the provinces. In theory his power was

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unlimited. He could do almost anything but direct the destinies of the nation of which he was the titular head. He could create a new deity, who would presently have his shrines, his priesthood, and his throng of worshippers. But he could not move a regiment of soldiers.

The Tycoons, who had commenced to be Cromwells, whilst not destroying the kingship, had long usurped imperial state, and, in recent relations of foreign Powers, had used the title of majesty. So dark were the internal affairs of Japan to the foreigner that the shadowy emperor interned at Kioto was possibly, after some vague efforts to comprehend his position, absolutely ignored, and foreign treaties were contracted with "his Majesty the Tycoon." It was the existence of these treaties, and the prospect of further and closer intercourse with the scorned and hated foreigner, that accounted for the hot blood now seething in Japan, and threatening to find outlet somewhere, against the foreigner if possible, if not against the usurper who had so far forgotten his duty to the empire as to traffic with foreigners.

In 1854 a treaty had been made with the United States, very narrow in its scope, but illimitable in its consequences. It had been signed at the instance or on the insistence

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of Commodore Perry, and bound the Japanese Government to afford succour and protection to seamen and vessels of the United States. If the Japanese Government failed therein, or could, in any plausible manner, be held to have failed, Commodore Perry or some one like him, at the head of a fleet of ironclads, would appear off Nagasaki, bombard the town, and perhaps land troops. The Tycoon, in entering into a pledge with a foreign Power, had given that Power the right to enforce its fulfilment.

In 1858 Great Britain had wrung another treaty out of the Tycoon—one much wider in its scope than that conceded to the United States. The foreigner had already obtained a foothold on the sacred shores of the empire. He lived at Yokohama, built houses, carried on trade, and if any two-sworded man were, in an excess of patriotism, to chop off his head, instead of being protected and advanced in favour, he was tried for murder. The foreigners were asking for more open ports. Fresh treaties were talked of, and nothing in the previous conduct of the Tycoon justified the hope that they would not be granted.

The old nobles of Japan saw this degradation and threatened destruction of their country with troubled breasts and growing anger.

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They were the real rulers of Japan, though for convenience' sake, and with the object of preventing one or other of their fellows from usurping the emptied throne, they were content to do homage to the Tycoon. But when he thus proved faithless to all traditions of the country, some of them resolved to assert the personal independence which had always existed in fact. Foremost amongst these hot-headed chieftains was the Prince of Chosiu. He swore a great oath that, let the Tycoon do what he pleased and make such treaties as he thought fit in Tokio, the province of Chosiu should be held free from the contaminating touch of the foreigners. If the foreigners entered his territory, they should incontinently be slain. If foreign ships appeared off his coasts, they should be fired upon; to which end he built and armed forts.

Amongst his retinue were two young men of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, one named Ito and the other Inouyé. They were of the samurai class, and their sagacity and courage had, even at this early age, raised them high in the counsels of their prince. They were daring enough to offer him advice, and when he talked of keeping the foreigners off with his puny forts, they gloomily

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shook their heads. They had seen British ships at anchor in Yedo Bay, and had heard the roar of their guns.

"If," they said to the hot-headed chieftain, "you should succeed in driving off an English vessel by the fire from your forts, what then? Within a week or two, others of greater strength would steam up, and in an hour you would not have a stone standing on another. The only thing to do is to beat England on her own ground: we must learn to sail ships and fight them, and with a fleet of our own we shall be able to keep our coast inviolate."

The prince listened to reason from these young but trusted counsellors, and a notable scheme was hatched. These two men, with three others of the same age and standing, were to go to England, to spy out the land, master the great secret of naval supremacy, bring it back to Japan, straightway create a fleet, and then let England, the United States, and France look out.

The first difficulty in realization of this plan barred the start of the young patriots. It was at this time a capital offence for any Japanese to attempt to leave the country without the permission of the Tycoon. The Tycoon, however, was not a man to be trusted.

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He was gradually selling his birthright for successive messes of pottage, and patriotic Chosiu would have nothing to do with him. Japan should be saved in spite of him. In this dilemma young Inouyé came forward with his plan. He had often been down to Yokohama, watching with glowing eyes the evidences of the strength, activity, and, he was bound to admit, the intelligence of the detested foreigner. He had even scraped a personal acquaintance with some of them, amongst others a Mr. Gowen, then consul at Yokohama. What particular story he told this gentleman in order to induce him to assist in his escape I do not know. It is pretty certain that he did not tell him that he and his comrades were going over to England with the expressed purpose of taking preliminary steps for humbling the pride and power of Great Britain, and blowing its navies out of the sea. However that be, he induced the consul to ship them in the dead of the night in the guise of common sailors to Shanghai, where they could take a passage for England. The Prince of Chosiu had raised £1000 to meet the expenses of their expedition, a sum placed to their credit with the house of Jardine, Matheson, and Co., one of the pioneers of British trade in Japan.

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Everything went well as far as Shanghai; but here a hitch occurred. Three of the party duly sailed as passengers, and reached England after a more or less pleasant voyage. Ito and Inouyé met with quite another fate. Being questioned as to their desires and intentions, Inouyé expended the greater part of his store of English in declaring that he "wanted to learn navigation." His heart was full and his mind engrossed by the object of his mission. Knowledge of navigation was the secret of England's greatness, and the foundation of the power which enabled her to be overbearing and insolent in Japan. He and his dear friend Ito would go and study navigation in its chief school. They would come back and spread it through Chosiu. Then should the star of the British Empire on the seas pale, and who knows but what it would be found worth while that Great Britain should be annexed, and should be even as Yezzo, or one of the countless islands that stud the Inland Sea?

Accordingly, when asked what they wanted to do, Inouyé answered, "Navigation;" and that being all the answer to be got out of him, he and his comrade were shipped as common sailors on board the good ship *Pegasus*, bound for the port of London. They

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did not discover this till Shanghai had become a dim streak on the horizon, and they found themselves buffeted about, ordered in an unknown tongue to do impossible things. How they got through the voyage it is difficult to understand, though Mr. Inouyé, looking back at the episode from the eminence of the Foreign Office, talks of it pleasantly and cheerily. The sailors called him "Johnny," and the bo'sun had a keen eye to a sum of fifty dollars they happened to have with them when they went on board. Strange games of cards were played in the forecastle, in which they were invited to join. If they refused, they were thrashed; if they played, they lost their money. After a brief period of hesitation, during which their heads began to swell and their backs ached, they decided to lose their money. This once settled, they led quite a pleasant life. The sailors took pains to teach them their business, and, with the natural aptitude of the Japanese, they speedily became able seamen.

"I never see a sailing ship now," the Foreign Minister said, as he told me the story, "but I find myself scanning the rigging and running off the names of the ropes and spars, as I used to do on the *Pegasus*."

When they arrived in the port of London,

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the sailors left the ship, and hurried off to home or other haunts. But the two Japanese runaways had nowhere to go. They were dazed with the sight and sounds of mighty London, with its moving crowds, its interminable streets, and its forest of ships. They had entered it by its most imposing avenue, and, slowly sailing up the river, had watched with ever-widening astonishment and deepening trouble the signs of wealth and power. This was the country they presently meant to defy and to humble. In the future history of England, the day when they sailed up the Thames, disguised in blue sailor shirts and canvas trousers the worse for wear and tar, would be marked by a black letter.

As it was, London took distressingly small notice of them. The procession of ships sailed up and down. The docks for miles and miles were full of ships. There was a town on either side of the river that seemed to have no end. They were in the centre of millions of people, whose ultimate fate they held in their hands, but who, for the present, with provoking indifference, took no more notice of them than if they had been two gnats that strayed into dock from Plumstead Marshes.

Moreover, they were beginning to feel very hungry. With the end of the voyage, rations,

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such as they were, had stopped. The galley fire was cold, the cook had disappeared, and there was not even a bit of mouldy biscuit to be had. They stayed on board partly because they had nowhere to go, and partly because they expected that their arrival would be duly notified, and that some one would come down and lead them to a place where they were to stay. Nobody coming, and hunger gnawing at them, Inouyé volunteered to go ashore and buy some food. They had three dollars left, which they had secreted beyond the ken of the rapacious bo'sun. Not knowing the value of such coin in England, it was deemed desirable that the emissary should take with him all the money. He accordingly pocketed the three dollars, and went forth in search of something to eat. He would surely come upon a place where rice was sold ready boiled, or little bowls of soup were dispensed, or, peradventure, a little fish, with trimmings of seaweed, might be purchased. Wandering about, with his weather eye open for such contingencies, young Inouyé at length came to a baker's shop. Bread does not form part of Japanese daily food, but he had learned to eat biscuit on board the *Pegasus*, and this at least would be softer. Besides, the negotiations for the pur-

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chase of a loaf of bread would not be impeded by his ignorance of the language. He need not speak a word. He had only to enter the shop, take up a loaf, put down the money, and the transaction was closed. He took up a loaf, when it occurred to him that he did not know how much to pay for it. He had never bought a quartern loaf before, and could not even guess at its price. It might be one dollar, or less; it might be two dollars, or even three. He did not like to offer too little. Of course if he gave too much the man would give him the change. So he put down the three dollars. I am sorry and ashamed to say say that the baker, after looking at him and clinking the coins to test the goodness of the silver, swept them all into the till, and Inouyé, with a sinking heart, left the shop. He had got a loaf of bread, but in the heart of this big and pitiless city he and his comrade were penniless.

A new trouble beset him when he left the shop. He had taken the bearings of the ship as carefully as he could, but he had not walked far before he discovered that he had lost his way. For hours he walked about, faint with hunger, fatigue, and fear. Ito was hungry too, and till he came to him he would not break bread. At last, when it was growing

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dusk, he happened to turn into the dock, and found Ito almost in a state of desperation on his account. The two sat down in the empty forecastle, and ate their bread with a mighty content. The next day a messenger from Jardine, Matheson, & Co.'s rescued them. Lodgings were provided for them in Gower Street, and they had plenty of money at their command. This they used in prosecuting those inquiries which were the object of their expedition. They were keen-eyed young men, and were not long in discovering how ludicrously slight was the foundation on which they had built their lofty hopes. The invincible power of England, which had dawned upon them during their voyage up the Thames, grew with every day's residence in the country.

At the end of three months news came from Japan which greatly added to their trouble. The Prince of Chosiu — perhaps incited by the knowledge that he had five secret emissaries in the enemy's camp, who would presently possess themselves of the talisman of England's power — had kicked over the traces. He had closed the Straits of Shimonoseki against British ships, and had threatened to fire upon any that came within range of his guns. The Tycoon had solemnly rebuked him, and he had defied the Tycoon.

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Inouyé and Ito knew only too surely what would be the end of this. Less than six months ago they had left their prince as deeply imbued as he was with the conviction of the irresistible power of a Japanese clan, if it could only meet on equal terms with the forces of Great Britain. They were now hundreds of years in advance of their master in respect of knowledge. Their first and immediate duty was to go back to Japan and warn their prince of the hopelessness of the struggle upon which he had embarked. Like Saul of Tarsus, they had set forth on their journey full of anger, hatred, and contempt of "these new men," who disturbed the peace and order of the old *régime*. They would go back like Paul, humble and convinced of the power they had despised, and would hereafter become the foremost apostles of the Western civilization, to whose repulse from their shores they had devoted their young lives.

They called upon Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co., and explained the peremptory need of their return. But the members of the eminent and practical firm only shook their heads. These young Japanese had been consigned to their care with other goods from Japan. They were labelled "students," and

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Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, & Co. had put them in the way of study: till fresh orders were received, they could not reship them for any port. This was a serious rebuff. But the two young Japanese had grown accustomed to rebuffs, and had already formed a habit of disregarding them. Their beloved prince was in peril, their country was in danger; they had but one duty to perform, which was with the least possible delay to return to their rescue. Since there were no other means of obtaining a passage, they, profiting by their experience on the *Pegasus*, shipped before the mast as common seamen, and, making the long voyage by the Cape of Good Hope, reached Shanghai in safety.

The next thing was to get to Japan, an enterprise even more difficult than the journey from Europe to Asia. They shrewdly suspected that the British Minister at Pekin would gladly accept their good offices in furthering the settlement of the difficulties their hot-headed prince had created. They appealed personally and directly to Sir Rutherford Alcock; told him of their conviction of the utter uselessness of the Prince of Chosiu's kicking against the pricks, and of their urgent desire to come face to face with him, and report the result of their observations in England.

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The British Minister, touched by this mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, ordered Admiral Keppel, then in command of the British fleet in the Chinese seas, to land them as near the camp of the prince their master as was practicable. As soon as they got ashore they hastened to the prince, earnestly besought him to desist from a hopeless conflict, and in part succeeded in stopping him in his mad career. But they were more truly representatives of Japanese opinion when, eight months earlier, they had left the country in search of means to trample on the foreigner. The prince himself was helpless to stem the course events were taking. He had raised a spectre which he could not lay at will. As for the new and unexpected emissaries of peace, it fared hardly with them. Ito had to hide himself from popular indignation; Inouyé, falling into the hands of the angered samurai, was slashed, hacked, and left for dead by the roadside. He had just sufficient strength to crawl to his mother's house, where he was nursed back to life and carefully hidden. But to this day he bears on his face a memento of the terrible night.

Within four years of these events the inevitable end had come. The power of the Tycoon had crumbled to pieces. The

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Mikado was restored to actual authority; the feudal system which had brought about this result in its turn miraculously melted away; and after a transformation scene the like of which has never before been enacted in the history of the world, Japan found itself under something approaching to constitutional government. In the growth of popular liberty, and, concomitantly, of national prosperity, which has since invigorated Japan, the hapless sailor apprentices have borne the principal share. The lessons they learned in Gower Street in 1864 have not faded from their memory. Abandoning all notions of conquering England, they determined as far as possible to imitate her. They have introduced into Japan railways, telegraphs, a postal service, and a thorough system of education. The dream of their early youth has been realized to the extent that Japan now has a navy of first-class ships, though their guns are not loaded to keep off foreigners. On the contrary, foreigners are welcomed throughout Japan, and foreign trade flourishes at half a dozen open ports.

The policy of the present Government, of which Mr. Ito and Mr. Inouyé are the founders and the sustaining forces, is deliberately and persistently directed towards extending this

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sound and liberal movement. They are prepared to throw the whole of the country open to foreign trade, just as England is opened. But they ask that the work should be accomplished on something like the same conditions as it is rendered possible in this country. They demand that foreigners trading within the empire shall be subject to its laws, whilst they are willing to have those laws administered in the case of foreigners under conditions, as to the *personnel* of the tribunes, which shall secure the certainty of justice. As a preliminary to this state of things, there has lately been promulgated in Japan an adaptation of the Code Napoléon which has drawn forth encomiums from several eminent European jurists.

In addition, Japan demands some slight revision of the import duties, which, it is contended, do not, as at present imposed by treaty, leave to the Government of the country the bare means of subsistence, compelling them to make up deficiencies by increased charges upon their own people. Those treaties were exacted from an ignorant and irresolute Tycoon standing between the devil and the deep sea, having English, French, and Dutch ships thundering at the gates of Kobé, and around him the chiefs of the clans protesting

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by their swords that the foreigners should gain no foothold in Japan.

No impartial mind can affirm that treaties so made and at that date are applicable to the Japan of to-day, and it is to be hoped, alike in the interests of Japan and of the commerce of the Western world, that the negotiations pending in 1884 may result in a just and equitable revision.

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CHAPTER III.

BY SEA AND LAND TO KIOTO.

WE left Yokohama in the late afternoon, the bay looking more beautiful than ever in the sunlight, shining out of a sky blue as any spread over Naples. We were bound for Kioto. The ordinary way of going thither is to take a steamer to Kobé in one of the large and well-appointed Mitsu Bishi steamers, and proceed thence to Shanghai. But we resolved to go something out of the beaten track, take steamer as far as Yokkaichi, and thence across country by jinrikisha to Kioto.

The sea voyage to Yokkaichi is not unfamiliar to Japanese, but is not often taken by Europeans, with the natural consequence that there is no accommodation for them. Our steamer was an old tub of 250 tons. The saloon was approached by an uncompromising ladder, and luxury was aimed at by the disposal of sofa bunks round the stern in pleasing con-

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tiguity to the screw. Of course there was no stewardess, nor any regular steward that I was able to identify. The office seemed to be in commission, and when any "boy" happened to find time hang heavy on his hands he took a turn at steward's work. Our berths were small cupboards opening off the dining-room table. Each was fitted up with two narrow shelves, which I thought were for books or plates. It was presently made clear they were for us. But it did not much matter. It was rather promising in the way of fun and excitement. We had only one night to sleep here, and everything was big enough and nice enough for a twenty hours' trip in summer seas like that on which we were even now gliding.

The Foreign Minister came off in his steam-launch to say good-bye, an unaccustomed visit which greatly fluttered the captain and crew. The captain was so much impressed that he immediately placed his berth at the disposal of the lady of our party. The berth was more commodious, having at least three inches more beam. But as the kindly offer was not accompanied by preparations for changing the bed linen, it was declined.

Before we reached the gate of the Bay of Yedo, the beauty of the scene had wondrously

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increased. On the right the sun was setting, flooding Fuji and the mainland in crimson and gold. On the left the moon had already risen—a globe of luminous silver set in the blue firmament. Thus we sailed forth between the risen moon and the sun not yet set.

The bay, hardly touched by a ripple, was alive with sampans with their sails fully set, tripping gaily home before the gentle breeze wafted inward from the Pacific. The only member of the crew of our steamer with whom it was possible to converse was the engineer. He was the inevitable Scotchman, and had been many years in the native coasting trade. He had not improved his opportunities of learning Japanese, but he got along very well, he said. He was evidently taken aback at seeing a lady appear to take passage on the ship, but after the first shock he became violently prophetic of a good passage, and things generally going off comfortably.

"Oh, you'll see it'll be all right," he said to me in an argumentative tone, as if I had been affirming the contrary, whereas I had not even broached the subject. "You see all those junks out there? Well, that's a sign of good weather. You don't see so many out when it's rough."

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"But they're running into port," I said.

"Yes, of course they're running into port," he replied; "it's getting dinner-time, you know. Oh, we'll have it pretty fine, you'll see, and your lady will be right comfortable. Besides, if it comes on to blow a bit, the captain will run in under the lee of the land. Given your lady his berth, hasn't he?"

I said he had kindly offered it.

"Ah," he said, nodding as if that were conclusive of fine weather, "then he's going to be on deck all night."

We had a large number of Japanese passengers who seemed to fill every nook and cranny for'ard. A pleasant-looking family, fearful of the closeness of the steerage, had built their soul a lordly dwelling-house over the hatches amidships. They had piled their luggage round and planted themselves in the middle. The walls were not very high, but at least they served to mark the limits of their domain. There they sat, the father blandly smiling at the fair scene around, the mother tidying up, and the little boy with his head shaved save for two locks over either ear, which were nicely oiled and combed. I was very glad to think, as I looked on this family scene, that we were going to have such fine weather that the captain was making prepara-

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tions for spending the night on the bridge. It would be a terrible thing if the vessel rolled and pitched, breaking down the house of cards, inextricably mixing up the little boy with the luggage and spoiling his hair. Worse still, if cruel seas were to come over and wash the decks.

Presently, as we came nearer to the bar, and could faintly hear the boom of the Pacific rollers on the rugged coast, a tarpaulin was slung over a pole, covering in the scene of domestic felicity. They had a lantern, and, peeping through a chink, I discovered them smiling more vigorously than ever. Never had they been so comfortable on board ship, and they were more than ever pleased that this happy thought had occurred to them, and that they had not pigged in with their countrymen in the hold. Ito was so charmed with the idea that he made a nook for himself also under the tarpaulin. He is growing quite fastidious on the subject of fresh air, and talks pityingly of the people down in the hold.

These, we could see through the open hatchway, were already at dinner. It was served in easy fashion. There were a great heap of little wooden trays with four divisions. The cook, kneeling beside a wholesale quantity of stores, dipped his hand into a bucket

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and filled one receptacle with rice. Into a second he fingered two bits of boiled fish; a third he filled with vegetables, and into the fourth he, with more discriminating hand, placed some of the evilly smelling pickles which the soul of the Japanese loveth. The boxes were piled one on top of another till they were as high as they could be carried by an able-bodied seaman, who took them into the hold and distributed them to the passengers. As for ourselves, we had contracted for European food by payment of two yen a head for the voyage. An appetising duck hung from the rigging aft, giving promise of generous supplies to meet the healthful appetite born of fresh sea-air and smooth seas.

The sun had gone down when we reached the harbour-bar, but the west was golden yet, and the moon, nearing its full, was brightly shining out of a sky as blue as if it were noonday. As we crossed the bar the little steamer began to throb and leap about in an unexpected manner. The duck, hung on to the rigging, wagged its head in a forlorn manner, as if it did not like the prospect at all. But the engineer was even more energetically hopeful.

"A narrow place this, you see. The tide running in like as if the Pacific was trying to

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crowd itself into a mill-pond. But it'll be all right by-and-by, you'll see. Besides, our captain can run in if he gets it too hot."

This was satisfactory as far as it went. But why should the captain want to run in on a night so fine that he was tempted to remain on deck?

"It'll be all right, you'll see," the engineer persisted, tightening his tarpaulin trousers, which he had put on since I saw him last.

I never remember to have seen an engineer in tarpaulin trousers; but then I had never before seen the sun and moon brightly shining in the heavens at the same time. *Autre pays autre mœurs.* Perhaps in the coasting trade of Japan the engineer always clad himself in tarpaulin when the night was expected to be exceptionally fine.

We cleared the bar, and got out into the full sweep of the Pacific; but things did not seem to improve. It was almost as light as day, and far around was the dreary waste of waters leaping out and breaking into foam. It was getting near six o'clock, and a savoury smell came from the galley. The vessel was not only rolling, but pitching. That, however, was not much to travellers who had crossed two oceans.

We walked up and down the little deck,

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determined, as we said, to get an appetite for dinner. It was not much of a walk at best, and was momentarily growing shorter as the spray began to break across the deck for'ard. The hatchways were closed, and the men were battening them down, making it comfortable for the crowd below. I peeped through a chink in the tarpaulin to see how the Japanese family were getting on. They were not smiling now, being too busily engaged in the effort to keep their walls up. Sometimes a box would roll off on the port side, and whilst they were re-fixing it, a bundle placed aft would drop down upon them as the steamer buried its miserable little nose in the sea. I was conscious of the engineer watching us as we paced the deck, but whenever we approached the engine-room he disappeared. He was evidently as anxious now to avoid conversation as he formerly had been to open it.

At four bells we turned in for dinner. We had been very cheery on deck, perhaps a little ostentatiously at our ease, staggering about with the heaving ship. But when we got to the bottom of the ladder and were standing in the close and narrow saloon the gaiety of the company was eclipsed. The last thing I saw as I descended was the duck shaking its

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head more violently than ever, with an expression of idiotic bewilderment that haunted me through the terrible night. We were not, however, going to give in without a struggle. Dinner was on the table, and we would at least sit down, making talk of ghastly cheerfulness and eyeing each other suspiciously. We ate our soup and eagerly discussed its relative merits with those of various other soups we had eaten under circumstances we were at curious pains to remember and recite. Two courses followed, one of mutton, the other of veal. I forgot which was the veal; but it did not matter. It might have been called turtle fin with equal accuracy of reference to its flavour. At this stage the lady of the party retired.

Another course arrived of some undistinguishable meat. I am not sure that it was not the veal back again, having passed out at one door and in at the other, after the manner of an army of supers at country theatres. The young gentleman from Glasgow, though unusually silent, did fairly well. He had paid for his dinner, and the commercial transaction would not be completed unless he ate it. Something else came on—perhaps cheese, peradventure an orange. The cook was determined to rise to the occasion and show the

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friends of the Foreign Minister what could be done on board this ship. To this end he had manufactured three small tarts, of very pale complexion, which, by way of luring on the appetite, had been placed on the table with the soup. These tarts were always slipping off the table, being rescued from under by somebody and replaced on the dish. I have a fancy that they were not quite so pale when I first saw them. But with the cabin bobbing about in this style, the ceiling coming down to the floor, the floor going up to the ceiling, and occasionally the port or starboard side taking the place of the ceiling, even a tart made of tinned greengages might be excused if it gradually lost some of its fresher tints.

I meant to sit out the young gentleman from Glasgow; but when I saw him take up one of these tarts with evident intent of eating it, I left. It was not easy to get fixed on the plate-shelf, but it was done at last, and I even got to sleep. From time to time—it seemed at least every hour—I was awakened by the thuds of the sea as it thundered down on deck and with a rushing noise swept backwards and forwards till it finally cleared off. Alas for the hapless Japanese family with their frail tenement of boxes, and their poor shelter of tarpaulin! It was piteous to think

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how the night must have sped with them and with the other poor wretches battened down in the hold.

There was no limit to the variety of the motion of the little tub adrift on the angered ocean. There is among sea-going passengers a difference of opinion as to whether pitching or rolling is the least bearable. We had both in succession, with a quite new and original motion, as if the vessel were trying to jump sideways over a yawning chasm, and, always failing, was pitched ruthlessly to the bottom of the abyss. Once the bows coming upon a roller were pitched so high that the vessel seemed literally standing on end.

There was a moment during which I distinctly felt it poised trembling in every plank, undecided whether, since it had come so far, it was worth while going back, and whether, on the whole, it would not be better to go over backwards as a rearing horse sometimes falls on its rider. I remember assisting at the deliberation without particularly caring how it ended. The force of habit prevailed, and the vessel righted herself, and by way of change began to roll.

Thus the night wore on, and thus in slightly modified degree the day was spent. I heard afterwards that the captain had vainly

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tried to run for shelter into a little fishing port on the coast, but wind and sea proved too strong for him. He could not fetch the port, could only lie out with the engines at full pressure, driving the ship along at the rate of two miles an hour. The night continued light, whereby possibly catastrophe was averted. But what with the waves constantly washing over the steamer, and the spindrift blinding the look-out man, it was hard to see where we were going.

The young gentleman from Glasgow got up and went resolutely to his breakfast. I remained on the shelf, and spent quite a pleasant day, eating a pomello and reading Mr. Edmund Yates's "Land at Last." The cupboard, though a little close with the door shut, had some corresponding advantages. For example, you might, if you liked, having opened the door, step out of bed on to the dining-room table, an arrangement which I do not remember to have seen perfected even in the best-appointed houses in England. Short of that you might lie in bed, and, making a long arm, help yourself from the breakfast-table. Thus I obtained a woodcock on toast. It is well there was toast as there was singularly little woodcock.

The young gentleman from Glasgow ate

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five, and then took some dubious compound labelled "jam." I never saw such a fellow for puddings, cakes, jams, and other unwholesome compounds. I believe that if the worst had come, and, struggling in the water, some one had thrown him a plank and a gooseberry tart, he would have gone for the gooseberry tart.

We were to have reached Yokkaichi at two o'clock. At noon we were still out in the open sea, and it was clear that if ever we reached Yokkaichi at all it would not be till after midnight. The wretched engineer had now gone round on a fresh tack, and was as despondent as he was yesterday hopeful. The gale had considerably abated, but it had left its mark upon the waters through which the little vessel floundered. The engineer, for our comfort, sent down word that the comparative quietude now prevalent would not last very long. A spit of land was sheltering us from the full wrath of the sea; but when we rounded the point, now within view, we should "have it all."

Under these circumstances it was better to stop on the shelf, where I felt no discomfort, except when the captain and officers came down to their meals. Then we were obliged to shut the cabin door. After waiting till we had rounded the point, and nothing particular

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happening, we got up to dinner and did very well. The melancholy duck turned out excellent, and there were some more pale tarts for the young gentleman from Glasgow.

It was now announced that we should be at Yokkaichi at midnight, and the question arose whether we should stay on board another night or straightway go ashore. It was decided that we should sleep on the shelf once more, a prospect the less appalling since we had now got into smoother water, and by midnight the steamer would be at anchor in the bay.

This was a resolution we subsequently had occasion to regard with thankfulness. Ito undertook to go ashore as soon as the steamer had dropped anchor, and arrange for an early start in jinrikishas in the morning. I did not question Ito too closely about his experiences. They were, in truth, written upon his face, and in the pervading limpness of his bearing. Amongst the experiences crowded into his yet young life was a brief sojourn on an English man-of-war. He had, he believed, permanently gained his sea-legs on this cruise, and on boarding the steamer at Yokohama had assumed a certain rakish nautical bearing that was quite reassuring. One felt that if anything happened to the

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captain or the engineer it was well that Ito was on board. But there is no use in disguising the fact that Ito, like some other seasoned sailors, had been utterly routed during the storm, and he was now eager to go ashore at the first possible opportunity.

In the early morning, between one and two o'clock, I was awakened by a tremendous hubbub on deck. Men ran about wildly shouting. Half a dozen captains seemed giving orders at the same time. The noise lasted five or six minutes, when it ceased as suddenly as it had arisen, and a deep silence fell over the steamer, now at anchor in the bay. It was clear enough what all this meant. A fleet of sampans had come up to take off passengers, had clamorously got their fares, and had gone away. I turned over and went to sleep in the certainty that the faithful Ito would come off for us at six in the morning.

When I awaked it was already half-past six and Ito had not come. Whilst we were taking a cup of tea and a biscuit, a Japanese entered with profound bows and made a long speech. With the assistance of the Chinese cook we made out that Ito had sent him off to bring us ashore. This seemed strange, as Ito was not accustomed to delegate part of his duty to others. There was, however, no help

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for it, so we went off with the strange man, being sculled across the bay in a sampan that threatened to upset with every motion of the oar. It was a grey morning with clouds lying low on the hills. The bay was large and singularly lonely; the only shipping it contained, beside our own never-to-be-forgotten craft, was a junk of fantastic form, with rudder standing out from the stern at right angles, as if, after prolonged bickering, it had come to the conclusion it would have nothing more to do with the ship. This appearance was due to a habit of the Japanese mariner of hauling his rudder up out of the water so as to save wear and tear whilst at anchor.

We anxiously scanned the quay in search of Ito, but he was not among the group gathered there. This began to look serious. It was certain he would be there if he were alive and could walk. Apprehension was increased by the replies of our guide to persistent questions of "Where's Ito?" He invariably pointed to the water with finger downward, which could only mean that Ito was drowned. This was a saddening conviction. What was to become of the poor old "mudder" and her provision for daily prayer when the staff of her life was lying under the dark waters of this gloomy bay?

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Our guide on landing led us to a tea-house close by the quay. Here, surely, we should find Ito, if only his body. But there was no sign of him, and nothing could be learned from the crowd that gathered round us at the door. The guide made signs for us to enter the jinrikishas that were waiting, a step we were not inclined to take, not knowing whither it would lead, and anxious above all things to get some clue to Ito's whereabouts. After some delay, and finding explanation hopeless, we thought it best to go on, and were whirled through the narrow and dirty streets for a distance of about a mile. We drew up at another tea-house, and there, arrayed in a miscellaneous costume of borrowed garments, with his teeth visibly and audibly shaking in his head, was the lost guide.

His story was brief but thrilling. The steamer had brought up at her moorings about one o'clock in the morning. Two or three sampans came along to take off passengers who crowded in the gangway, anxious to leave the ship on any terms. Critically surveying the scene, Ito had sagaciously come to the conclusion that the first sampan was dangerously overladen. He awaited the second, into which sixteen people all told managed to pack themselves. There was a big swell on in the bay,

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a legacy of the gale of the previous night. The stern of the sampan was driven under the lower step of the gangway. There was a violent shove, a loud shriek, and in an instant the sixteen passengers were floundering in the water.

Ito went down under the boat, "and," he added, "I thought I was never coming back again." But he scrambled out, as did thirteen others, for it was bright moonlight, and there were several sampans round. Unhappily, a woman with a baby on her back sank, and her body had not been recovered when we left the village. This sampan, we remembered, was the one we should have gone in had we arranged to go on shore at night.

I do not know whether the passengers were invited to return to the ship and change their clothing before proceeding. What is certain is that the sampan being righted they got in, and, huddled together dripping wet under a bitter cold wind coming down from the mountains, were sculled across the dreary two miles that separated them from the shore. When he reached the quay, Ito had to take a drive in a jinrikisha to the tea-house where we found him, and where he arrived, more dead than alive, at half-past two in the morning. Whilst under the water he lost his pocket-book

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containing his reserve cash, and, worse still, the silver watch Miss Bird had given him as a memento of his journeying with her across unbeaten tracks.

But the philosophical mind that had, unruffled, heard of the destruction of his house and the burning out of his "mudder," remained unshaken. Tried by fire and water, Ito came out equally uncomplaining. "It's a bad job," he said, as he turned his garments over the fire, and extracted the last drop of water out of his shoes, "but it can't be helped. The worst of it is this here salt water takes such a long time to dry."

Ito concluded to finish the drying of his clothes as he went along, and we got under way a little after nine o'clock. The district greatly differed from what we had seen further north. The houses in the village were meaner in appearance; the people were poorer and less light-hearted. Houses were built of a hard wood that turned grey like oak, imparting a dead monotony to the scene. As we got further inland the country improved and the people seemed less depressed. Presently the road began to run by the feet of green hills with every nook carefully cultivated.

We stayed for luncheon at Skeko, a poor little town where the sight of Europeans was

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evidently a rarity. As we moved about looking at the shops, the throng at our heels increased till it seemed that all the village had turned out. An old woman was weaving with the assistance of some simple machinery as old as the first shogun. She was pleased with the interest her work excited in the breast of the foreigner, but as we stood and looked on, the heat and pressure of the throng grew insupportable, and we were glad to seek comparative privacy in the tea-house. We had afternoon tea at a place called Tsuchiyama. Just as we were leaving, one of my men's sandals broke. He hardly stopped the procession to pull it off, and was going ahead, evidently intending to run the remaining ten or twelve miles with one bare foot. I insisted upon buying him a pair of sandals, which cost a penny. The next day a man in one of the other jinrikishas lost his shoe, and ran more than twenty miles barefooted without any sense of inconvenience, much less of hardship.

In this district tea is largely grown. The plant very much resembles an overgrown clump of box. We crossed several rivers by bridges just now many sizes too large for them. But that in due time these bare beds of gravel will be covered with rushing water is plain enough. In some parts where the

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road stands high and dry above the bed of the river large slices have been cut away by the rushing tide. This must have happened not later than July. But gaps still stand, making the road impassable for horse or bullock traffic. The jinrikishas can just get past in some places by making a *détour*, in others profiting by a perilous ridge of road-way that has remained. With the exception of these accidents the road is a good one.

We slept at Tagawa, a pretty hamlet nestling at the foot of a hill. The hills here are very curious, being perfectly bare, brown or red sandstone rocks standing up out of the greenery. They are thoroughly Japanese, of the coolie class, seeming to have got up in the morning and gone out without putting on any superfluous clothing. In the early morning we toiled through the steep pass that winds its way through the hills, and descending at a rapid trot reached Otsu, where we had tiffin within view of Lake Beva. Here we found train for Kioto, and gladly took it, for it had been raining all the morning, and the slow process of drying Ito's clothes had been disastrously interrupted.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPITAL OF THE MIKADOS.

Of all the towns in Japan accessible to the foreigner Kioto is by far the most interesting. Compared with it, in point of years, Tokio is but a stripling, and Yokohama a puny infant. When, in 1590, Tokio (then known as Yedo) was made the capital of Eastern Japan, Kioto had been miyako, or residence of the sovereign, for eight hundred years. This far-reaching antiquity is modified by the fact that Kioto has many times received the baptism of fire. Like all Japanese towns, it has been burnt several times, and what the fire has not destroyed at one time it has attacked at another. The palace itself has been destroyed by fire six times within the last one hundred and eighty years. As for the city, so recently as 1864 it was half burnt, as an episode in the Civil War. Nevertheless, it preserves in unmistakable manner its old-time look. It lies

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in a valley, with a chain of hills almost encircling it. Through its midst flows the Kanagawa, after the summer rains a noble river, but in November, when I saw it, a streamlet trickling through a wide bed of pebbles, apparently in imminent danger of losing its way.

There is no European quarter in Kioto, and, judging from the behaviour of the natives, I should say that the average of Europeans finding their way thither in the course of a year is small. We did a good deal of miscellaneous shopping, and wherever we went there assembled a crowd of people, of all ages and both sexes. They were very quiet and not intentionally rude, but their capacity for a prolonged steady stare is infinite. What they saw did not—at least, not immediately—suggest interchange of remark. They did not whisper or point with finger. They just stood and dumbly stared, watching every slightest motion or gesture of the strange beings who had dropped from Heaven knows where upon the streets of their city.

On the night of our arrival we went to a barber's shop for a shave, necessary after four days' travel. As our jinrikishas drew up the crowd began to gather, and when it was discovered that two Englishmen were actually

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about to be shaved, the excitement throughout the quarter deepened in intensity. The crowd blocked up the narrow street, those behind trying to see over the heads of others in front, whilst the thrice-fortunate ones in the first line flattened their noses against the window and steamed it with their breath.

Inside the shop there was a reflex of the excitement. The barber himself, though pale, was collected in manner, and gave me only one gash. But his whole family were ranged in a group in the kitchen, which opened into the shop. The assistants stood around, from time to time handing unnecessary articles to the operator. The most hopeless case was the small boy, whose duty it was to stand by and hand paper, combs, brush, towel, or whatever might be needed by the barber. He stood at the elbow of the chair whilst I was being shaved, with his face half a foot from mine, his lips slightly parted, and a pair of great brown eyes unnaturally extended fixed on my face. I fancy he was in a condition of modified catalepsy. At any rate, he neither moved nor spoke whilst the barber rasped me, and when I vacated the chair in favour of the young gentleman from Glasgow he began afresh on him.

It was the most villainous shave I ever

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suffered. A dinner-knife would have been for the purpose a luxurious article compared with the razor. I besought the barber to let me off, but without avail. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he would not limit its duration by any voluntary act. We had brought Ito with us, a necessary precaution; otherwise before we could have made our protest understood we might have had a few bald places artistically arranged on our heads, and perhaps our eyebrows shaved off in the manner of the Japanese.

After much haranguing, Ito induced the man to let me go, to the manifest disappointment of the crowd, who were consoled only by seeing the young gentleman from Glasgow take the chair. Finally the barber charged one and eightpence for his fiendish work, which, considering we had left the United States, seemed dear for a shave. The price to a native would have been twopence halfpenny at most, and he would, in addition, have had his ears and nostrils shaved and his hair brushed and oiled. This was noticeable as the only attempt to charge extra to a foreigner which came under my personal notice in Japan.

The streets of Kioto are not quite so densely crowded as those of Tokio, but there is about them the same air of good-humoured

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bustle. Kioto has the advantage of larger masses and greater variety of colour. In Tokio, Yokohama, and throughout the north generally, it is not good taste to dress in colours. The empress, it is true, comes out on state occasions in a blaze of glory. But that is the exception to her habitude, she being on other occasions dressed with the quiet good taste of Japanese ladies in the north. Dark blue, unrelieved by any variety, is the ordinary walking dress of the ladies, and women in lower stations adopt the custom. The southern blood of the Kioto ladies revels in colours of brighter hue.

A peacock is nothing to a Kioto girl out for the day. A paroquet is more closely imitated in respect of plumage. Bright reds, violets, greens, and yellows are frequently seen adorning the same little person. Where matronhood suggests greater sobriety, the average is struck with the assistance of the baby. Children are dressed in the most fantastic style, looking like little cardinals as they play about the streets in long wadded robes of many colours. It is notable that, whilst in the north women and children carrying infants on their back wrap them closely up within their dress, so that nothing but a little round head is visible, the Kioto women, whilst obliged to enclose

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the babe within their garment, are careful to leave hanging loosely outside, in full view, the child's cloak. A purple cloak picked out with red and lavishly turned up with yellow at the sleeves is too precious a gift to be withheld from the enjoyment of the public.

There are some pretty girls in Tokio and Yokohama, and there are some ugly ones in Kioto. Eight out of every ten girls met in the streets of Kioto are good-looking, and five are decidedly pretty. They wear their hair differently from their sisters in the north, who, for the most part, are content to observe the general local custom of arranging it in a chignon at the back. In Kioto a young lady takes the chignon pad, and instead of laying it flat to her head, fixes it at right angles, after which all kinds of arrangements are possible. Artificial flowers are largely used to complete the adornment of the Kioto belle's hair. In the north, except on high festive occasions, this is very rare: girls there are content with thrusting a pin through the chignon. The Kioto girl has several pins, in addition to a gaily coloured flower, wired so that it may stand an inch or two above the topmost flight of her hair.

The chignon shares with the obi the provision of opportunity to the Japanese lady to

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display her wealth and her taste. Any amount of money may be spent in pins for the hair. The obi is the sash with which both men and women in Japan girdle their kimono, or outward robe. It is made of silk, runs to great length, is wound twice round the waist, and in the case of ladies is made into a stupendous bow at the back. A Japanese girl can by a glance at the obi and the value of the pins in the back hair reckon up the measure of affluence enjoyed by a lady she may pass in the street or meet in a tea-house. The obi frequently costs more than the kimono itself. Ito, from whom I have many confidences, tells me that he gave thirteen and a half yen, equal to about £2 12*s*. English, for his obi, whilst his kimono only cost twelve yen. But then Ito is a man of luxurious habits in respect of his clothing.

The day after our arrival at Kioto he came out in a perfectly new suit, the coat and waistcoat of rakish homespun, calculated to give him a sporting air, and a pair of plaid trousers, which I believe he selected from his wardrobe as a delicate attention to the young gentleman from Glasgow. These were happily saved when Ito was submerged in the bay at Yokkaichi on our way hither. What chiefly troubles Ito's soul now is the condition of his

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shoes. These were bought new for this trip, and were much admired in the seductive hour of calm weather when we were steaming through the waters of Yokohama Bay into the stormy Pacific. When he went under water his shoes of course went with him. On landing at Yokkaichi he gave them to one of the maidens to dry. She seems to have taken the surest means to that end by putting them in the hibaichi, where a hole was burned clean through the sole. Ito, who, since we set forth on our journey, has received with calm resignation the news of the burning of his house and the imminent escape of his "mudder," who has scarcely murmured against the evil fate which, having first tried him with fire, whelmed him in water, is sorely taxed by this disaster to his shoe. As we were taking our boots off before entering the ancient temple of Hishi Hon-Gwan, I saw him gazing forlornly at the cruel wound in his sole.

The streets in Kioto, with the exception of one or two thoroughfares crossing the city, are curiously narrow. Passing through some lanes in a jinrikisha, it would have been almost possible to sit in the middle of the road and help yourself from the stores displayed in the shops on either hand. The buildings are very low, so much so that, glancing down their

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lengths, it seems as if they were all one story high. This, however, is not the case, as on entering there is invariably found a low-ceiled suite of rooms up a steep staircase. All the roofs are deeply gabled, there not being a straight line anywhere in view. In the bright sunlight and under the blue sky arched over the city even in these November days, the streets are full of pleasant pictures. At night, when Chinese lanterns hang from shop fronts, and others go twinkling through the throng pendant on the right-hand shaft of the jinrikisha, it looks like a scene taken from a superlatively well-appointed stage.

I had heard at Yokohama that everything was very dear at Kioto, but that does not tally with my experience. I know that among other investments I paid a halfpenny to visit a Zoological Garden, and an uncommonly good collection it was. The yard which contained it backed into the surrounding houses, which, though perhaps objectionable on sanitary grounds, supplied opportunity to the residents for gratuitous observation on the mincing ways of the owl, the lofty manners of the hawk, and the indolence of the young alligator. Also they could hear through the livelong day the momentarily repeated lesson of the parrot, as it was taken in the pro-

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prietor's hand. The show was "run" by a family who divided the labour, one taking money at the gate, another stirring up the monkey, a third making the parrot talk, and others showing round generally the constant stream of visitors.

Kioto is full of shops for the sale of lacquer-work, china, and bronzes. These are worth visiting; but I like better to stroll through the shops of the secondhand dealers, where all kinds of miscellaneous articles are stored, and now and then something worth picking up is discovered. The rain which came down in torrents yesterday has passed off, and the many colours which fill the streets are glowing in the summer sun. The storm passed away last night with a sunset of singular beauty; scarcely any crimson in the sky, only the west suffused with rich golden light.

The morning view from the Yaami Hotel is very beautiful. The hotel stands well up on a hill embowered in trees. In the valley beneath, almost hidden under a veil of white mist, lies the town. Beyond it is a thicker cloud of mist through which rise the tops of hills, just beginning to glow in the new-born sunlight. Whilst the mist still lies closely over the town, hiding all trace of human habitation, it seems as if we had gone back to

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primæval times, when water filled the valley and the silent hills looked down upon the solitary lake.

The Mikado's palace, one of the principal attractions for the foreigner in Kioto, is now closed to the public, and, according to the present intentions of the authorities, will not be reopened. We were favoured by a special dispensation, and had full opportunity of wandering through the palace. The residence stands within an area of twenty-six acres, intruders being kept off by a thick roofed wall of earth and plaster. There are six massive gates, against which a mob unprovided with artillery might thunder in vain. Inside is a vast gravelled area, its bareness broken here and there by a few trees. Standing within the enclosure we could see nothing of the town, the horizon above the height of the wall being broken only by the green hills that girdle it. A European gardener would make a paradise of the place, with springy turf, fountains, and flower-beds. But Japanese gardening runs largely to gravel, and where we have green refreshing lawns Japan has barren stretches of gravel or soil beaten hard.

On approaching the first room of the palace we were required to take off our boots, a ceremony preliminary to entering any building,

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from a tea-house to a temple. Sometimes, in respect of the temples, the game has turned out to be not worth the slipper. There was quite a posse of attendants detached to accompany us through the palace, where one intelligent man would have done equally well. They were attired in ordinary Japanese dress, though I dare say on festive occasions they proudly produce a rumpled suit of black broadcloth and a pair of white cotton gloves, such as their colleagues wore at the review on the Mikado's birthday, and such as undertakers wear in England.

I do not know why they should have been present in such numbers, but it was evidently not with the intention of making themselves useful. The Governor of Kioto had politely sent one of his secretaries to accompany us through the palace. This gentleman, with the excessive courtesy of the Japanese, would not allow us to carry our own boots. In such case it seemed not improbable that some of the able-bodied servants who followed us about might carry a pair. But that was not an idea that occurred to them, and pleasurable contemplation of the works of art in the palace was disturbed by repeatedly coming upon the governor's secretary taking short cuts with four pairs of boots under his arm.

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We entered by a suite of apartments in which the daimios seeking audience of the Mikado were wont to assemble. There is a series of apartments known as the chrysanthemum-room, the stork-room, and the tiger-room, in reference to the subjects treated on the panels of the sliding walls. Unlike the residences of some sovereigns which the public are privileged to gaze upon, here are no mighty four-post bedsteads, no full-bottomed chairs, no tapestry, no carpets nor hangings, no portraits of ancestors; nothing but the bare room, with its thickly matted floor, its artistically decorated walls, and its ceiling always of beautiful wood. The absence of paint in their dwelling-houses compels the Japanese to seek colour and variety in the grain of various woods, and within their own country they find a rich field.

The throne-room, reached from the waiting-rooms by a corridor, is a long bare apartment with a canopied chair set near the centre. The chair is lacquered and richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The canopy consists of white silk trimmed with deep border of reddish brown. At first sight it looks like chintz. As the attendants entered, they all bowed low to the empty throne, repeating the obeisance whenever they passed or approached

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it. In this room the new Mikado is solemnly enthroned, and here, through successive New Year's days, a long line of Mikados, now sleeping in the dust, have given audience to peers of the realm. It is not actually the same room, since the palace, as already mentioned, has more than once been destroyed by fire. But it is built up again as nearly as possible a copy of the old one, with the same provision for ceremonial. Immediately facing the throne is a courtyard, access to which is gained by eighteen steps. These correspond with the grades into which the imperial officials are divided. Those who have not reached the dignity of being allowed to stand on the lowest step are known as *ji-ge*, or "down on the earth."

A wall at the back of the throne is divided into panels, each containing four portraits of Chinese sages. Above these hang two excellent oil portraits of the Mikado and the empress. It must not be supposed that either sacred personage went through the process of "sitting" for the vulgar artist. But even a Mikado may, without suffering in his dignity, hold communication with the sun. This conceded, the illustrious pair were photographed, and from the photograph an able artist in Milan evolved the oil paintings.

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We had been permitted to walk at will over the throne-room, but when we came to a suite of private apartments called the Ko-go-sho, one of the attendants was found to have sufficient energy to forbid entrance. We might walk about the verandah and look in at the beautifully painted panels, but the tread of a foreigner, albeit bootless, must not desecrate the floor. This suite of rooms faced a pretty garden with maple trees glowing in reds and yellows, and a moss-grown stone bridge spanning a fish-pond.

The On-mi-ma, "august three rooms," is that portion of the palace where the Mikado was wont to watch the performance of the *No* players. This place is marked by a dais, raised six inches from the ground, on which the Mikado sits. The stage is some distance off, and, as now, when not in use is cut off from the imperial apartments by a wooden hoarding. Amongst the decorations of this room is a wonderful group of horses, drawn with their heads and tails down, and their legs stiffly pendant, in the attitude a beast falls into when it is being lowered into the hold of a ship with a band round its belly. Japanese artists are great in birds and flowers, but they ludicrously fail when they come to draw any kind of an animal.

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The Sei-rio-den is used chiefly for levées. In one of the rooms a corner of the floor is strewn every morning with earth, so that the Mikado may worship his ancestors without descending to the ground. Except for the panels, some of the ceilings, and the beautiful wood used for doors and screens, there is not much to attract in the palace. But it is impossible to turn in any direction without being confronted with evidence of the reverence with which the person of the Mikado was regarded, even during the long period when he was practically a prisoner of state, a crowned puppet of the Shoguns.

Sovereigns in Western states are more or less servilely approached as human beings placed on lofty pedestals. The Mikado was, and in considerable measure yet is, more than a human being. His office was of heavenly ordination; and he is descended through a long line of personages who figure in popular mythology. How long this will last it might not be friendly to inquire. But, undoubtedly, the most suicidal blow the Mikado has struck at his own mystic authority fell when he signed the decree of compulsory national education.

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CHAPTER V.

TEMPLES AND WORSHIPPERS.

The many gods whose shrines and temples stand thickly in all the towns of Japan, have grown into the condition of deity almost under the eyes of the people. They have been for the most part military heroes or prominent ministers under successive sovereigns. Had the Duke of Wellington lived in Japan, he would by this time have been a god, with his shrines and temples, his many priests, and the *rin* raining throughout the day into his grid-ironed money-box. So would Lord Nelson; so would the first Duke of Marlborough; and Lord Randolph Churchill, instead of busying himself with politics, might have been abbot of the principal family shrine. It was thus that Michizane came to be a deity, and to have his temple at Kioto and elsewhere. Michizane was third Minister of State to the Mikado towards the end of the ninth century.

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His rapid advance and his personal influence exciting the jealousy of a colleague named Tokikira, finally led to his degradation and banishment. He died in exile and was buried by the roadside. As his body was being carried to the cemetery in a bullock car the animal stopped, and since it could not by any means be induced to go farther, the disgraced minister was buried on the spot.

There does not seem anything very extraordinary in this incident. The reasonable conclusion would appear to be that the bullock was tired, perhaps having been out on a job earlier in the day. But combined with other portents, the Mikado, troubled in his conscience, saw in this a heavenly sign. He withdrew the decree of banishment, conferred his former earthly rank upon the dead man, and, without more to-do, made a god of him.

The bull which played so prominent a part in establishing Michizane's posthumous career is largely represented in his temple at Kioto. Amongst other models there are two, one in black marble, and the other a curious speckled red. These bulls and all others in and about the temple are covered with pellets of chewed paper, cast at them by devotees. A man or woman in doubt as to some particular course contemplated, comes here, chews a bit of

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paper, makes a pellet of it, and, standing at some distance, throws it at the bull, deciding according to the spot on which the pellet sticks. Something akin to this pagan habit is found in England, where a man halting between two courses determines them by tossing up a halfpenny.

On the left, as the temple is approached, there is a curious picture gallery, with more bulls and other objects marvellously painted. These also are covered with pellets of chewed paper. I was much struck with one painting representing two men in scanty clothing holding by a halter a lively bay horse. Their astonishment at discovering that the horse has a sky-blue eye is very graphically delineated. Curious-looking animals, understood to be tigers, are carved in great numbers. Wherever they are within reach they have pieces of paper string tied round their forelegs just above the heel, which gives them the appearance of tigers with their garters slipping down. The temple itself is like an old curiosity shop, full of mirrors and lanterns. At the upper step, close by a large cloth covered with *rin*, an old man knelt in prayer. He was terribly in earnest, clapping his hands to arrest the attention of the god, wringing them with gestures of piteous entreaty, and

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pleading in broken voice for blessing or forgiveness. At the foot of the steps were half a dozen men and women also engaged in prayer. But none had the earnestness of this old man, who neither saw nor heard anything around him.

The temple of Riyomidzu-dera, like that at Asakusa, is approached through an avenue crowded with little shops and penny shows, which give it the appearance of a fair. It was a fête day when we visited it, and a dense crowd was always passing up or down. In the porch of the temple, amongst other votive offerings, was a large lock of greasy black hair tied with string to a wooden frame. This, Ito explained, was the offering of a man who had probably been too much given to drink. He had come there, taking a vow to abstain, and in token thereof had cut off his hair and hung it up. Another votive offering was a vivid picture of an explosion on a steamship, with full account of the catastrophe, and of the providential escape of the pious votary. In a little recess close by the altar, three priests were driving a flourishing trade in the sale of charms. For a penny I bought two, one warranted to hold me scatheless against thunder, and the other securing for me general good fortune.

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Before the altar were seated a row of worshippers repeating the name of Buddha at the rate of sixty times a minute, and marking off the tallies with beads on a string. One man, a skilled practitioner, must have repeated the word a thousand times whilst we looked on, working his hands about the while. With equal expenditure of energy he might in the same time have knit the foot of a pair of stockings, or mended his clothes, or done some other useful work. To one of the pillars before the altar was attached a wooden box in which were copies of Buddhist Scriptures. Worshippers coming in unprovided, took up one of these little books, said their prayers, returned the book to the box, and went their way.

At the other side of the altar was a large open trunk, with innumerable bits of bamboo in it having writing upon them. I saw people as they passed throw in a bit of stick. Ito explained that this is one of the most honourable customs of the Church. If a man has at heart any special desire, he will go to the temple, carrying with him as many bits of bamboo as he numbers years. On each he writes his name, age, and the object of his desire. Then he makes the circuit of the temple as many times as he has lived years, praying before every shrine, and as he passes

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the wooden trunk he throws in one of the pieces of bamboo.

"For instance," Ito says, "if I wanted to get back my watch, which I lost when the boat upset in Yokkaichi Bay the other day, I would get twenty-one pieces of bamboo, and go round twenty-one times. But I wouldn't do it," he added with stern resolve.

Ito is Shinto, and looks with contempt upon the superstitions of the Buddhists. Yet he is full of charity. His "mudder," leaning towards the ancient faith, Ito makes no effort to proselytize. He even allows the old lady a fixed sum of money per week, so that, relieved from domestic cares, she may spend the whole of her days in worship.

"And she does," Ito says in a tone of resignation: "goes out early in the morning, comes home when the temple is shut up, praying all the day."

This is a common custom among the old people of the Buddhist faith. Having closed their account with life, they devote their remaining days, be they few or many, to propitiating Buddha, wearying him with incessant prayer for admittance into the heavenly state. We saw many of these people in the temple. Two, a neat old lady and a still vigorous old man, were noticeable for the business-like way

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in which they set about their task. They had taken possession of one of the little chapels that abound in the temple, a small alcove with a shrine crowded with gods, and filled up with little trays bearing food, each labelled with the name of the donor. Both man and woman were on their knees, and each had a tiny wooden hammer with which they incessantly struck a small gong. The old man, with the selfishness of his sex, had in addition possessed himself of a large bronze bell. From time to time he struck this, its sonorous notes drowning the sound of the woman's gong and fixing the attention of Buddha exclusively upon him. All the while both man and woman rapidly prayed, the old gentleman occasionally breaking forth in song, with most comical effect. Like Ito's mother, they had come here in the early morning, and evidently meant to stay till the place was closed. On a cloth before the shrine was a handful of copper coins, doubtless the joint offering of the worthy couple. Judiciously distributed, a threepenny bit will go a long way in this kind of expenditure, and a day so spent need not be costly.

In one of the booths on the way up we saw a string of legal currency which was change for a halfpenny. There were probably fifty metal coins on the string, which are thus prepared

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for the use of the charitable, and ultimately find their way to the pockets of the beggars who in this part of the island swarm about the temples. A few paces farther on, right opposite a large shrine, was a pleasant tea-house, overlooking the valley. Here women were sitting on the matted floor, gossiping over thimblefuls of tea. From this place we got a striking view of the structure of the temple, which is built into the side of the hill, the outer walls being supported on large wooden piles. Between the tea-house and the alcove, where the old people prayed and hammered away at the gong, a panel drawn back disclosed three women sitting over a hibaichi smoking pipes. Next door was another little chapel with two old women and one young one beating gongs and saying their prayers.

Situated at the southern side of the city is Nishi Hou-Gwan-ji, the chief temple of the western branch of this sect of Buddhism. The present building is nearly three hundred years old, and is a splendid specimen of the architecture of the time. Unlike the gaudy temples at Nikko, the wood and stone work are left in their natural colour, which centuries have toned down to a soft grey. A feature peculiar to the temple is the extensive suite of state apartments. In these the priests receive

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distinguished guests, from the Mikado downwards. The largest room has its panels decorated with paintings of storks by famous artists. There are also some wonderful specimens of carved storks about the woodwork. The various rooms which, in addition to being connected by a long corridor, open into each other by sliding panels, are each decorated with a special design: one chrysanthemums, another peacocks and cherry trees, a third with marvellous Chinese landscapes on a dead-gold ground.

Outside the temple is a gateway, which formerly belonged to a Shinto temple, but, as frequently happens with sections of temple buildings in Japan, it was transported hither. There is much carving on this gateway, the figure on one of the panels telling a pretty story. Kiyo-yo, having had a proposal modestly made to him that he should resign the throne, is here figured in the act of washing the ear that has suffered the indignity of receiving the proposal. So great is the insult that nothing less than a waterfall will serve the cleansing purpose. The artist accordingly puts in the waterfall pretty thick; but Eastern fancy does not stop here. A little farther on are the figures of a man and a cow, the latter drinking from a pool below the waterfall. The

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man owns the cow, and he is glaring upon Kiyo-yo for thus polluting the water which his cow was drinking. He cannot contain his rage at the thought that his cow should, even after a waterfall, drink from a stream tainted with such a proposal. I do not know anything in Western literature or art that can go beyond this in expressing contempt.

The Japanese painters do not fall short of the artists in wood in reproducing water effects. One of these state apartments is known as the wave-room. The walls are covered with paintings of desperate seas, looking at first sight like agglomerations of logs rounded at the head and bulging out in the middle. On the ceiling, in every panel, there is a freely drawn object, which I thought was meant to represent large shells of a species unknown in Great Britain. These are, however, waves, and it is the glory of the artist that, though there are over a hundred, each one is turned a different way—a terrible sight for Ito, who has not yet got over his experiences by sea. The temple itself, like all belonging to this particular sect, is very plain; this characteristic being so marked that it might almost be taken for a Shinto temple.

It was close upon four o'clock when we arrived, and at the stroke of the hour a priest

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appeared and drew the gilt shutters across the altar. With the punctuality that marks the movements of the British workman at the dinner-hour, he shut out from further devotion for the day a young man who, conscious of being late, had been vigorously praying. There were three shrines, and as one was closed by the business-like priest, the young man hopped off to the other. When the last panel of the last shrine was closed, he skipped across the matted floor to the open door, where he had left his clogs. We passed on to the Amida Do, and there, before the yet open shrine, knelt the industrious young man.

Close by this temple is a pavilion, named, in the Japanese language, after the flying clouds. This was to me one of the most interesting buildings in Kioto, for here, more than two hundred years ago, lived in the flesh Hideyoshi, an able and valiant Japanese, who left his mark deeply cut in the history of his country. Apart from this personal connection, the building is attractive by reason of its age. In a city periodically burned, this narrow, lofty building has stood unharmed. It is set in an old-fashioned garden, dark with the shadow of ancient trees, and crowded with conifers. There is a pool, in which grow gold fish of prodigious size. They seem as if they had

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been born in Hideyoshi's time, and had been slowly growing ever since.

The place is in the custody of an old gentleman, the nimblest for his years I ever looked upon. He was dressed in an old brown kimono, shaped after the fashion of a monk's gown. He wore no hat, had not shaved for many days, and was in a state of spasmodic excitement at sight of three Europeans, who would probably tip him before they left. We were in constant danger of losing him, as he generally ran ahead through the winding walks, returning to find us standing belated, discussing by which turn he had disappeared. He was into the house like a shot, and before we had reached the door he had opened the side of a room, and was loudly clapping his hands over the pool beneath. This looked like active lunacy; but he was only calling the fish, who came up under the window in shoals.

A steep staircase, with steps about twice the ordinary height, led up, room over room, to the topmost story, where was Hideyoshi's bedroom. It was of course bare, but there were some curious and interesting panels on the walls representing the old nobles in wonderful costumes, their skirts swelled out by exaggerated crinolines. One, with a curiously

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flattened look, was squatted on the floor, under a weight of clothes that seemed to preclude the possibility of his ever getting up again. He was, Ito said, "something under Hideyoshi," and indeed he did look sat upon. Another panel held all that was left of a view of Fuji, faded now almost to nothing. Some Japanese humourist has called it "the Fuji of good manners," because in order to catch its dim outline you must bend low.

Hideyoshi's bath is on the ground-floor, just as he left it when he was steamed for the last time. It is a somewhat elaborate contrivance, with a furnace and pipes for conveying the steam into the box in which the great man used to sit and parboil himself. This humble domestic appanage seemed to bring one very near to old Japan. It was as if Hideyoshi had but just stepped out after taking his bath, as if the Shogun's empire, with its blindness, its ignorance, its feudalism, and its ferocity, were still a living thing, and the new Japan, with its railways, its telegraphs, its post-office, its system of national education, its liberal foreign policy, and its coming House of Commons, a disordered dream.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW EMPIRE IN THE WEST.

DURING my stay in Japan, I had the advantage of many interesting conversations, both with Mr. Inouyé and Mr. Ito, on the condition and prospects of this interesting country. In order to enable me to acquire full and accurate knowledge on the subject, the Foreign Minister laid all the departments of the State under contribution, and I received from each statements which contain the latest and most accurate statistics of the trade, commerce, and general condition of the empire. I have thrown them together in the present chapter.

Imperial Family and Government.—The dynasty of the empire of Japan was established by the Emperor Jimmu, in 660 B.C., and to the throne have succeeded, from generation to generation, the same dynasty without interruption up to the present time.

In the twelfth century the imperial power

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once declined, and the political power of the empire fell to the hands of the successive military chieftains (shoguns), namely, Gengi, Hojio, Ashikaga, Oda, Toyotomi, and Tokugawa, for the period of about seven hundred years. In 1868 the present Government stripped the Bakufu Government of its political power, and thus achieved the restoration of the imperial power. In 1871 all the daimios returned their territories to the emperor, and thus the political administration has become uniform.

The present emperor was born at Kioto on November 3, 1852, and succeeded to the throne of his father, Komei Tenno, on January 9, 1868. On the 28th of December of the same year, the daughter of Ichijio Fuziwara Tadaka daizin was made the empress. She was born at Kioto on the 28th of May, 1850.

In regard to the imperial succession established according to the usages of ancient times, the rule of primogeniture is observed whenever the reigning emperor dies. Females may also succeed to the throne, and there are many examples where they have done so. If the throne becomes vacant by reason of the death of the reigning emperor, leaving no issue, one of the members of the four imperial branch families may be chosen as

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the imperial successor. These four branch families have not only the same origin or common ancestor, but also have been closely connected with each other by marriage. The imperial expenses are fixed at the amount of 1,748,785 yen for the year 1884.

The empire of Japan is an absolute monarchy. The legislative, executive, and judicial powers all belong to the emperor, and the Daijio-Kuwan, where the emperor presides and decides upon all the Government affairs, is the office of the executive and legislative powers where all the important affairs of the empire are supervised. In this office there are one Dajio-daijin or prime minister, one Gadaijin, one Udaijin, and several Cabinet Sangis. It is usual that these Cabinet Sangis act respectively as the heads of the various executive departments.

In the present time there exists no fixed demarcation between the legislative and executive branches of the Government. But the Genroin or Senate, established in 1875, discuss the legislative affairs, and the result of their discussion becomes law by the sanction of the emperor, after it has passed the Cabinet. In June, 1883, the number of senators was thirty-seven, but there is no limitation in their

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number, as the usage is that they are chosen from among those who have rendered remarkable services to the State.

The Sanzi-in, or conseil d'état, established in 1881 as a part of the Daijio-Kuwan, has both the legislative and executive branches, makes drafts of the executive affairs and of rules and regulations, and discusses all drafts submitted by the heads of the respective departments, and the result of their discussion is submitted to the Senate. It also judges all the administrative controversies. In June, 1883, the number of the members and assistant members was twelve and twenty-nine respectively.

The executive branch of the Government is divided into ten departments, namely, foreign, interior, financial, army, navy, educational, agriculture and commerce, public works, judicial, and imperial household departments. The local government affairs are vested solely in the hands of the chiji of fu and rei, or prefect of ken, the whole empire being divided into 3 fu and 44 ken. In each fu and ken there is one chiji or one rei. Also fu and ken are divided into a number of ku, or districts, and gūn, or counties, respectively, in each of which ku or gūn there is its chief transacting the local affairs.

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In 1872 all the chijis and reis were called to hold meeting at Tokio, the meeting being called "Chihokuwan Kaigi," or the meeting of the local governors, the chief subject of their discussion being the taxes.

By the imperial decree promulgated in 1873 was revised the old system of taxation of the whole empire, the revision having consumed the period of seven years. In each of the years of 1875, 1878, 1879, 1881, chiji and rei were called to hold meetings to discuss the local executive affairs.

In 1879 fu and ken assemblies were opened, the members being elected by votes and vested with the power of discussing the sole affair of the adjustment of the local taxes. But the approval of chiji or rei must be obtained to execute the result of their discussion. When chiji or rei thinks that his approval could not be given to it, he submits his reasons for it to the Minister of the Interior for his direction.

Those who are qualified to be elected members of each fu or ken assembly must be men of over twenty-five years of age, living in each fu or ken over three years, and paying land taxes upwards of ten yen. Those who are qualified to elect such members must be men of over twenty years of age, living

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in such fu or ken, and paying land taxes to the amount of five yen. Those who are qualified to elect members were 1,809,610 in number at the end of the year 1881. Of this number, those who were qualified to be elected were 879,347.

Education and Religion.—On December 31, 1881, the statistics of schools, high schools, normal schools, university of Tokio, schools for special branches, and schools of all kinds, are as follows:—

Kind.	Number of Schools.	Teachers.			Students.		
		Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Schools	28,908	74,473	2,496	76,969	1,883,188	733,691	2,616,879
High schools	173	924	10	934	12,111	204	12,315
Normal schools ...	71	546	56	602	4,557	718	5,275
University of Tokio ...	2	135	—	135	2,035	—	2,035
Schools for special branches...	98	975	—	975	8,795	34	8,829
Schools of all kinds...	1,026	2,026	572	2,598	54,187	18,073	72,260
Total	30,278	79,079	3,134	82,213	1,964,873	752,720	2,717,593

Among those schools, some are maintained by the Government expenses, or the State taxes; some by fu and ken expenses, or the local taxes and the money collected from the public in such fu and ken; and some by private

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donations. They are called respectively the government, public, and private schools, the number of each of which are stated as follows :—

Kind.	Government.	Public.	Private.	Total.
Schools	4	28,135	769	28,908
High school	1	158	14	173
Normal school	3	68	—	71
University of Tokio	2	—	—	2
Schools for special branches	12	,42	44	98
Schools of all kinds...	—	333	1,469	1,802
Total	22	28,736	2,296	31,054

Of these schools, those which are under the supervision of chiji and rei are public schools, which are the foundation for the extension of the education of the whole country, and considered as important elements of the educational statistics. Consequently those who attend, and those who do not attend, the schools, together with the state of the income and expenditure of the schools, are indicated as follows.

In 1880–81 the comparison of those who attain the age of attending school (from full six years to full fourteen years) with school boys and girls among those who attain such age is as follows :—

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Period.	Number of students attaining the age to attend schools.			Number of students who attend school on attaining age.			Those who attend school out of every hundred of those who attain such age.
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	
1880	2,878,508	2,654,688	5,533,196	1,690,277	581,573	2,271,850	41·06
1881	2,914,727	2,700,280	5,615,007	1,747,451	666,135	2,413,586	42·98

During the years of 1880–81 the annual educational income and expenditure by the local taxes and the money collected from the public are as follows:—

Period.	Annual income.	Annual expenditure.
	Yen.	Yen.
1880	8,723,917	6,881,095
1881	9,693,063	7,902,629

In 1881 the number of students of such public schools was 2,582,826, and their educational fees amounted to 404,287 yen (the poor not being required to pay fees). The property of these schools, adding the value of the lands and houses belonging thereto, amounted in value to 19,762,594 yen. During the same year the amount of money gratuitously given for educational expenses is 977,261 yen; and besides, land and houses are in some cases given.

The religion is of two sects, namely,

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Shintoism and Buddhism. In 1881, of the Shinto Kiyodoshiyoku, or Shinto preachers, the number of male preachers is 17,756, and that of female preachers 95. Of the number of disciples, males are 1299, females 3. Of the Buddhist Kiyodoshiyoku, or Buddhist preachers, males are 75,144, females 1131; and of the number of their disciples, males are 19,664, females 1347. The lower classes of people are generally believers in Buddhism.

Annual Income and Expenditure.—The income for the fiscal year ending in June, 1881, was 63,320,565 yen, and the expenditure of the same period 63,170,893 yen. The estimated income for the year ending in June, 1882, was 68,573,995 yen, and that for the year ending in June, 1883, 66,814,122 yen.

Sources of Revenue.—The expenditure for each of the said two years estimated in the budget is equal in amount to the revenue. The sources of revenue and branches of expenditure estimated in the budget for the financial year ending June, 1884, are as follows:—

REVENUE.

Sources of revenue.	Estimated. Yen.
Customs	2,600,330
Land tax	42,029,745

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Sources of revenue.	Estimated. Yen.
Tax on mines	15,878
Tax on revenue of Hokkaido ...	864,193
Tax on alcoholic liquor, etc. ...	16,768,135
Tax on tobacco	974,199
Stamps	886,336
Post-office stamps	2,250,000
Stamp paper used for suit	121,642
Ship duty	136,131
Carriage duty	441,549
Miscellaneous duties...	2,168,582
Mineral produce	240,941
Railways	1,160,033
Telegraphs	39,144
Mint	397,811
Miscellaneous receipts	1,848,609
Contingent income	1,662,801
Total revenue	75,606,059

EXPENDITURE.

Branches of expenditure.	Estimated. Yen.
Redemption of public debt	23,391,687
Civil list of the emperor and allowances to other members of the imperial family	1,748,785
Pensions	412,740
Council of state	632,232
Ministry of Foreign Affairs... ...	195,210
" Interior...	639,225
" Finance	669,829
" War	10,105,872
" Marine	3,081,692
" Public Mint	935,035

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Branches of expenditure.	Estimated. Yen.
Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce	903,297
„ Public Works	468,294
„ Justice	2,070,556
„ Imperial Household ...	401,460
Senate	185,500
Legation and consulate	533,395
Tax collection office	624,237
Custom house	204,971
Post-office	2,465,000
Fu and ken	5,332,609
Police and prison	3,125,115
Shinto shrine	151,789
Repairs in cities and prefectures ...	809,744
Fund for charitable purposes ...	1,200,000
Miscellaneous expenses	907,504
Contingent expenses	14,410,281
Total expenditure ...	75,606,059

Among the sources of revenue, the most important is the land tax. Ten years ago the source of revenue had been land tax alone. Although the land tax has gradually been reduced through the land tax reform, and the system of imposing other kinds of taxes has been introduced, still at present land tax amounts to $\frac{57}{100}$ of the total revenue. An average rate of tax imposed on every one tan (about a quarter of an acre) of rice field is one yen and sixteen sen; thirty-six sen for every one tan of dry field;

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and ninety-seven sen for every one tan of residence.

Of the whole population, the owners of some of these three kinds of land are more than 6,003,000 in number.

The least amount of tax paid by each of these owners is ten sen.

The public debt is of two kinds, namely, the home and the foreign. The home debt was made up as follows, July, 1883 :—

Home debt.	Yen.
4 per cent.	10,852,925
5 "	46,231,875
6 "	42,351,645
7 "	107,613,245
8 "	3,431,850
10 "	9,132,610
Total	219,614,150
Without interest	8,555,196
Total	228,169,346
Paper money in circulation ...	98,290,352
Total home debt ...	326,459,698

A great part of this debt was left to the present Government for redemption by the former princes of different provinces.

The foreign debt of Japan was raised in England. It comprises a nine per cent. loan

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of £1,000,000, issued in 1870, which has now all been redeemed; and a seven per cent. loan of £2,400,000, contracted at the price of 92½ in January, 1873, which has gradually been reduced, and which stood at the amount of £1,825,100 in January, 1884.

Banks.—At the end of the year 1881 the number of the public banks was 148; of the private, 90; of specie banks, 1; and other companies which had kept some characteristics of bank, 369. The public banks and the specie bank are chartered by the Government.

The specie bank was established in the year 1880, with the certification of the Government; and its capital amounted to 3,000,000 yen. The total capital of the ninety private banks amounted to 10,447,000 yen; and that of *quasi* banks to 5,895,000 yen (January, 1882).

Army and Navy.—After the disappearance of the feudal system in Japan, the system of the regular army was introduced by the imperial decree of recruitment in the year 1872, and it was amended in 1879. It was thereby ordered that every man, except the eldest sons or grandsons, and also those who had received a higher education, may be called up from the age of twenty by lot. Those who are called up shall be distributed to their respective

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military stations, and must remain for three years in the regular army. The soldier who has passed through the regular army must be for three years in the army of reserve, with liability to be called upon once for annual practice, and to be incorporated in the regular army in the time of war or other like contingent event. Leaving the army of reserve, the soldier enters the militia for four years, with liability to be called upon, at a convenient place, once for annual practice, and to be called up in the time of war or other like event, after the army of reserve has been incorporated in the regular army.

Every man, from the age of seventeen till his fiftieth year, is enrolled in the Landwehr, which body is only called upon for defensive service in time of invasion.

The strength of the Japanese army in December, 1881, was, including reserves, nearly 104,000 men.

Besides there are eighty-five in telegraph troops; 350 in the military college for commissioned officers; 850 in the military college for non-commissioned officers.

These form the whole number of soldiers since the passing of the law of recruitment. Before the passing of this law there was the regular army, which consisted of 400,000

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chizoku. Among them there are a great many who are still fit for the military service.

For the naval service volunteers from the age of fifteen to twenty-five are called up. The term of the service is either five or seven years. The volunteers may prefer either of the two alternatives. Those who desire to be still in service at the end of the fixed term are allowed to be in service for every three years.

Area and Population.

	Area.	Population.	
		1881.	1882.
	Square ri.		
Honshiu and islands belonging thereto	14,652,99	27,691,773	28,072,708
Shikoku and ditto	1,217,36	2,821,483	2,742,673
Kiushui and ditto	2.827,80	5,677,654	5,706,836
Hokkaido and Chishima ...	6,095,36	168,084	177,901
Total........................	24,794,51	36,358,994	36,700,118

In the above table $24,794\frac{51}{00}$ square ri is equal to 148,456 square miles.

The specification of population, according to the estimate of January, 1882, is as follows:—Male, 18,598,998; female, 18,101,120; number of heads of families, 7,584,986; average number of persons in a family, $4\frac{46}{00}$. At the same time, the number of foreign residents is

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—male, 5179, and female, 1008, making the total of 6187 persons.

There are no recent statistics of the number of married persons; but according to the estimate of January, 1876, there were 6,718,288 husbands and 6,718,288 wives, and 20,901,828 others, making the total of 34,338,404 persons.

The following shows the number of births for six years; but the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate births is not clear:—

Year.	Male.	Female.	Total.
1876	464,299	438,647	902,946
1877	455,589	434,829	890,518
1878	449,744	425,139	874,883
1879	449,550	426,979	876,529
1880	452,327	431,257	883,584
1881	476,864	464,479	941,343

The following is the number of deaths for the same period:—

Year.	Male.	Female.	Total.
1876	316,324	296,698	613,022
1877	324,732	295,574	620,306
1878	314,633	288,644	603,277
1879	374,462	346,507	720,969
1880	313,668	289,387	603,055
1881	351,164	334,900	686,064

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The cities containing a population of more than 100,000 are as follows (January, 1882):—

Tokio, in Musashi province	823,557
Kioto, in Yamashiro province	239,425
Osaka, in Settsu province	293,681
Nagoya, in Owari province	118,450
Kanagawa, in Kaga province	107,624

By the Poor Law promulgated in 1874, it is provided that to each helpless person, or one above seventy or below fifteen years of age, and who, being crippled, is not able to do any work, one koku and eight to of rice shall be appropriated every year. In case of an abandoned child, the same quantity of rice is given to any person who brings it up until it reaches thirteen years of age. Besides this, in every locality, some funds are kept to help people suffering from calamity. In Tokio there is a poor house supported by local taxation.

The following table shows how the land lies:—

		Acres.
Private properties	Rice field	6,469,841
	Farm or garden.........	4,561,412
	Homestead	858,545
	Mountain and forest ..	13,378,553
	Wild plain...............	3,592,967
Public forest	....	12,932,418

There are, besides, no small portions of Crown land, which are tenanted by the people,

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but statistics are wanting. The principal agricultural products in 1880 were as follows :—

	Bushels.
Rice	155,629,409
Barley	62,049,940
Beans	10,795,717

The annual incomes of both the Government and private forests are not known. At present the Government forests have in possession trees of one foot in circumference to the number of 1,860,491,648.

The exportation of the principal agricultural products in 1881 was :—

	Pounds.
Rice	14,208,128
Barley	501,476
Beans	2,547

The number of cattle is very small. In 1880 the cows and oxen numbered 1,124,564, and the horses, 1,605,543.

The principal products of the fisheries are whales, sardines, herrings, katsuwo [bonito ?], cuttlefish, cod, and salmon. In 1880 the total number of fishers was 1,601,406—848,288 male and 753,118 female. Number of fishing-boats, 190,045.

By a notification of 1882, all the mines

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of the country have been declared Government property. Some of them are worked by the Government, and others by private individuals. At present there are twelve of the former and 5579 of the latter.

In 1881 the whole expense of the mining works, both Governmental and private, was 5,916,621 yen, while the quantity of the ores obtained in the same year was as follows :—

Gold	10,063 ounces.
Silver	322,968 „
Copper	10,376,633 pounds.
Iron	13,528 tons.
Coal	881,261 „

Exports have steadily increased during the three years ending 1882, the last date available. In 1880 the total value of exports was over 27 million yen; in 1881 it had risen to over 30 million, and in 1882 it was 37¼ million. On the contrary, imports have decreased; the value in 1880 being 36½ million yen, in 1881 little over 31 million, and in 1882 considerably less than 30 million. Railways and telegraphs are steadily advancing, and the telephone is also making way. The circulation of the letter post is one of the best tests of a nation's advance on the path of civilization. In 1881 the total number of letters, postcards, news-

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papers, books, and samples circulated through the post was 74 millions. In the next year it had risen to over 90 millions, and has gone on increasing up to the present date. Japan has 225 newspapers, with an aggregate sale of over 37½ millions.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST.

It is a three hours' ride by rail from Kioto to Kobé. The line is better patronized than that between Yokohama and Tokio. It runs through a rich agricultural country, and half-way touches Osaka, the Birmingham of Japan. The tall chimneys, vomiting smoke that hung like a cloud over the populous towns, had quite a familiar and homelike look. What was in no degree homelike was the conduct of the ticket collector who, at various stages of the short journey, looked in to examine tickets. He entered bare-headed, bowing to the ground, and was most effusive in his thanks on returning the ticket after nipping it. Having seen ours once, he did not trouble us again, but never failed, by a series of bows and smiles, to comprehend us in his periodical examination, whilst at the same time intimating that he knew our tickets were all right. I am not

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sure that on the whole the British official's sharp cry of "Tickets!" and his rapid clutch at what you hold in your hand, is not calculated to get through business more quickly. But by way of change it was very pleasant to travel three hours in a railway carriage surrounded, as it were, by a halo of smiles from the ticket collector.

There was a school fête going forward at one of the towns on the route, and the station was beleaguered by hordes of children, many accompanied by their parents. I was much struck by the appearance of the station-master here. Like his colleagues, he was dressed in uniform based on the English style. Unfortunately, he had drawn in the clothing lottery a pair of trousers of prodigious length. He had met the difficulty by the simple process of turning them up at the heels, and was now strutting about with a band of white calico lining reaching half-way to his knee. It seemed impossible to respect authority thus ludicrously arrayed. But he, at least, was unconscious of any drawbacks. He had doubtless, up to early manhood, gone about without any trousers at all, and felt he was now making up the average.

Kobé is a pretty little town at the head of the Inland Sea. It is one of the foreign

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settlements, and has known what it was to have the fleets of England, France, and Holland cleared for action in its bay, by way of assisting at the deliberations of the Japanese Government. It is, perhaps, of all towns the least Japanese in its appearance. The streets are broad and straight, the houses of many stories, are built of stone, and the banks and other public buildings favour the impression that it is a Western town. Of course there is a Japanese quarter, but it is not closely in evidence as it is at Yokohama.

We went aboard the *Khiva* at night, and when we woke in the morning were already threading our way through the Inland Sea. It was fine weather by night and day, and we had full opportunity of enjoying the marvellous beauty of this great sea lake. A panorama of countless islands was spread out, every one of different size and shape, some of the oddest. Most of the islands are inhabited, as in truth are large stretches of the mainland skirting the sea. Here and there are little nests of houses huddled together in a convenient creek, up which junks and sampans can be run in rough weather. If the land seemed deserted the Sea was alive with boats flitting hither and thither under what seemed dangerously heavy sail. At night fires are

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lit in the stern of such fishing-boats as are out, and twinkle afar like fire-flies.

There is a wide field for discovery along this lonely and beautiful coast. As a yachting ground it has unsurpassable attractions. In respect of scenery it is like the Kyles of Bute, with the duration of its beauty lengthened fiftyfold. On both evenings that we steamed downthe Sea there was a sunset of rich beauty, each totally different from the other. No pen could describe the beauty of the sunsets in Japan. Many fantastic names have been used as the title of books upon Japan. If I were writing a book on the country and wanted a title of that order, I should call it "Sunset Land."

Nagasaki, the last port usually touched at by visitors to Japan going westward, is also a foreign settlement, but is altogether unlike Kobé. The foreigners stretch their houses on the crescent facing the bay and on the hill behind. Nagasaki proper lies over the bridges to the left, and is not at all easy to find. We undertook to discover it by walking, and found ourselves in some narrow dirty streets by the water's edge. Jinrikishas rescued us, and took us into the town, which lay in quite another quarter. Many of the houses are built over ditches, canals, and other more or

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less undesirable waterways. This gives the place a squalid appearance, which is nowhere relieved by signs of affluence. Nagasaki is, I am told, in a poor way just now. Its most prosperous local industry is the carving of tortoiseshell. A larger mine of wealth is found in the coal mines, which are not far distant. Nagasaki is the great coaling station of Japan. The coal is fairly good and cheap, costing about seven shillings a ton at the pit's mouth.

The coaling of a big steamer is a curious and interesting sight, which may be watched with more comfort since Nagasaki coal possesses the curious quality of being comparatively free from dust. An innumerable army of coolies are engaged, fully one-half being women. They stand almost shoulder to shoulder in a line extending from the hold of the collier to the coal-hole of the steamer. The coal is filled in small baskets, which are handed along the living line with incredible rapidity. The human chain works as regularly, as swiftly, and much upon the same principle as the grain elevator.

On a quiet Sunday evening, the fourth day after leaving Nagasaki, we stole into Hongkong harbour. It was almost a pitch-dark night, and there were some anxious moments

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for the captain on the bridge, making his way through the narrow strait that leads from sea to harbour. The difficulty was increased by the number of sampans and junks gliding about, not every one with a light. Our captain had a great respect for the sailing qualities of the Chinese skippers. The Japanese sampans and junks hang about the pathway of a big steamer, and trust to it to keep clear of them, sometimes spoiling their chances by altering their course at the last moment. The best thing to do with a Chinaman, the captain found, was to trust him and leave him alone. Still he was apt to get perilously near and on a dark night a procession of junks crossing and re-crossing the bows is a little embarrassing.

So we glided along half-speed over the still dark waters, the silence broken only by the chant of the man throwing the lead, the cry of the look-out from the bows, and the low voice of the captain directing the steering. Hongkong lay right ahead, long rows of lights against the dark shadow of the hill on which it stands. One light, far up the hill, was in motion—doubtless the lamps of the carriage of some distant diner-out returning homewards. This was the only sign of life in the town. For the rest, the long rows of lights were fixed, and a weird silence brooded over the town.

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We anchored at the buoy for the night, and going ashore in the morning found that warm welcome from utter strangers which is one of the characteristics of Englishmen in the East. That we were going to stay only forty hours in the place was made a matter of personal lamentation, though it was admitted that all Hongkong had to show the foreigners might easily be seen in a day. It is a lively, bustling town, though as compared with its former bounding prosperity Ichabod is written on its wall.

It is the same story here as at Yokohama, Shanghai, and other outposts of Eastern trade which English people have coolly appropriated. In the earlier days, about the time that Jos Sedley was collector at Boggley Wollah, and for some years after, fortunes were made by British merchants at Hongkong. Making princely incomes, they lived in princely style, and shared their good fortune with their clerks. Those were the days when "messes" flourished, and the whole commercial establishment sat down to sumptuous meals provided by the head of the house. This patriarchal way of living has vanished with fifty per cent. profits, and the junior mess is but a tradition. Still, if competition and restricted trade have cut down profits, Hongkong does a snug

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business, and some of the merchants retain, at least in their private houses, the old princely style of living. The population is, of course, chiefly composed of Chinese, who crowd their quarter in a manner which seems to be free from sanitary restrictions. The danger of this state is not wholly unrecognized, and I heard one cheerful resident confidently predict that within two years an epidemic would break out, which would decimate the population. The climate in summer is unbearably hot for Europeans, and to-day, albeit we are within measurable distance of Christmas, the thermometer stands at 80°.

Happily Hongkong has its Simla close at hand. The Peak, a hill eighteen hundred feet high, standing at the back of the town, is the regular residence of the European community during the summer months. The governor has a fine house there, and round it are grouped the pretty bungalows of the merchants. It is a magnificent site for a residence, commanding a far-reaching view of the land-locked bay and ships that ever come and go. It is not an easy journey to make night and morning, but that is rather the affair of the chair-men. An Englishman would never think of walking to the Peak. He hires a chair, and is carried up in lordly

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ease by two gaunt and perspiring Chinamen. The jinrikisha has made its way hither, but, owing to the conformation of the ground, it has little chance against the chair. Following the long street that skirts the bay the jinrikisha is well enough. When it comes to going up town, where most of the private residences stand, it becomes an impossible conveyance. The chair is slung on two poles, which are borne on the shoulders of two men. It is comfortable enough, but not so rapid as the jinrikisha, though the chair-men easily make their five miles an hour on level road or coming downhill.

The governor's house is situated some way up the hill, and from the terrace commands a fine view of the magnificent harbour. The situation has its drawbacks, owing to the incessant exchange of civilities on the part of the fleet. It is bitterly said that the commodore never blows his nose but the sound is re-echoed through the distant hills by the firing of one or more guns. Certainly the saluting is incessant, and what between the movements of the commodore, the visits of the general commanding the land forces, and the arrivals and departures of foreign vessels, the guns are going pretty much all day long. After tiffin, the governor drove us round by the

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Happy Valley and back through town, comprising a comprehensive view of the colony and its outskirts. The Happy Valley is a dip in the green hills to the east of the town. The racecourse, a popular resort of Hongkong, lies here. Sir George Bowen, who is setting himself with vigour to improve the place, has in hand a scheme by which the centre of the racecourse will be drained and laid out as an ornamental garden. This will be a vast addition to the attractions of the place. But Hongkong is already set in gardens of older, if less straitly ordained principles. Wherever the eye turns aside from the business streets, there is rich verdure—trees full of leaf, though now putting on their autumn tints.

Hongkong was at the time of our visit much exercised by the imminence of war between China and France, a condition of doubt dispelled two days after our departure by a formal communication from the Chinese Government, announcing that France had forced war upon it, and that Hongkong merchants must look out for their own interests. Within forty-eight hours of this declaration being made, well-informed residents of Hongkong declined to believe that China meant business. This arose less from an impartial

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and judicial view of the circumstances than from habitual contempt and dislike of the Chinaman. In the eyes of the haughty alien who lives upon his soil, the Chinaman is not a sufficiently elevated being even to go to war. He was only scheming, making-believe, and, at the last moment, would put his pigtail between his legs and run away. It is not for us casual callers-in to judge of the reasonableness of the state of things. Suffice it to note that English residents at Hongkong have a distinct abhorrence for the Chinese. They speak of them as if they were beasts, and, indeed, they so literally characterize them.

I have seen an Englishman walking along Queen's Road dispose of a group of chair-men, who proffered him their services, by hitting them on their knuckles or whatever portion of their body happened to be under his stick when it smartly fell. If they had been a pack of dogs they could not have been more roughly or contemptuously dispersed. Yet the good qualities of the Chinese will, upon persistent questioning, be fully admitted by the settler. The Chinese domestic servant is, perhaps, the best in the world. The night after our arrival we dined in the house of an English gentleman where the whole domestic establishment was composed of Chinese. The dinner was

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excellently cooked, and the service simply perfect. Four Chinamen waited upon a party of nine. They were picturesquely dressed in blue cotton gowns, the flowing sleeve turned up with spotless white, and their long pigtails falling between their shoulders. They moved about noiselessly on sandalled feet, and were always at hand when wanted.

In higher grades of life the quiet supremacy of the Chinaman is also acknowledged. He is a born merchant, whether on a small scale behind the counter, or on a larger in an office. It is grudgingly admitted that he is absolutely reliable, his word being as good as some people's bond. It is added that this is due not to any honesty, but to shrewd calculation and deliberate conviction, that in matters of trade honesty is the best policy.

The finest thoroughfare in Hongkong is named after a late governor, whose name will be kept green as long as Kennedy Road looks out over the bay. I heard a great deal about the last governor, Sir John Pope Hennessey, but I did not hear any proposal to name a street or square after him. The present governor, Sir George Bowen, has been in office less than a year, and has thus early succeeded in obtaining the kind regard of the community he has been called upon to govern.

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Sir George has grown grey in the colonial service, but he brings to Hongkong an undiminished stock of vigour. In addition to the improvements in the racecourse already referred to, he has projected the widening and extension of the Praya, as the main street skirting the bay is called. In addition, it is proposed to spend over a million dollars in improving the sanitary condition of the colony —a work which, unless the apprehensions of the cheerful colonist quoted be overstrained, cannot be completed too soon. Beyond this, the governor has submitted to the Home Government a comprehensive scheme of reform in the constitution of the executive and legislative councils of Hongkong, and, what is more, has obtained the sanction of the Home Government to its main provisions.

The fly in the ointment of general content is the peremptory refusal of the Colonial Office to sanction the appointment of a military instructor for the police. The English community of Hongkong do not regard with perfect repose their position as mere units in the population. They would feel more at ease if the police, a fine body of men, chiefly Sikhs, were trained to arms. As a test of their sincerity, they were willing to pay the salary of a competent instructor, and the

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Council unanimously passed a resolution to that effect. But the Colonial Office vetoed the proposition, and there is some angry talk at Hongkong about this interference with the purely local affairs of the colony. Like most colonists, the Hongkong settlers are good, honest, uncompromising Tories, fretful under the domination of a Liberal ministry, which, when questions arise between natives and colonists, unaccountably insists upon the just claims of natives being considered, and so flouting "British interests." But in this matter of a military instructor of the police they are strong Home Rulers, and their case is commended to the sympathy of Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar.

The governor has recently returned from a tour through China as far as Pekin, which was marked by an incident that might have had serious international consequences. His Excellency stayed at tea-houses when beyond the field of foreign hotels. Waking up in one of these in the early morning, he found his watch had disappeared. Reaching out for his trousers with intent to go and make inquiries, he found that these also had "gone away in the eigenweit." The governor is a burly man of straightforward speech, and looks much more like a British admiral of the old school

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than a civilian in the diplomatic service. According to common report in Hongkong the spectacle of his semi-clad Excellency stamping round the tea-house in search of his trousers, and frankly expressing his opinion of the Chinese in general, and the thief in particular, was quite awesome. Correspondence on the subject is, I believe, still going forward, but is not likely to be presented to Parliament.

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CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE TROPICS.

It is a striking thing, when making long journeys by sea in the far East, to notice how the British lion has laid its massive paw upon successive points of strategical importance, till it has girdled Asia, Africa, and Europe with a line of outposts. As in the time of the Armada beacon fires were built around the coast—

"Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle,"

so now, on a larger range, beacon fire answers to beacon fire from the China Seas to the Mediterranean. It is lit at Hongkong, in Southern China. It is flashed from Singapore, on the Malay peninsula, and is taken up almost within sight at Penang. It twinkles at Fort Blair on the lonely Andaman Island.

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Rangoon and Moulmein hand on the torch, which blazes throughout British Burmah. Akyab, at the mouth of the Ganges, shows the light, making near connection with India. All Ceylon is British, with its military camp at Colombo, and its naval station in Trincomalee. Aden in Arabia, and Perim on the far side of the Red Sea, hold out the signal, which burns on Sokotra, a little island commanding the Gulf of Aden; whilst in the Mediterranean it shows boldly forth at Cyprus, Malta, and on the Rock of Gibraltar. How it came to pass that these odd corners of the earth should belong to a little island set in northern seas, it would perhaps not be desirable too closely to inquire. But there they are, quietly, unresistingly, and, to tell the truth, prosperously living under British rule, monuments of the activity and the audacity of British enterprise.

Singapore, as we approached, was a long low landmark, lying dark under wet skies, with here and there patches of green showing where the Chinese, having worked a gambia field at high pressure, had exhausted the generous soil, and, leaving it, the coarse long grass had sprung up. We left Hongkong in the *Verona*, which, on getting clear of the harbour, found itself battling with heavy seas. It was a hot,

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close, "muggy," night, good neither for man nor beast. A passenger, impatient of the restraint of his cabin, had a bed made up for him in the saloon. In the dead of the night he woke, dreaming of green pastures and lowing kine. He found he was being walked over by two oxen shipped at Hongkong with ulterior purposes. They, too, had found their quarters uncomfortable, and, walking out, had strayed into the saloon, round which they sniffed with much melancholy boo-ooing. On the second day we slid into summer seas, the north-east monsoon filling our sails and making the hot ship glad with pleasant breezes. The punkahs began to swing in the saloon, and on deck appeared gossamer dresses and thinnest of flannel suits.

Before the steamer came to her moorings in Singapore she was surrounded by a fleet of small roughly made boats, manned by tawny lads naked save for a loincloth.

"Yessir, yessir!" they shouted in chorus; "have a dive, sir? All right, sir! throw in a piece, sir."

A coin thrown over, the boat nearest to which it fell was suddenly emptied; the lads leaped into the water like a flash of brown thunderbolts, and in a moment were back again, holding the tiny silver coin in their

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gleaming teeth. They were quite as much at home in water as out, and that at the time we met them they chanced to be in a boat was a pure accident. We got up a race for them, six boats entering for a good long course round a buoy and back. The tide was running very strongly, and as they got into its course they were swept off, making the goal seem hopeless. One boat, caught abeam by a wave, filled, and was on the point of sinking. But the young Malays abated not one jot of their efforts with the sculls. As they tugged with their arms, they kicked out the water with their feet, and having thus baled the boat dry, soon made up the way they had lost whilst water-logged. The race was as fine a one as I ever saw, not a boat's length between any as they came back still fighting with the mighty current. The prizes were delivered in unusual fashion. The money was chucked into the sea, and the youngsters darting overboard appropriated it.

The Malays are natives of Singapore, but it is the Chinese who work the place. Since the business of pirating has been discountenanced, the Malay seems to have lost all taste and energy for work. If need be he will labour for his daily bread, but as his necessities are cheaply provided for, the amount of work

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got out of him is not exhaustive. What he likes to do best, or rather the kind of work which he least abhors, is fishing, a gentlemanly avocation in which occur long pauses for rest. When he has caught enough fish to provide himself with a meal, and a little over to barter for rice, he goes home, having reached the utmost limits of the day's work. His home is a dark and dirty hut, built upon piles over water, if water be conveniently at hand; if not, then over mud. The notion of building a house with its foundations set in dry land is an incomprehensible thing to the Malay. Well-to-do people of his race live down by the wharfs, with the piles standing in real water. That is the West End of the Malay social settlement. Poor people, who live where they must, still have their houses built on piles, but there is only mud underneath, or, with the lowest scale of all, absolutely dry land.

The Chinese have overrun the whole of the Malay peninsula and adjacent parts. But for them British interests in the Straits of Malacca, which on the eve of the general election of 1874 excited Mr. Disraeli's misgiving (and were never after alluded to), would be in straitened circumstances. Englishmen cannot live and labour in these tropical climes.

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The Malay lives and will not labour. The Chinese does both, with cheerful shining countenance, and prospers exceedingly. Chinamen work in the coffee and sugar plantations, and own some of them. They keep the shops, sail the ships, and own these too. Looking out over the busy harbour of Penang from the verandah of the club-house, a resident specially well informed in the matter told me that nearly all the fleet then at anchor belonged to Chinamen. The P. and O., the British India, and other sea-going fleets appropriate the big loaves. The Chinamen pick up the crumbs that fall from their tables, and thrive upon them. They have coasting steamers running to places, the precise locality of which is more absolutely unknown to the average Englishman than was that of the Straits of Malacca, when Mr. Disraeli sprung the sounding phrase on a bewildered nation and an astonished Government. If there is no trade to begin with, they make it, foster its growth, and when once they get a hold on the place, no one can get them out.

A marvellous people, the Chinese, who now quietly and unobtrusively play an important part in the history of the world, and are doubtless destined to fulfil more striking ones. They are a nation without the distinction fatal else-

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where, of round pegs and square holes, square pegs and round holes. The hole may be square or round; the Chinaman will fit it if there is any money to be got out of it.

Singapore is the emporium of the Malay peninsula. Hither come the spices, gambia, tin, and the buffalo hides which Chinese merchants, some of them not above the status of a pedlar, buy in the interior, and which Chinese ships bring to the great port of call for English steamers. Just now they are watching with keen interest an experiment being tried in the neighbouring principality of Jahore. The Maharajah is one of the few princes left hereabouts who is not under British rule. But whilst preserving his independence, his Highness is a devoted ally and friend of England. He has visited the country, speaks its language, and is even more sedulous in imitating its customs and institutions than the present ministry of Japan.

His palace is at Jahore, the capital of his principality. But he has a house at Singapore, where he lives in English style, and, as far as he can control his surroundings, with English people. He has been twice married, and both his wives are alive. His second wife has borne him children, but it appears to be against the law that they should inherit the throne, and

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accordingly a nephew has been declared heir-apparent. This young gentleman has just returned from England, where he was educated. The Maharajah is a Mahomedan, and a strict observer of religious rites. When, as sometimes happens, he goes out to dinner, his cook marches in advance to see that no meat comes to table unless the beast has died by having its throat cut. Yet, in imitation of the religious liberty prevalent in England, the Maharajah tolerates all religions, and the other day presented eight acres of land as a site for a Roman Catholic mission.

In one respect his Highness has improved upon his model, since he rules his people and dwells in the comity of nations without the assistance of a standing army. A body of police keep the peace among the Malays, and in the Chinese communities the head man is made to answer for order. The Maharajah's revenues, which are variously estimated at from sixty to a hundred thousand a year, come chiefly from licences for the sale of opium, which is consumed by the Chinese. There is also a tax on the export of agricultural products, and every pig or other animal that is killed in the principality pays tribute to the Maharajah. Still the mainstay of his revenue is the opium tax, and thus the Chinese

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keep the State going at both ends, creating its prosperity by their labour, and returning a considerable portion of their earnings in the form of taxation.

Jahore is rich in woods, which cover its hills and dales, but the cost of transport is so great that this, which would be a source of wealth elsewhere, is here an embarrassment. The experiment on which the Chinese is just now fixing his shrewd small eyes is that of coffee-planting. The climate and the soil of Jahore have always seemed peculiarly well adapted for the cultivation of coffee. Some years ago a few hundred acres were sown, but the wrong plant was selected, and failure followed, temporarily shutting off experiments of a similar kind. Three years ago, about a thousand acres were planted with another kind of berry, which is looking exceedingly hopeful. It takes four years before a new coffee plantation bears fruit. Next year is the crucial one, and should the experiment turn out as well as it just now promises, Jahore will become an important place.

Singapore presents strange contrasts of English and tropical life, being an English town just as much as Eastbourne or Brighton, though set within eighty miles of the Equator. Its streets are named in English fashion, with

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the familiar white letters on blue enamel. "High Street" and "Stamford Road" are the kind of names written up, and at the corners of the road are homely cabalistic signs, "F.P. 40 ft.," indicating the whereabouts of the water-pipe. The policemen wear a modification of their British brethren's uniform, one detail being that it is apparently optional with them to wear stockings. Some do and some do not. A pretty sharp contrast passed me in High Street. A tricycle came along, and on it was seated a grave and reverend signor, in yellow turban, white jacket, red shirt, a paper umbrella, and bare brown legs.

In spite of tricycles, High Streets, water-pipes, lamp-posts, and police in uniform, Singapore is intensely tropical. The atmosphere is something that one never looks through elsewhere. The figures that throng its sunny streets are all tropical. Europeans dress in white duck suits with straw hats and umbrellas. The native men dress in as little as possible. The Chinese come out in cool costumes of white, or of that rich blue, the making of which and transference to calico stuffs seems to be one of their secrets. In addition, there are many emigrants from India in their varied costumes. Madras sends a

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considerable contingent, the women strikingly handsome and graceful.

Western civilization and Eastern habits of dress come again in sharp contrast in the matter of billycock hats. I have often wondered what became of this widely used head-gear when it grew too shabby to wear. The secret is an open one for any who come across the Chinese labouring out of their own country. The old hats are collected in England and forwarded in bales to wherever the Chinese most do congregate.

I noticed the incongruity among the Chinese who crowded the *Coptic* in the voyage across the Pacific. It is much more striking here. That a Chinaman on board ship should cover his shaven pate with an old billycock hat stained with hair-grease, buffeted by English winds, and soaked in London fog, looks funny, but is not inexplicable. Anything will do on board ship. To see him here on land dressed all in his best, his spotless white gown and blue trousers, his face shining with soap and worldly prosperity, his pigtail neatly disposed down his back, and on his head a greasy battered billycock, is passing strange. It cannot be simply the form and material that recommend the hat, otherwise they would have them new. I never saw a Chinaman—I won't say with a

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new hat on, but—with anything less than one of disreputable old age. I fancy that with the Chinese the ruling passion is strong alike in the matter of eggs and hats. They like them both old.

The jinrikisha is seen at Singapore, but, as at Hongkong, though for a different reason, it does not flourish. It is absolutely too hot for a man, however lightly clad, to run about dragging weights, and the few jinrikishas one meets do not get much beyond walking pace. At Penang the triumphant westward march of the jinrikisha is finally arrested. Both at Singapore and Penang a conveyance called a gharry is in popular use. It is a large black, funereal structure something like a pauper's hearse. It is drawn by a small but masterful and well-made pony, a couple of which would very comfortably stow themselves in the gharry. The Hongkong ponies—splendid little creatures, but apt to wax wroth and kick—are much prized at Singapore. We brought one down for the Maharajah's brother. His Highness was on the wharf with umbrella up awaiting the arrival of his new acquisition.

"He's all right; we have got him here," the friend who had brought him shouted over the bulwarks.

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"Is he," asked the prince, with anxious face and bated breath, "is he quiet?"

Being assured on this point, the prince, a portly personage in white ducks, heaved a sigh of satisfaction and turned away.

The traction of heavier goods is accomplished in carts drawn by a yoke of oxen. There is, nevertheless, plenty of work for porters, who under the noonday sun carry stupendous burdens by bamboos borne upon their shoulders. They scorn the interposition of a pad between their bare flesh and the hard bamboo. Accustomed from earliest boyhood to carry weights in this way, the skin and muscle of their shoulders have so hardened as to become insensible to what to an English porter would be pain unbearable for more than ten minutes at a stretch.

It is a long drive from the wharf to the hotel, which is situated in the centre of the town. The highway is bordered with tropical vegetation—palms, cocoa-nut trees, bananas, now fully bearing, and flowers, familiar in English hothouses, here growing by the wayside in wild luxuriance. In the early morning, when life is well worth living in the tropics, we took a drive to the Botanic Gardens at Singapore, which are beautifully kept, and full of choicest tropical plants and trees growing in

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perfection. In a pond were a group of the Victoria lilies, the flower not yet out, but a bud, of the size of knobs on a family four-post bedstead, was ready to burst. The leaves floating flat on the water with edges turned up at right angles were large enough to have floated the infant Moses. I had one measured. It was four feet across.

The day after we arrived was Sunday, and in the evening we went to the cathedral, a fine building situated on a bluff overlooking the harbour. The punkahs were in full swing, pulled by natives stationed all round the building. The bishop preached an excellent sermon, pleading for funds to endow mission churches where, in distant parts of his diocese, the natives, resting from their six days' labours, might spend quiet sabbaths. I wondered whether, through the open windows and doors, the perspiring punkah-men heard anything of these kind accents, or took a close interest in the amount of the collection made.

The hotel at Singapore, like all the European buildings, is a roomy place, with cool verandahs and open doors and windows, courting whatever chance breeze may blow. In the office there is a placard, prominently pasted up, curious enough to be worth copying.

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"Passengers and boarders," it runs, "are respectfully requested not to ask the manager for any money, as he has strict injunctions not to give same."

This is not an isolated hint of a certain aspect of social life in these parts. In one or two other hotels I have seen a similar intimation, though not so bluntly and quaintly put. Even more common is the edict that the servants of the hotel have instructions to hold on to all baggage till bills are paid.

The harbour at Penang is full of bustling life and colour, to which the sampan men contribute a full share. They cast gay clothes about their dusky forms, and lavish pictorial art upon the stern sheets of their boats. Underneath a stretchy landscape (apparently turned upside down), or a brilliant painting of a steamer with its paddles close to the rudder, the proprietor proudly paints his own name. "Joe" is a favourite cognomen. "London Charley" shows originality, and one boatman advertises himself in a breath as "Bobgood-sampanman."

In most respects Penang is like Singapore, except that its streets are narrower. There is the same vertically shining sun, the same gay colours in the street, and the same long roads in the suburbs lined with cocoa-nut

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trees and palms and bananas. On one of these we met a man in white turban and blue gown, walking along the sun-baked road flanked by cocoa-nut trees, carrying under his arm a bundle of the *Graphic* arrived by the last mail.

Penang has a commodious market, in which are sold vegetables, fruit, fish, and meat. Very little business was being transacted when we passed through. On a butcher's stall, lying on their backs fast asleep, surrounded by warm-looking joints of meat, were two butchers, the flies impartially feeding upon the living and the dead. The fruit displayed on the stalls consisted of cocoa-nuts, bananas, limes, oranges, pines (to be bought at twopence each), and pumelos. For those who have fed on the Amoy pumelo the growth of other districts are grievously disappointing. On due reflection I hold the Amoy pumelo to be the most gracious fruit in the world. It is said to be the "forbidden fruit," and since I tasted it I take a less stern view of the weakness of Adam, albeit it hereditarily entails upon me, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, the necessity of sitting here writing when everybody else within view is diligently doing nothing.

I do not know whether the pumelo in its fresh state reaches London; I have not seen

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it there. It is like a Brobdignagian orange in shape, and of a light lemon colour. The peel is very thick, but is easily removed, and the fruit is pulled to pieces in figs, whence the white under the skin peels off, leaving only the luscious fruit with its generous juice and its delicate flavour. I am writing from tender recollection of the Amoy pumelo. Others, though they might have been acceptable if tasted first—as Brussels enthrals those who do not know Paris—are not worth peeling, and indeed, are to be resented as desecrating the name of pumelo.

One tropical fruit of which I had heard a good deal, but reached Penang too late in the season to taste, is the durian. This remarkable fruit is the size of a cocoa-nut with the husk off. I asked a Scotchmen what it tasted like.

"Like a haggis with an onion too much in it," he said.

That is, however, the most favourable description I have heard, and long residence out of Scotland had probably confused his recollection of the flavour of haggis. The fruit certainly appears to be composed, haggis-like, of an *olla podrida.* No two men agree in their description of its taste, except in the one respect of an over-dash of onion. The

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smell is truly terrific, and the fruit is opened only after extraordinary precautions. I heard at Hongkong of the case of some English officers desirous of tasting this curious fruit, who hired an empty house, closed the windows and doors, opened the fruit, and with one accord fled, leaving it untasted. The Malay holds it as a great delicacy, and to the Chinaman it is a luxury comparable only with an egg that has been in the family five years.

The High Court of Justice was sitting during our stay in Penang, and we strolled in to see how justice was administered in these parts. The court was roomy and fresh, and the punkahs diligently at work. A civil case was going forward, involving the property of two Chinese. The judge, an amiable, undecided-looking old gentleman, sat on the bench, unaided by the majesty of wig or gown. The clerk who sat under him wore a black gown and white bands of stupendous size. Two barristers engaged in the case wore black gowns and white duck trousers.

The court was pretty full in the portion allotted to the public. Here sat a Chinaman in cool white bajoo, with roomy sleeves capable of holding the fourteenth trump, or anything else that might be useful in the game of life; Cingalese in bright-coloured calico robes, their

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heads covered with straw, rimless, flowerpot-shaped hats adorned with verses from the Koran; and Malays who had put on unaccustomed trousers in deference to the prejudices of the court. Standing at one of the barriers was a Bengalee with a yellow ochre mark on the bridge of his nose, denoting his caste. A white calico robe was his sole garment, but he had draped it around his tall lithe figure with a grace which the British workman would vainly endeavour to imitate—if, indeed, he would feel promptings of desire in that direction.

The crowd in court were not able to follow the glib pleadings of the gentlemen in white ducks and black gowns; a circumstance evidently taken note of by the astute practitioner. If they could not follow the speech they would understand that the gentleman in ducks who was constantly popping up to interrupt his learned brother was a kind of man whose services it would be desirable to engage in time of trouble. Accordingly, whilst one learned counsel was supposed to have the ear of the court, the other was incessantly jumping up with an indignant, "My lord, I protest," or a "Now, really this is too bad." Whenever this happened the Chinamen in the body of the court exchanged approving glances, as

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who should say, "That's the man for *my* money. He's always alive, not easy to come over *him*."

I was not surprised to hear that this irrepressible person, in whose hands the old gentleman on the bench was as a reed blown by the winds, had the lion's share of the practice in the High Court of Justice in Penang.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE ISLE OF SPICY BREEZES.

"The children's hour" has found a historiographer in charming verse; but I do not remember reading, even in prose, any account of "the gentleman's hour" on board a P. and O. steamer. It begins at any moment after daybreak, and extends up to eight o'clock. During this time the quarter-deck is sacred to the tread of man. There is no written rule to the effect that no lady is permitted, or at least expected, to appear on deck before eight o'clock has struck. But so it is; and this period of the day, the pleasantest in Indian seas, has, with characteristic selfishness, been marked by the lords of creation as their own, and they assume the right to pace the deck arrayed in whatever odd garments they may be accustomed to go to the bath in.

The pyjama is a garment composed of varied material, but invariable in its ungainli-

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ness. It is generally of flannel, but may be of silk, and consists of a loose jacket belted round the waist and a pair of shapeless drawers. Thus arrayed, without shoes or stockings, and generally hatless, the gentlemen, fresh from their bath or in preparation for it, march up and down the deck with curious and not always attractive revelations of contour. It is an old custom, old almost as the birth of the P. and O. Company, and is one of the cherished privileges of the East Indian. If any one were to attempt to interfere with it the angry indignation which bristles round the Ilbert Bill would be but as a zephyr breeze. The ladies sometimes whisper a protest, but none have dared, or have found the opportunity, of raising a serious cabal against it. It is one of the institutions of the P. and O., whose laws, like that of an earlier empire, alter not.

Contemporaneously with the pacing to and fro of disguised judges, colonels on leave, civil servants, and mighty merchants, goes forward the cleaning of the ship. Every morning a P. and O. steamer is subject to a ruthless "tidying up." The decks, spotless to begin with, are scoured, the paint washed, the brasses rubbed, the silver cleaned, the saloon carpet taken up and shaken, and the floor washed. Persons interested in the educa-

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tional improvement of housemaids might do worse than send them for a trip in a P. and O. steamer. If they would take back any infection of the thoroughness of the morning brushing, shaking, and scouring, it would spread happiness through many households.

The plan upon which the vessels of this magnificent fleet get their morning tub is but an incidental exemplification of the system upon which the gigantic business is worked. I suppose there is, or certainly was before German confederation became an accomplished fact, many a kingdom the administration of whose affairs did not entail revenues equal to those embarked in the P. and O. Company, or require an equal measure of statesmanship for their direction. In the harbour at Colombo to-day there are three great steamers, all belonging to this line, coming from different parts of the world and going on various routes. A fortnight ago there were six. Yet Colombo is only one port of call, and in all parts of the Eastern hemisphere these ships are moving to and fro, arriving on specified days and departing at fixed hours with the regularity of train on the Metropolitan Railway.

We sighted Ceylon early in the morning, and throughout a summer day, with the sea

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like glass and the sky sapphire, we skirted the island, passing poor Point de Galle, now shorn of its glory, and making for Colombo, which within the past two years has inherited the advantage and distinction of being the port of call for the P. and O. steamers. Passengers familiar with Bishop Heber's hymn went sniffing about in search of the "Spicy breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and were evidently disappointed at not realizing the dream of early infancy. But the bishop knew what he was writing about, and the spicy breezes are due to no effort of the imagination or exigency of rhyme. Captain Atkinson, of the *Verona*, tells me he has sniffed the spicy breezes when steaming fifty miles off the island. It all depends upon the state of the weather in Ceylon and the direction of the wind.

Point de Galle was abandoned as a port of call because it lies exposed to the ocean, and with the south-west monsoon is too lively a place for vessels lying at anchor, still less for those taking in cargo. There is a breakwater at Colombo which, though it seems to lie low, answers for order and affords safe and convenient anchorage for the largest steamers. When we arrived off Penang there came on board a portly gentleman in white ducks and

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sun-helmet, with an umbrella swinging in his right hand. I thought he was the lieutenant-governor, or whatever answers to the Lord Mayor in Penang. He turned out to be the pilot, and, leaning upon his umbrella, was good enough to take the steamer to its moorings. At Colombo no pilot came off for more than an hour after our arrival. Another steamer had got just ahead of us, and, as the angered captain put it, "it seemed as if there was only one pilot in Colombo." When he did arrive his services were declined, and the ship lay out at anchor all night. We landed in the early morning, Adam's Peak, forty miles off, shining in clear outline against the golden sky, through which the sun was rising.

We crossed the harbour in a catamaran, a kind of gondola of which the Cingalese have obtained the monopoly, and are likely to keep it. The craft consists, to begin with, of the log of a tree roughly hollowed out. On this is built a structure of pole and canvas, which is in no part broader than two feet, and tapers to the ends, which are on the average twenty feet apart. It is clear that a boat on this plan would not float, a difficulty triumphantly overcome by attaching to it, by two arched poles ten or twelve feet long, a heavy spar, which floats on the water. This balances the cata-

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maran and makes it seaworthy in moderately fine weather. Should the catamaran be caught in a stiff breeze the proceedings of the captain and crew are simple and efficacious. If it is what they call "a two piecey man breeze," two men climb over the arched poles and, descending on to the spar, sit there, regardless of the raging sea. If it is a "three piecey man breeze," the requirements of the occasion are uncomplainingly met. In a big catamaran, with large sail hoisted, scudding before the monsoon, as many as nine men have been counted holding on to the spar, apparently half the time under water.

Our boatmen, favoured by quiet weather, sat one in the bow and the other in the stern, and rapidly paddled us ashore. They were fine-looking fellows, with a full measure of the national love of jewellery and gay clothes. Both had massive earrings, apparently of gold, and one wore a silver bracelet on his wrist.

All the people in Ceylon, from babes just "feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the brink of the grave, wear gold and silver ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with the top of her ears covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendant

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from the lobes of the ear, a gold or silver circlet round her hair, her nose adorned with rings, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers, and silver plates on her toes. This is the perfection of adornment; but in one or other of the fashions, or in several of them, the Cingalese woman, of whatever station in life, is set forth.

I saw running out of a house a sturdy little boy, two years of age, who had nothing on but a silver key fastened round his waist by a girdle of silver wire. The men take their pleasure less expensively. They delight in gold earrings and rings, but beyond this are content to entrust the recommendation of their personal appearance to a fine tortoise-shell comb of circular shape, set on the crown of their heads, with the ends towards the fore-head. The men evidently pride themselves on their hair, which is generally drawn back from their forehead and tied in a neat knot at the back. As they wear earrings, and not always whiskers or moustache, it is not easy at first sight to distinguish man from woman.

The funereal gharry does not make its appearance at Colombo, the public being served by a conveyance something like a dog-cart on four wheels, with an awning—indis-pensable protection against the tropical sun.

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They are very cheap. I had one for three hours, for which I was charged two rupees—a little over three shillings—and was overwhelmed with thanks for a trifling and evidently unexpected *pourboire*. The horses are poor creatures, the real draught animal of Ceylon being a plump and well-shaped little bullock. These are yoked singly or in pairs to light waggons roofed with dried palm-leaves, and can upon occasion get up quite a respectable trot. They are artistically branded, characters being stamped all over their sides. It is pretty to see a crawler—a light, palm-thatched waggon, drawn by a pictorial bullock, driven by a man in a red turban and white robes—hailed by a native, who gets in behind, sits on the floor, with his feet dangling down, and is trotted off.

Bishop Heber's well-known description of Ceylon as a place—

> " Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile,"

is open to criticism on both assertions. There is much in Colombo which does not please, the town for the most part being squalid, dirty, and ill kept, the streets flanked by hovels, comparison with which is to be found only in the south-west of Ireland. On the other hand, both men and women, particularly

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the latter, are strikingly handsome. It is not only their flashing black eyes, their well-shaped faces, or their graceful drapery that please the eye. They have the rarer gift of graceful carriage. A Ceylon girl walks like a young empress, if empresses are particularly good walkers. I use the simile in despair, since I do not know anything in common Western life that equals or approaches the manner of the commonest Ceylon woman in moving about the streets. It is the custom in the island to engage women as street-sweepers, and in the matter of what Mr. Turveydrop called deportment, it is a liberal education to watch one of them swaying the long, flexible brush of bamboo twigs.

Both men and women chew the betel-nut, which incidentally serves the purpose attained by other means by young girls in Japan, giving a red tint to their lips, an effect in some cases by no means unbecoming. In the country districts the men wear nothing but a pair of earrings and a narrow loin cloth. Taken in conjunction with the tall palms, leafless for twenty or thirty feet, and then breaking out into a tuft of green leaves, they realize, with gratifying fidelity, the picture on the cover of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine.* In towns, and near them, men dress

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generally in a single robe, thrown about them with infinite grace. One colour frequently recurring in the gay procession was a dead gold, which, set against the tawny flesh and the straight, lithe figure, was a constant refreshment to the eye.

The first thing people do on arriving at Colombo is to take the train for Kandy; for which slight Colombo may find consolation in the reflection that if Kandy were the point of arrival visitors would rush off to the railway-station to catch the earliest train for Colombo. There is nothing particular to see at Kandy, certainly nothing more than at Colombo, unless it be the Botanical Gardens. But the journey through the country is well worth taking, and affords a convenient opportunity of seeing the island. This is not marred by any undue rapidity on the part of the train, which takes four hours and a quarter to do the seventy-two miles. It should be added that the gradient is for half the way very steep, clambering the hills, and presenting a splendid view of the country.

I suppose Ceylon is green all the year round. Certainly nothing could surpass its verdure in mid December. At Kandy rain falls on about two hundred days in the year, the annual rain-fall being eighty-five inches. This is a bounti-

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ful supply; but the peculiar good fortune of Ceylon is that it is pretty equally divided throughout the year. Unlike India, the island knows no alternations of wet or dry seasons, with the earth green for so many months and bare brown for so many more. In October and November the north-east monsoon is blowing, and in June, when the south-west monsoon is taking its turn, the rains are heaviest. The dry season, such as it is, happens in February and March; but even then the earth is at no distant intervals refreshed with genial showers.

Ceylon, like some other members of the colonial family, has seen better days. For some years past its coffee crop has been unremunerative, and it is said many of the plantations are heavily mortgaged. This year the hearts of the planters are cheered by brighter results. There is more coffee, but prices are low, and on the whole planters are inclined with increased assiduity to extend the growth of the cinchona. This tree, from whose bark quinine is made, was only a few years ago introduced into the island, and great things are looked for from it. Tea is still steadily grown, and holds its high place in the market. Rice is another product, of which there are abundant signs on the journey from

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Colombo to Kandy. The hill-sides for miles, far as the eye can reach, are carved out in terraces, on whose level the rice is sown. The water running down from the upper hills is dexterously trapped, and abundantly supplies each step of the terrace, an immense boon to the planter.

As the train slowly mounts the steep ascent, on the level height of which stands the capital of the old Kandian kings, the view grows in beauty, sometimes closely verging on grandeur. Below, a great dip in the circle of hills, is the green valley, with the water on the rice-fields glistening in the sun. Beyond is a range of hills, ever varying in shape as the train creeps higher; and all the way, sometimes within reach of hand, is a tropical wood, rich with cocoa-nut and banana-trees, glowing with the blood-red hybiscus, fair with countless wild flowers, and cool with fern-clad rocks, down which musically trickles the bountiful water.

Kandy is a pretty town, with its white roads, its green foliage, its flowers, its lake, and its sentinel guard of mountains. In the native quarter, though the streets are broader, the houses and shops are not much better than in Colombo. Anything in the shape of four walls and a roof will do for the Cingalese

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to live in. The look of the streets is further damaged by the widely spread appearance of shut-up tenements. When the Cingalese family go forth to their daily work they put up a shutter in the place where the door ought to be, and all that is needful is done. There being no windows to the houses, a row, when thus shut up, looks like an agglomeration of deserted sheds.

The Governor, who seems to have been well looked after, has a pretty residence here in a wood on an eminence overlooking the town. A winding walk leading to the top of the hill, whence a fine view of the town and valley is obtained, skirts the Governor's garden, and is named after Lady Horton, wife of a former governor. The finest building in Colombo is Government House, which, with its lofty rooms, broad verandahs, cool corridors, and pleasant garden, is the perfection of a tropical residence.

The artisans of Kandy turn out some simple brass-work and a curious kind of pottery. These are soon examined, and Kandy, from a tourist's point of view, lives chiefly on the beauty of its Botanic Gardens. They are situated in the suburb called Peradeniya, and are reached by a drive of nearly four miles along the high-road to Colombo. We drove

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out early in the morning, long before the sun was in full blaze. We met a long stream of men and women hurrying into town carrying baskets of vegetables and fruit and bundles of packets. The principal industry on the long stretch of road appears to be the barbers'. There was a barber's shop at every few hundred yards, a low shed, in which a man was squatted on the floor beside the implements of his art awaiting custom—sometimes, with better luck, actually engaged on a job. The process is a little peculiar. Artist and subject squat on the ground face to face and knee to knee, the artist pulling the subject's head about as his convenience may require. As frequently as not the Cingalese does not squat on the ground, but, stooping down, hangs his weight on his knees with only his feet on the ground. I saw two acquaintances meet on the high-road. After an interchange of salutation, they both sank down in this position, and, putting up their umbrellas, prepared for a morning's gossip.

Kandy, being the principal object of attraction for the British and American tourist, has suffered the consequent demoralization of the floating inhabitants. Boys and men hang about the door of the hotel in search of any odd job that shall look like work and bring in

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annas. Another art, brought to curiously high perfection, is that of mutually helping each other to prey upon the foreigner. Being told that a small boy hanging about the hotel was a useful guide, well up in botany and arboriculture, I engaged him for the day, and speedily discovered that he was utterly useless.

"What's that?" I asked him, pointing to a curious white flower.

"A kind of flower," he replied with perfect confidence, and brimming over with self-satisfaction at coming out successfully from an early test.

"What's that?" I asked a little later, indicating an unfamiliar member of the palm family.

"A kind of tree," he promptly answered.

One of his minor triumphs was to point out what he called "a bunyan tree," meaning a banyan; and once, when we heard a familiar whistle and roar, he, with a wave of his hand towards the passing object, said, "A train" —all of which made us glad we had taken a guide.

He accompanied us to Lady Horton's Walk, and had not gone many paces when we were joined by another youth, whom our guide genially introduced, and who accompanied us on the walk, confirming the younger one as to

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this being "a kind of flower" and that "a kind of tree." When we got back to the hotel our budding courier said, with a patronizing wave of the hand—

"You give him something?"

I said I would do so with great pleasure, and consulted him as to the precise amount, explaining that I had meant to present him with a rupee for himself, and expressing my appreciation of his generosity in desiring to share it with his companion. Hereupon the youth's advocacy of his friend's claim abruptly cooled, and I heard nothing more on the subject. Something better still happened on driving to the station. The coachman drove off without waiting for his fare. Presently, when we were seated in the carriage, he sent a friend for his fare, and the friend *asked for something for himself for conveying the money!*

The Botanic Gardens cover nearly a hundred and fifty acres of land, and stand fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The climate is admirably suited for garden cultivation, being hot, moist, and very equable. I learn from Dr. Trimen, the director, that the mean annual temperature is about 77°, April and May being the hottest and December the coldest months. The gardens were

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established sixty years ago, being partly formed out of a royal park attached to the palace of the kings of Kandy. They are beautifully situated, lying within a loop of the river, musically named Mahaweli, which surrounds them on all sides, except the south, where they are bounded by the high-road. We took our guide with us, but the little impostor was stopped at the gates, as he knew he would be. This is done on the principle of division of plunder. The attendants within the gardens have the perquisite of showing strangers round, and brook no rival near the throne. It is a nuisance, greatly marring the pleasure of strolling through the gardens, for one cannot take a turn without being accosted by one of these men wanting to sell a handbook, to "show the fernery," or presenting a flower or specimen of fruit, with a too obvious eye for annas.

The gardens are, however, quite good enough to compensate for petty annoyances of this kind. Whilst rare specimens of tree and plant are lovingly cultivated, the original beauty of the ground, its undulating sweep, and in some spots its virgin jungle are left undisturbed. Always there is the flowing river, with the view caught here and there of the satinwood bridge that crosses it like a

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network of gossamer. Following the various walks there are found nearly all the choice trees of the tropics. Within view of the gateway is a magnificent group of palms, planted more than forty years ago, containing within its area all the native species and many specimens of foreign lands. Here is the talipot, the aloe of palms, which flowers but once and then dies. Continuing the round of the gardens we come upon the palm of Central America, from the leaves of which the Panama hat is made. Here is the upas tree of Java with considerably more than three branches, and none of them cut down. Here is a magnificent clump of bamboo, spreading outward at the top like a bouquet. If any one cares to sit out a long summer day they may see these grow at the rate of a foot in twenty-four hours —half an inch per hour.

On the left of the pathway are three mighty trunks, dead to themselves, but living outside with what looks, at a short distance, like masses of ivy, but is a flowering creeper, gemmed with a pale violet blossom. Here is the india-rubber tree and importations from Perack which yield gutta-percha. Here, their branches almost intermingling, are the Himalayan cypress, the pencil cedar of Bermuda, the Norfolk Island pine, and the champak of

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India, sacred in the eyes of the faithful. Here is the coco-de-mer, the Columbus of tree-fruit, which, found floating on the Indian Ocean or washed up on the shores of Ceylon, was for two centuries a mystery to man, till its home was found among the least known islands of the Seychelles group. The growth of the tree is as slow as its offspring is adventurous, putting forth a single leaf a year, and so taking something like an eternity to reach its normal height of a hundred feet. Here, growing on the trunk of a tree, is a fine specimen of the *Monstera deliciosa*, of Mexican birth, of which, by the way, there is a much finer specimen at Chatsworth.

Here is the candle-tree of Central America, with its fruit hanging down like tallow-dips ten to the pound. Here is a banyan-tree, whose branches cast a shadow two hundred feet in diameter. Here is the Ceylon iron-wood tree, beautiful in life with its sweet-scented flowers, its leaves, born blood-red, growing into green above and white below, and in its death useful for household purposes. Here is a tree local to Ceylon, whose leaves serve with cabinet-makers the purposes of sand-paper; and here—the glory of the gardens—is a long avenue of palms, whose stems run up, round and smooth, as if turned

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by a lathe, and are suddenly crowned at the top with a coronet of fan-like leaves.

Everywhere there are flowers and sweet scent, and here and there, up trees of dark green foliage, one comes upon boys beating with sticks at branches, from which fall fruit, the colour of peaches and something similar in size and shape. As they fall they split, disclosing the dark brown nutmeg bound in the scarlet meshes of the mace. Many of these plants and trees are to be seen carefully nourished under glass at Kew; but they look infinitely better at home in the clear atmosphere and under the sunny skies of the tropics.

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CHAPTER X.

THE PRISONER OF CEYLON.

Arabi Bey's home of exile stands about three miles out of Colombo. It is reached by a long dusty road, sometimes skirting the Indian Ocean, on whose cool margin brown figures stand dabbling the water up to their knees, and plying a fishing-rod. They do not seem to catch much, and are comically disproportionate, fishing with rod and line in an ocean that washes two continents. But it is a very pleasant way of getting through the day, having a wholesome appearance of work, without the accompaniment of blinding dust and dry untempered heat which harry those labouring by the roadside.

It is a very squalid quarter, the houses being mere huts thatched with palms leaves. Many of them are not six feet high, and the

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elders of the family crawl into them like animals returning to their holes. They have no windows, and have not reached the skilful contrivance of the Japanese, whose sliding shutters drawn back leave the domicile easy of access. There is a plain wooden shutter that contrives a double debt to pay, being a window by day and a door by night. When the Cingalese retires to rest this board is put up, and the arrangements are complete. There are plentiful chinks which admit air and some rays of light; but neither is a matter that seems greatly to concern the householder. Passing by day one can see crouching within the doorway father or mother; even oftener the grandfather or grandmother. In spite of insanitary household arrangements, the Cingalese seem to live to a ripe age, and wrap their years about them like a picturesque garment. Long grey hair, deeply furrowed faces, gleaming dark eyes, figures still upright, and the loose garment of gay colours worn with easy grace, make old age strikingly attractive.

There is no difficulty in approaching the prisoner of Ceylon. He has neither jailor nor guard, and is free to do what he pleases within the limits of the island. When we drove up he was sitting in the broad verandah which fronts the house—a heavy stone build-

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ing with nothing lovable about it. It stands in a garden which seems left pretty much to its own devices. These, as in all tropical gardens, take gorgeous turns. There are abundance of flowers growing in wild luxuriance, and just by the porch one English rose-bush, timidly doing its best to maintain its ancient reputation amid its richer foreign brethren.

Arabi was dressed in a loose light-brown overcoat of unmistakable British make, with white duck trousers and waistcoat, and the inseparable fez. He was at work writing, with his back to the garden, and his face to the dead wall, which might with a little care bloom with jessamine, with the breath of which all the garden is sweet. He showed us his work a little later, displaying with childlike pride the laboriously made English characters by which he had spelt out "By-and-by," "A time will come," and other simple sentences, which formed his English lesson. His exercise-book had originally been designed for accounts, and he now filled the money column with Arabic phrase, translating it into English on the border line. As he opened the book he disclosed a couple of cheap New Year cards, the remembrance of unknown admirers in England. The litera-

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ture was execrable, but the gay colours seemed to please the Egyptian, and he evidently treasured them.

Two or three men in native dress were standing about the stables, which flanked one side of the house. A gentleman whom we subsequently knew as the interpreter advanced to receive us as the carriage entered the grounds. Arabi silently bowed a welcome, but did not seem inclined for conversation with casual strangers. Many passers-by call in, and he is not quite sure that all are friendly. We had an introduction from a trusted personal friend, which smoothed matters, and presently the cold suspicious manner was altered, and the silent man became loquacious. He has so far profited by his studies in English as to be able to carry forward simple conversation. He will soon pass by his interpreter, whose command of English is not extensive, the effort of translation causing him piteously to perspire.

Arabi had no objection whatever to discuss political affairs; but he even ostentatiously persisted in doing so from the standpoint of a permanent exile. Like Victor Hugo after the *coup d'état*, he has taken a solemn oath (perhaps superfluous in the existing circumstances) never to let his foot press the soil of Egypt while Tewfik reigns.

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> "Oui, tant qu'il sera là qu'on cède ou qu'on persiste,
> O France, France aimée, et qu'on pleure toujours
> Je ne reverrai pas ta terre douce et triste;
> Tombeau de mes aïeux et nid de mes amours!"

Thus Victor Hugo, in "Les Châtiments."

"I will never go back to Egypt as long as it is enslaved by Tewfik," Arabi says with unwonted access of animation. "I have no desire to see Egypt while it is a land of slaves. Once it was a country that smelled sweet to the nostrils; now it stinks. Its wells are covered with earth; there is no refreshment in it. Why does not England make Egypt free?"

Talking again of Tewfik, and contrasting him with his father, he said, "Ismail is a clever man, but a rogue. Tewfik is not clever enough to be a rogue: he is simply foolish. I do not think he knows the difference between right and wrong."

Of England, whose arms chased him from Alexandria and routed him at Tel-el-Kebir, Arabi speaks with unfeigned respect, and with an affectionate regard which, if not real, is well assumed.

"I hope to see England some day," he said. "I am learning English fast and write it too. Look here."

Then he brought out his lesson-book, and gazed with a pleased, fond smile upon his

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tremendous and painful feats of caligraphy. He was so engrossed with his scholastic pursuits that he forthwith proceeded to give an English lady who was present lessons in Arabic, reciting from his stock of English phrases, and putting them in Arabic. He wrote his name for her on a card, setting himself resolutely down at the table, inking his fingers a good deal, and spending seven or eight minutes upon the task. When concluded it ran "Ahmed Arabi, the Egyptian; Colombo," with the date. He might almost have stormed a town with a similar expenditure of time and physical labour.

It was regrettable to find that the names of the rank-and-file of the Fourth Party awakened no responsive chord in the mind of the illustrious man whose chequered career they had followed with varying attention. He seemed all unconscious that in the spring of a session Sir Henry Wolff and Mr. Gorst had denounced the Government for not eating up Arabi, man and horse, and in the autumn of the same session had truculently returned to the attack with the charge of cruel and cowardly severity towards a pure and high-minded patriot whom the fortunes of war had delivered into their hands. But for the leader of the party the exile soldier

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cherishes the loveliest feelings of gratitude and respect.

"You will see Lord Churchill when you return!" he said, speaking, as all but the simplest remarks were made, through the interpreter. "Salute him for me, and give him my thanks. I honour him as the friend of slaves, the champion of the oppressed."

As Arabi was unmistakably in earnest, I trust I preserved a grave countenance whilst taking charge of this message. But I could not help thinking of Lord Randolph's good fortune which kept him away from the House at the epoch when the exigencies of party conflict led the Fourth Party on another tack, and Sir Henry Wolff and Mr. Gorst, out-Heroding the daughter of Herod, nightly demanded that Mr. Gladstone should produce the head of Arabi on a charger.

Whatever discontent may have ruffled the bosom of Arabi on first taking up his residence on the island has now disappeared or is judiciously controlled. He declares himself happy and contented, cut adrift from war and politics, and passing a peaceful life, battling only for supremacy over English verbs, and giving up his mind to circumventing the tendency of the plural to creep into his exercises when grammatical accuracy demands

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the singular. He likes the climate, except that it is too wet, which means that at pretty regular intervals a thundercloud of rain bursts over the thirsty island and keeps it ever green. He certainly looks well and happy, and talking to him under the cool verandah, with the soft air wandering through the quiet garden, one would not readily associate this gentle-mannered, kindly faced man with the acts that will make the name of Arabi Bey live in history.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE LIVERPOOL OF INDIA.

When I was at Hongkong I heard a plaintive protest against the ignorance prevalent in England on matters pertaining to the colony.

"They do not even know," the indignant colonist said, by way of climax, "that Hongkong is an island."

That is a just and unanswerable reproach, and, by way of averting its adaptation to Bombay, I hasten to say that the city is actually an island, extending over an area of twenty-two square miles. It is one of the few valuable acquisitions that came with the Stuarts, being ceded to this country in 1661 as part of the dowry of the Portuguese princess Catharine on her marriage with Charles II. Some little difficulty followed upon this arrangement, the Portuguese captain in possession declining to fulfil the treaty, and the

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British soldiers who had been sent out to take over the place were landed on the island off Carwar to await the settlement of the dispute, which many anticipated by dying. Charles II. was exceedingly wrath with his father-in-law, blustered a good deal, demanded £100,000 by way of compensation, and finally took nothing. Two years later the English troops somehow or other got into Bombay, and in 1668, nothing in the way of money being squeezable out of the new possession, King Charles handed it over to the East India Company for an annual payment of £10.

The Company proceeded in business-like manner to improve the attractiveness of the place, and had succeeded so well that in 1675, when Dr. John Fryer visited it, the original population of 10,000 souls had been multiplied sixfold. They were, according to the early traveller's account, a very mixed lot—"a set of the most confounded rascals in the world," as Sir John Astley, on an historical occasion, urbanely described the Irish Home Rulers in the House of Commons. What the East India Company wanted was men and women to fill up the new settlement, which speedily became the Alsatia of India.

Strangely enough, this early characteristic of mixed nationality clings to Bombay to the

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present day. All the nations of the world jostle each other in its teeming streets. According to the last census, the population of 10,000 which owned the sway of Portugal in 1661 had, in the course of 220 years, reached over 773,000. Of these, only 10,451 were Europeans, a mere handful of the dominant race planted out amid the luxuriance of native growth. Considerably more than half the population is Hindoo, of various castes and divers principalities; 158,000 are Mahommedans; the rest are Parsees, Jews, Portuguese, negroes, half-breeds, and Chinese.

These last, which form so important and numerous a section of other countries on the coast of the Eastern hemisphere, have gained no foothold in Bombay. After all these years there are only 169 in the city. The reason for this is perhaps not far to seek. The work which the Chinese successfully undertake in Hongkong, the Straits Settlements, and the Malay Peninsula, is accomplished in Bombay by natives or earlier settlers. Where the Chinaman would set up as a banker he is faced by the Marwaree; where he would embark as a merchant or shipowner he finds the Parsee in possession. He is an excellent cook and household servant; but so are the Indo-Portuguese, who have an earlier claim; whilst

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for the lower arts, the washing and tailoring, the native is more than equal to demands upon his time and energies.

Bombay had at one time an evil reputation for its fatal insanitariness. It was a common saying that the duration of a European's life was spanned by two monsoons. On one side of the town there was, and in bettered condition still is, a wide expanse of low land called the Flats. Over these the ocean washed when the monsoon blew; and when the wind ceased, the sea, sullenly retreating, left behind a morass which bred malarious fever. This evil was grappled with, just a hundred years ago, by Governor Hornby. He had frequently represented to the Directors of the East India Company the perils of the situation, and had pointed out how they might be averted by the creation of an embankment that would keep the sea off the Flats.

The proposed improvement would, however, cost a lac of rupees, and such wilful extravagance the Court of Directors resolutely declined to sanction. Repeated application met with persistent refusal. But Governor Hornby was a man of courage and resource. He estimated that the work might, if undertaken in a liberal spirit, be completed in a year. He waited till his term of office was

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within eighteen months of expiring and then began the embankment.

There was no telegraph in those days, nor any overland mail expedited by swift ships and express trains. News travelled slowly to Leadenhall Street, and the embankment grew apace. The Directors, either getting wind of the project or suspecting the Governor of evil intent, sent an urgent despatch bearing on the subject. It duly reached Governor Hornby; but he, desiring not to have his mind distracted whilst the great work was in progress, left the despatch unopened in his desk. When the embankment was completed and the lac of rupees spent, he opened the letter, and found it was an order for his suspension from the office and authority of Governor of Bombay. It was too late to prevent the creation of the embankment, and the Governor could only write and express his regret for the series of circumstances that had baffled the intent of the Court of Directors. The Honourable Court momentarily went mad with rage; but it could not tear up the embankment, which remains to this day—the salvation of Bombay, and an enduring monument to the memory of the audacious Governor.

Oddly enough, within the last twenty years Bombay has permanently benefited by

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a somewhat similar high-handed proceeding on the part of an official. Any one who lived in Bombay in 1860, and returned to it now would scarcely recognize his old acquaintance. Within that period, chiefly between 1861 and 1872, Bombay was visited by something like an epidemic of palatial building. It began during the American War, when the price of cotton steadily went up, pouring sovereigns by the million into the lap of Bombay. It is estimated that between 1861 and 1866 Bombay received eighty-one millions sterling over and above what she had during the previous five years gladly accepted as full value for her cotton. A great deal of this fabulous wealth disappeared during the mad rush of speculation which whelmed the city in 1864; but a good deal of it stuck, and its proceeds may be seen to this day. Wealthy natives, making *coup* after *coup* in cotton, and scarcely knowing what to do with their money, determined to keep their memories green by dowering the city with some stately gift in stone.

One presented a lac of rupees wherewith to build the clock tower which looks abroad over island, sea, and mainland. When the inevitable crash came, this benefactor was ruined. Only recently the tower has been

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completed, and it was found that, so munificent had been the money gift, it was impossible to spend the last £5000. The original donor, pathetically setting forth his present condition of comparative destitution, petitioned the government to refund him this overplus, which would be sufficient to give him a fresh start in business. The Government, in a minute which cannot be read without a glow of admiration, frigidly rebuked the unfortunate man for even submitting such a proposition, and reminded him that the money, should they loose their grasp of it, belonged not to him but to his creditors. Hereupon the creditors pricked up their ears and hailed "a Daniel come to judgment." But the Government felt they had done all that could be expected in the cause of commercial morality by laying down this principle; and they hold on to the money.

It was during these hilarious times, when money flowed in like the rising tide, that Bombay found its Hausmann. The municipal administration of the city was conducted in some not very clearly established manner by a Commissioner and a bench of justices. The Commissioner happened to be a gentleman of much ability, overmastering energy, and a fine taste for street architecture. He pulled

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down and built up, broadened thoroughfares, created squares, levelled rookeries, and, above all, built a magnificent market, the finest in India, or, for the matter of that, in the world, which was named after himself—Christian and surname, so that there should be no mistake.

Bombay was delighted. From a commonplace town it was growing into a beautiful city, compared with which Paris under the wand of Baron Hausmann would have to take second rank. Then the bills began to come in, and there followed a period of consternation, broken by a blast of indignation. The popular ædile became the execrated spoiler. He stood gallantly to his post for some time, asserting the inviolability of his office; but the wrath of the taxpayer prevailed, and finally the once autocratic Commissioner was smuggled out of Bombay something after the fashion in which Sir John Falstaff escaped from Dame Quickly's in the hour of peril.

But, like Governor Hornby, his works were indestructible. There remained for Bombay nothing but to pay the bill and enjoy with whatever grace was possible the fair buildings and broad boulevards it had unwittingly purchased. Fortunately, the active Commissioner had not the opportunity, even

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if he had the desire, to deal with the native streets. Consequently Bombay presents within convenient area the full contrast of a modern and magnificent European quarter with the narrow alleys flanked by lofty buildings in which the natives live. Here one may stroll for hours as far remote from sign of Western life as if India were still under her native princes or her Mogul conquerors.

Leading out of Bombay in the direction of Parell, where the Governor lives, is a street a mile and a half long, which, whether by day or night, is thronged with a motley multitude. Here, with pointed turban, glorious in red and gold, is the Banian, the earliest foreign trader of India, who to this day controls much of the trade with Africa and Arabia. These are good church-going Hindoos, and, holding the Buddhist theory of the transmigration of souls, they will not destroy animal life in any form. In various parts of the city there are homes for decayed dogs, cats, and other animals — pinjrapoles they are called—endowed and supported by these shrewd traders. Driving early one morning along the Queen's Road I saw a Hindoo apparently dropping seed by the wayside. He was scattering it close by the grass-grown wall that here skirts the road. When

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he had gone his way I went to see what he had been doing, and found he had been strewing bits of sugar for the refection of an army of ants, who, some ten deep and in endless stream, were passing and repassing, engaged upon one of their mysterious enterprises.

On this same morning, in the same road, nearer to the city, I saw a Mussulman produce his prayer-carpet and perform his morning devotions: a few paces off was a Parsee in high glazed hat, white cotton bed-gown, and bright red trousers, hailing his deity in the rising sun; whilst on the sward close by was an Englishman in flannels and sun-helmet diligently riding round, taking his exercise at the only hour possible in this Christmas weather.

The low wall which flanks Queen's Road at this part serves other purposes than that of patrol ground of the ants. It is a favourite sleeping quarter for the fastidious native who finds his over-crowded dwelling too hot. Nothing is more common, passing here in the early morning, than to see a bundle on the wall move, a cloud of white drapery parted, and behold! a mild Hindoo, a truculent Moslem, or a half-caste out of place rises from a comfortable night's sleep. His ablutions are performed as publicly as his night's rest is taken.

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From some of the coolies passing by with leather skins tightly filled he begs as much water as will fill his *lota*, the small circular brass vessel without which no native moves many yards from his head-quarters. This he pours over his hands, rubs his face withal, washes out his mouth, and is ready for anything else that Allah or Vishnu may send him.

This capacity on the part of the Hindoo for sleeping anywhere where night may chance to find him is rather embarrassing in hotels. The personal servant who invariably accompanies the Anglo-Indian sleeps outside his master's door, and till this habitude grows familiar is apt to be stumbled over. It makes no difference where or how the door may be situated, there the servant sleeps. At Benares our room was one of a range facing the courtyard, with an open verandah skirting it. On the stone flags of this verandah, with the thermometer at freezing point, slept three servants, like dogs at their masters' doors, one I know having come from the far South.

The orthodox Hindoos who are under the domination of the Brahmins are most frequently passed in the press of the bazaars or the bustle of the Parell Road. An easy means of distinguishing between Mussulman and Hindoo is found in the cut and fold

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of the cholis or breast-cloth. The Hindoo fastens his near his right shoulder, a small space cut away disclosing the bare flesh. The Mussulman fastens his near the left shoulder. The Hindoos are divided into two broadly defined camps, the one worshippers of Vishnu the Preserver, and the other of Shiva the Destroyer. You may know a follower of Shiva by his having a mark stamped in colour horizontally on his forehead. The adherents of Vishnu have a similar mark, but it is stamped in colour perpendicularly. The Mahommedans also have their two camps, one the Soonees, who claim to be orthodox, and the other the Sheeahs, who accept as the successor of the Prophet Ali the fourth Caliph, and his sons Hassan and Hoosein. Of this latter sect are the Borahs, the pedlars of India, who drop down on the new-comer at hotels with the sureness and swiftness of a hawk.

In the street throng are to be found many coolies, whom the observant Fryer, surveying Bombay two hundred years ago, bracketed with Christians, or rather put in a higher place.

"At a distance enough from the Fort," he wrote, "lies the town, in which confusedly live English, Portuguese, Topazes, Gentoos, Moors, Coolies, and Christians."

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Topaz is the name quaintly given to the Indo-Portuguese, and evidently refers to the lighter colour of their skin as compared with the natives. Other half-breeds, result of European and native connection, are called Eurasians, a sonorous word, the origin of which seems obscure till we perceive it is formed by elision of the compound word Europe-Asia. Notable even among this many-coloured crowd, in which no two people are in respect of style and colour dressed exactly alike, are the Parsees. This industrious and wealthy section of the population have a strong and lamentable tendency to rig themselves out in European clothes. But with broadcloth coat and trousers on their body, they never forsake their curious headgear, the tall, brimless, glazed hat slanting backwards.

All day long this crowd passes and repasses, an ever-varying picture of enduring interest. The ordinary liveliness of a busy street scene is added to by the fact that all shop-work is done in public. Here, as in Japan, there are no shop-fronts, the proprietor, his family, his friends, and his customers squatting on the floor of the excavation in the lower part of the house which is called the shop.

Bombay thought itself ruined when, with the sudden conclusion of the American War,

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prices of cotton tumbled down, carrying with them all the fabric of speculative enterprise built on the foundation. But, as statistics show, Bombay trade has not only survived the crash, but has considerably increased. More cotton is now exported, and a larger aggregate sum paid for it, than during the most inflated period of exceptional war-born prosperity. Naturally in these circumstances the population is increasing, whilst that of Calcutta is standing still and that of Madras declining. There is a familiar saying in India which illustrates the general appreciation of the more favoured condition of Bengal as being the seat of the Government. When the punkah is pulled the stronger current of welcome air goes to the side on which the boys stands, the other side benefiting only by the return swing; the better position is called "the Bengal side of the punkah." But it is clear that at the present rate of relative progress this term will become obsolete.

Not content with exporting cotton, Bombay is now spinning it. Several mills, giving employment to some thousands of hands, are now in operation, and others are projected. Apart from considerations local to Bombay, this is an enterprise that will be watched with kindly interest by all who have at heart

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the welfare of India. It is amongst the undisputed axioms bearing upon the recurrence of famine that the more manufactures spread, withdrawing men and women from the over-populated labour market in the agricultural districts, the less frequent will famine be. In addition to cotton, Bombay exports opium to the extent of about six millions sterling per annum. Wheat also is a considerable item in its export returns, though the quantity greatly varies through succeeding years. These are transactions conducted through the houses of the great Banian merchants or of English firms.

But the six hundred thousand natives who populate the city have their hands full of work in smaller ways. The brass-workers are a great guild in Bombay, clustering together in long rows of shops that extend for some way down the Parell Road, which they make resonant with the clatter of their hammers. Printing is another industry which finds bread for many people. The printers—chaparias, as they are called—do not set up type, but stamp muslins, calicoes, and silks with simple designs and in bold colours. Some confine themselves to dyeing the calico, which comes either from the Manchester looms or the local mills. When a Mahommedan or Hindoo

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woman wants a new gagras or cholis, she buys the necessary length of calico and takes it to the printer, selecting her own colours. These often seem bold regarded by themselves; but gracefully wrapped around the swarthy limbs and shoulders, and, mingling with the parti-coloured throng, they are enchanting. After a pretty extensive journey through the largest towns in North-West India, I do not remember to have seen among the lowest classes five women who were badly dressed, and these exceptions were probably Persians. The innate art taste of the natives of India is shown not less in their magnificent monuments at Benares than in the art of dressing themselves.

In the School of Art at Bombay an experiment has for some time been carried on with conspicuous success to revive the ancient art of Indian pottery. Mr. Terry, the director and moving spirit of the Institution, works upon a very simple plan. He takes boys out of the street, gives them a few elementary lessons in drawing and designing, and then, providing them with a wheel and a stock of clay, bids them create whatever their fancy, or their genius if they have it, suggests to them. The result is seen in some original compositions of shape and colour, not in the

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most highly finished style, it is true, but preferable to some tastes by reason of their unconventionality. The Prince of Wales, when he was here, took home a large packing-case of the products of the school. A more generally accessible collection is to be found in the South Kensington Museum, though I confess that it was not till I had travelled all the way to Bombay that I made the acquaintance of the work.

The extension of the dock accommodation and the opening of the Rajpootana Railway, a link on the way to the far North, have already given to the trade of Bombay a notable impulse, which is certain to increase. The city now has a regular municipality, which keeps a sharp eye on all means of adding to the prosperity of its charge. A remarkably fine body of police answer for order. Great care is taken with their training, amongst other things in which they are tutored being the practice of giving first aid to the wounded. Sir James Fergusson told me a capital story about this class, an examination of which he had just attended. The men were being catechized as to what steps they would take in the event of various street accidents of common occurrence.

"Now supposing," the director asked,

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looking round the class, all burning to distinguish themselves in the august presence of the Governor of Bombay, "supposing a buggy driving along the street were to run over a man and fracture his ribs, what would you do?"

"Run after the buggy-wallah (driver) and take him to prison," promptly answered one of the men, policeman instinct overcoming humanitarian impulse.

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CHAPTER XII.

BURYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

"CHUTTOORBHOOJ MORARJEE presents his best compliments to ——, and requests the favour of their company to a Nautch Party in honour of the marriage of his son Chururodas at Javer Baug on the Kalbadevi Road, on Monday, the 17th December, 1883, from 9 to 12 p.m."

In response to this invitation, boldly printed on a white card, with the imprint of the Am. E. Jamsheed Printing Press Co. (Limited) in scarcely less large type at the bottom, I found myself in the Kalbadevi Road about 10.30, when it might reasonably be supposed the fun was at the height of its fastness and fury. The giver of the party is one of the wealthiest and most popular natives in Bombay. The road in which the hall is situated is the centre of Hindoo life. Consequently there was much excitement in the neighbourhood, and the approaches to the hall

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were crowded much as is the doorway of a London church when a fashionable wedding is taking place. But it became clear on entering that all the life and excitement were outside. Within, ranged on benches leaving a broad gangway in the centre, were some sixty or seventy natives, chiefly dressed in cool, loose-fitting white robes. Most of them had a bunch of roses in hand, the unfortunate flowers being tightly tied as if the design were to make a ligature. They had suffered the further indignity on presentation to each guest of being sprinkled with powerful rose-water.

One of the elders of the family carried round a large dish of betel nuts, made up in lime leaves, the whole of which one was expected to put in his mouth forthwith, an expectation cheerfully fulfilled by the natives. At the lower end of the hall stood the Nautch dancer, gorgeously arrayed in costly cloak of crimson silk loaded with gold lace and embroidery. I suppose a hundred pounds could not have purchased this raiment, beside which the lilies of the field would timidly bend their heads. The lady could afford such extravagance, since the fee paid for her attendance was £120. This is unusually high, but the host was rich and she a prima donna among Nautch girls, having come down specially

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from Benares. One pace behind her stood the orchestra, composed of three men. One incessantly beat a tom-tom, a second played a kind of violin, and the third played with infinite skill a pair of small bells. The girl in a harsh unmelodious voice sang a monotonous recital of a love chase. The general idea of the romaunt was the disappearance of a lover and the guest by the faithful maiden. From time to time she got on his track, when a little liveliness was introduced into her motions and voice; but for the most part she saw him not, and her dolor visibly affected the spirits of the patient audience, who chewed their betel nut reflectively and looked unutterably bored.

The chief victim was the bridegroom, a boy of thirteen, who sat near the head of one of the front rows, dressed in jacket of richly brocaded satin and ruby velvet trousers. In strings, around his neck and glistening all over his robe, were diamonds worth £40,000. But these carried no comfort to his seared soul. It was all very well for his father beaming on the guests that came and went, and seeing in the influential assemblage tokens of respect and regard for himself. It was not bad for the uncle flitting hither and thither with his dish of betel nuts, on hospitable cares intent. It

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was pretty well for the bride, aged eleven, who had long since been put to bed and was probably dreaming of a new doll; nor need the guests have looked so like the famous

> "Party in the parlour,
> All silent and all damned."

This was for most of them a first appearance. They had dropped in casually, might drop out when the thing became absolutely unbearable.

But for the bridegroom the business had commenced on the previous Friday night and would not conclude till the Thursday night following. There would be some diversion on the morrow, since then he would set forth for the bride's house at the head of a goodly procession, and would make believe to bear the coy maiden off in spite of the tears of her mother and the threats of her father. But at night "from 9 to 12" this dreary business would go on again, with the solemnly pirouetting Nautch girl, her waving hands, her mechanical glances to right and left, and her harsh voice uplifted in pursuit of a lover too shrewd to allow himself to be caught. There would be the tom-tom man, the man with the fiddle, and the man with the bells, playing without cessation. There would be the uncle going round with the betel nuts, the stream of guests smilingly entering and gladly going.

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As he thought of these things the bridegroom's heavy eyelids drooped from sheer weariness, and he yawned till he shook the garland of jewels that glistened on his neck. I should like to have taken him out into the backyard for a game of marbles, or for ten ecstatic minutes with a top; but fate had called him to higher duties, and with gallant attempts to keep his eyelids propped up and to suppress a yawn, he sat it out.

The company in the hall was exclusively composed of men, but through closely latticed windows at the upper end glimpses were caught of black eyes and white teeth, and there was heard the murmur of female voices. On a cross-bench at the top of the hall was a Rajah, a handsome man, splendidly dressed, who, with hand resting on the jewelled hilt of his sword, sat impassive as far as his body was concerned. But his bright black eyes were never still, roaming restlessly over this company and taking in every detail.

Shortly after eleven the Nautch girl began to wake up. She had caught sight of the judiciously retreating lover, and, uplifting her voice, proclaimed the happy chance. As she sang she advanced with slowly regulated paces up the hall, the orchestra following her, and the tomtom man, with well-simulated interest,

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crying, "Ha! ha!" when the maiden reiterated, "I see him now." The climax seemed to have arrived, and having come to see a Nautch dance, I expected the dance was about to begin. But except that the girl waved her hands and body and now and then slowly revolved, there was no more motion than during the earlier portion of the performance.

There is a vague notion in the Western mind that Nautch is the Indian rendering of naughty. The worst thing that could be said against this Nautch dance by one of the chief professors in India was that it was unapproachably and inexpressibly dull. As to decency, the girl wore more clothes than would fit out the inhabitants of a Japanese village. Her heavily embroidered robe nearly reached the ground, displaying below a pair of trousers so long that they showed only the silver-ringed toes and draggled away at the heels, fully a foot too long. There were apparently no arrangements for pockets, for the girl kept her handkerchief in a convenient place between the two small drums that form the tom-tom. She made no scruple when necessity arose of taking this out, using it, and returning it; but always with graceful movements of the body and pretty waving of small, shapely hands, jewelled to the finger-tips. By

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11.30 we had had enough, and left amid a succession of yawns from the bridegroom which threatened to have a fatal effect, and so bring the proceedings to a premature close.

On the next day, following the natural sequence of services in the prayer-book, I went to see a Parsee funeral. The Towers of Silence stand on a hill overlooking Bombay and the long stretch of water known as Back Bay. The situation is one of the most favoured in the neighbourhood of the city, and the hill is dotted with the houses of European residents who do not too much like the contiguity of these awesome Towers. But the Parsees were here first, and it cannot be said that either their burial-place or their funeral service is obtrusive. From the road below, the Towers are invisible, and only a vulture slowly sailing through the sultry air reminds one of their propinquity.

There are five towers in all, made from a common model. They are twenty-five feet high, the diameter being seventy-five feet. Within the roofless tower is a sloping platform marked out in three divisions. Within the outer ring are placed the corpses of men; women are laid in grooves formed in the second circle, and children in the third. With the exception of the top, always open to the heavens,

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there is only one entrance to the tower. This is by a doorway made in the thick walls, through which the corpse-bearers enter and deposit the naked body in its appointed place. As soon as they retire the vultures who have been waiting for their meal, impatient of the scant ceremonies that precede its setting forth, swoop down and begin their work.

No human eye has beheld the ghastly spectacle. The silence and the solitude of the towers are broken only by the presence and hideous bustle of the birds of prey; but it is known that within half an hour of the body's being laid out in the tower, nothing is left but the skeleton. Eight days later, by which time the bones are thoroughly dried, the corpse-bearers return, take up the relics and cast them in a well in the centre of the tower, where in process of years they become decomposed, and absolutely nothing is left of what was once man or woman.

For two hundred years the Parsees, living together in Bombay, have here found their last resting-place, their dust mingling in a common tomb, undivided in death as they were bound together in life. Yet in all these years it has not been found necessary to clear out the wells by reason of overcrowding. It is customary for a man or woman to be buried

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in the particular tower where those of their own family, traced back in many cases for two centuries, have been given to the vultures.

One tower is set apart for special purposes, and is the least frequented. Here are buried members of the Parsee sect who have been guilty of heinous crimes or in some way become outcasts from their race. It would be shocking that a Parsee should be buried in the earth. A criminal belonging to the sect must have Parsee burial after the fashion in vogue since the time of Cyrus; but the bones of honest men and women may not be contaminated by mixture with his.

In a temple commanding all the towers the sacred fire, lit two hundred years ago, is still kept burning, and is mathematically set, so that the light may shine through an aperture in each of the towers.

We had the advantage of having the place and the mode of funeral explained by the secretary, a genial person in spectacles, white gown, and bright red trousers, who spoke excellent English. He explained that the Parsees regarded cremation as a preferable means of disposing of dead bodies; but they worshipped fire, and could not set for their deity the performance of this last office. Whilst admitting that the process was natu-

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rally revolting to the Western mind, he powerfully justified it on the score of sanitariness. So careful are the Parsees that earth shall not be polluted by the absorption of matter from dead bodies that in connection with the well containing the decomposed bones they have an elaborate system of drainage which carries off whatever may issue direct to the sea. Whatever else may be said of the system, it is certainly cheap, five rupees covering funeral costs.

As we stood in the grounds a funeral came by. In accordance with custom, the service had commenced at the house of the deceased, where friends and relations had gathered and prayer had been said. It is enjoined by the Parsee ritual that whatever the intervening distance may be, the body must be carried on the shoulders of men from the bed to the tower. They passed us at a swinging pace, four men bearing the body on a light bier, shoulder high. The body was simply covered from head to foot with a white cloth. All the mourners were dressed in white, and those not carrying the bier walked two and two, each couple holding a handkerchief between them.

I asked the secretary what was the significance of this; but he did not know, could only

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surmise, in no very clear way, that it was "a fortification against impurity." It was ordained by Zoroaster, and that was enough for him, if not sufficient for a mind fresh to the inquiry.

Before the procession walked an old man leading a white dog with curly tail and not in the best condition. I thought he had caught the mongrel trespassing within the cemetery and was leading it to the gate with intent ignominiously to thrust it forth; but I learned that a dog is an indispensable figure in the funeral—scarcely less so than the corpse itself. When the bearers brought the body to the foot of the tower on the topmost edge of which the vultures sat, a black foreboding line, the cloth was removed from the head, the dog brought up, and effort made to cause him to look into the dead face. This done, the corpse-bearers took up the body and disappeared within the trap-door and the dog was led away. Here again, except that it was ordained in the ritual and had been practised for thousands of years, my philosopher and friend in the baggy red trousers was at a loss for explanation.

"Some hold," he said, whilst warning me against accepting it as anything but a surmise, "that the dog's eyes have the power of attracting to themselves all impurity."

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In well-regulated households the dog is brought in to look upon the face of the dying man or woman before the last struggle comes, just as in another church extreme unction is administered. As the dying eyes of the pious Catholic look last upon the cross, so ere earthly things fade for ever from his closing eyes the Parsee looks on the face of a dog. The dog must be white in colour, and to be perfect should be marked with yellow spots—a rare phenomenon reserved for the betterment of the eternal chances of the rich.

We saw the dog come back, and no longer wondered at his melancholy aspect. What a life it must lead! To be taken out at frequent intervals expecting that it is going for a scamper through the fields, or peradventure to be led forth to a bountiful meal, and always to be brought up short to see the cloth uncovered, to think that perhaps after all here is the meal, and once again only the pale dead face and the glassy eyes. I asked the secretary did they live long; but he did not know.

The corpse-bearers having disappeared within the tower, the mourners quickly retraced their steps and ranged themselves outside the temple on the side facing the tower. They stood there mute and motionless for several minutes. Suddenly the silence was

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broken by the sound of a bell. The black line, circling the top of the tower, swooped downward with hoarse cries and the rustle of great wings, and the mourners took up the concluding portion of the service for what cannot strictly be called the burial of the dead.

When we left the place a quarter of an hour later the black ring on the top of the whitewashed tower was beginning to form again. The vultures slowly sailing up were resuming their old positions. Many of them, standing on one leg, seemed to be picking their teeth with the other claw, as with contentment born of the dinner they lazily surveyed the scene—Bombay, busy and bustling, still containing fair supplies of plump Parsees, and beyond the quiet sea, taking on roseate tints in the light of the setting sun.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOLY CITY.

The railway journey from Bombay to Benares is accomplished in two nights and the greater parts of two days. The line passes through a level country, which at this season of the year is piteously parched. There are many signs that in the rainy season the supply of water is even embarrassingly rich. But the river beds which drain the plain at brief intervals are now dry lands, and the sign of former water makes the country look more desolate. Only the trees bear up against the prevailing drought. These, deep rooted in the soil, and profiting by the plentiful summer rains, have begun to take on a weary look; but on the whole they are wonderfully green, and relieve the landscape from absolute barrenness. For the rest, there is no sign of life save the thin cattle forlornly nosing the burnt stubble that here and there fringes the dusty

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soil. What a scene for dimmed eyes gazing through gaunt cheeks, body and soul steeped in the sickness of hopeless hunger! With the memory of famine in the past and dull apprehensions in the future, it is no wonder that the people one sees in the villages through which the trains pass should have a look of settled melancholy, and eyes and mouths that never laugh.

It was foretold when railways were projected in India that they would prove a failure because the Hindoos of caste would never suffer the contamination risked in herding in a third-class carriage. This foreboding has been entirely falsified. It is the third-class traffic that is not only the backbone, but the flesh and blood of Indian railways. All the trains on the trunk lines are much longer than on English railways, and the ordinary allowance of first-class accommodation is two carriages, of second-class one. The rest are third-class carriages, and during a railway journey of three thousand miles I never saw them otherwise than overcrowded.

In India, partly owing to the climate, and chiefly to the long distances travelled, the night trains are more populated than those which run through the day. This becomes a serious matter to the traveller who has lain

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down to take his only chance of a night's rest. At every station on all the lines we found a crowd of from twenty to fifty natives waiting for the train. If they could have taken their places quietly this would not have been a matter of general interest; but the shouting and shrieking, the running to and fro, is at first alarming, suggesting that their object is not to take their seats, but to storm the train. The difficulty of the situation and its ludicrousness, if one were inclined to take a humorous view having been suddenly wakened up for the fifth time in a run of fifty miles, are added to by the appearance of the new-comers. In India every one travels with bed and baggage, and to see half a hundred Hindoos wildly racing up and down a platform with their bedclothes in their arms or wrapped around their body is exciting, till constant repetition wears off the edge of novelty.

In other ways than that of commerce railways are doing a great work in India. They are breaking down the barriers of caste. If a Brahmin or a Jain wants to go from Bombay to Jubbulpore, Delhi, Calcutta, or Madras, he must make his account with the certainty of finding himself at some point of his journey jammed between an outcast and a Mahommedan. He must even, unless he is content

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to starve, eat before them; and having done this in special circumstances without finding the heavens fall, worse things from the Brahminical point of view may follow.

Benares is not only the holiest but the oldest city in India. Before Christ was born Benares was great. "When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy," says Mr. Sherring, "when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of Judæa had been carried into captivity,—Benares had risen to greatness, if not to glory. Nay, she may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and have sent her ivory, her apes, and her peacocks to adorn his palaces, while partly with her gold he may have overlaid the temple of the Lord."

In spite of British domination, steam launches on the river, and railway trains crossing the Ganges by iron bridges, Benares preserves its old-time aspect, and is, with the exception of an English church, a mission-house, a college, a police-station, and the cantonments of British soldiery, much as it was when Akbar reigned. One railway does not presume to enter the town, but has its

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terminus on the further side of the Ganges. The other, the Oude and Rohilcund, enters from the town side, but stops on the outskirts, and the bazaars and temples have it all their own way in the town. The river is crossed by a wretched bridge of boats, whose poverty of accommodation is made up for by excessive toll. The upper portion of the town, near the English settlement, is liberally laid out in squares, green lawns after the rain, but just now so bare and brown that it is difficult to believe blades of grass could ever burst through its barrenness. Still, the trees are green, and are peopled with a lively race of squirrels, who dodge the passer-by, peeping round the trunk to see if he is really coming, and disappearing amid the boughs with a nimbleness that makes nothing of their bushy tails.

There is a great deal of animal and bird life about the streets, safe in the freedom from harm secured by the gentle creed of the Hindoo. The sparrows chirp about the roadways and almost stand to be passed over on the footpaths. Two grey kites benignantly eye them from a ruined wall as if they would not touch them, even if some one else would kill them. On the trees in the temples and promenading the roofs of the bazaars, occa-

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sionally entering by open windows and taking pot luck, are thousands of monkeys sacred from stick or stone. These are not monkeys such as occasionally lend added terror to the London organ-grinder, but creatures running to the length of three feet from head to haunch, and of aspect preternaturally sagacious. Flocks of goats meander through the streets, big, well-formed, handsome beasts.

Bullocks are used as beasts of burden, but the cow, like the Pope, "leads a merry life." I suppose the cows belong to somebody, but they walk about the streets as if they were ground landlords. They are small cattle, plump and well-favoured, forming a strong contrast with the thin and careworn human population amongst whom they indolently pick their way. They stroll down the centre of the narrow thoroughfares through the bazaars, frequently stopping the traffic, types of the idolatry which bars the growth of civilization. I met one one morning strolling through the bazaar, shouldering everybody out of the way. Suddenly she caught sight of a basket of greens which a woman was peddling on the roadway. Without saying "By your leave," the cow stopped, and, critically turning over the greens, selected a young and toothsome cauliflower. The poor woman feebly battled with the

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marauder, but the cow took no notice, and did not budge till it had its cauliflower, when it resumed its morning stroll through the bazaar. The cow, it is well known, is one of the idols of Hindoo worship, and if the woman's god wanted a cauliflower, it would have been sacrilegious too strenuously to resist the desire.

Close by where this uncommercial transaction in green market stuffs took place there is a temple where, under the portico, half a dozen bulls are kept, literally in clover. The place is much dirtier and smells more vilely than an English farmer would like to have his cowshed. But the beasts seemed placidly happy, reflectively munched their grass, wondering what they did there, and in their slumbers "babbling o' green fields." The cow in bronze figures in various sizes is in most of the temples. On the pavement near one of extra size and super sanctity I saw two men playing dice.

As for the temples themselves, they are, more especially to the traveller fresh from the gorgeous fanes of Japan, in all ways despicable. At best, they are so crowded in among other buildings that any architectural beauty they might possess is lost to view. In order to see the far-famed Golden Temple one has to

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ascend the first story of a shop on the opposite side of the narrow way before he can behold the domes which, for the peace of his soul, the Maharajah Runjeet Singh had freshly crowned with plate of gold. For the most part the sacred places do not merit the name of temple, being rather shrines a few feet high. Many of them are like deserted toy-shops in which business has gradually dwindled down to the vanishing point, and the broken-hearted proprietor has gone away, not caring to take with him the small model of a cow, the grotesque doll, or the strings of faded marigolds which garland the tawdry shrine.

At all the temples Brahmins abound in pursuit of their various functions, the principal one seeming to be that of begging. There are many things in Buddhism incredible to the Western mind, but not least is the possibility of paying any kind of reverence to the lazy fellows who skulk about the temples, bleed the pilgrims of their uttermost farthing, and pester foreigners for the smallest copper coin. Buddha has many votaries in crowded India; but the Brahmins are numerically an appreciable portion of the numberless congregation. They toil not, neither do they spin, and since they must live they unblushingly beg. All their ministrations, from the solemnest to the

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most immaterial, end with outstretched hand, palm uppermost.

We stood at Manikarnikâ, the sacred well of Hindoo mythology, towards which, from hill and dale, teeming city and silent field, the eyes of the pious Hindoo are strained. Hither, as the first duty on entering the holy city, the steps of the wayworn pilgrim are bent. Vishnu dug this well and filled it with the perspiration from his sainted body, and into it Mahâdeva later dropped his earring. So holy is the place and so powerful the grace with which it is endowed, that its waters will wash away the worst of sins. Even murder is not too black a crime to resist its cleansing properties.

Looked at with eyes lacking faith, the Holy Well is a pit of filthy water, the odour of which, wafted upwards as its depths are stirred by successive pilgrims, induces desire to get the inspection over as quickly as possible. Access is gained to the level of the water by a flight of seventeen roughly hewn steps. Two Brahmins were officiating, dressed in dirty white calico trousers, chalis of faded finery, and black headgear, half cap, half turban. Business was comparatively slack. One pilgrim, whose dusty feet betokened a long journey, and whose villainous face suggested a special necessity for absolution,

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walked down the steps, and was received at the bottom by a Brahmin, who promptly sold him a handful of marigolds, and took the money before proceeding further with the scheme of salvation. The pilgrim, holding the flowers in the palms of his joined hands, dipped them in the water, and then threw one half upon its surface, where already floated hundreds of buds sickening in the fetid tank. Taking up another handful of water, he stood with it dripping through his fingers, whilst the Brahmin rapidly recited a formula. Finally, the pilgrim walked into the well, and thrice dipped his head beneath its yellow, evil-smelling water; after which came again the inevitable coppers, and he lightly ran up the steps whiter than snow, though his sins had been as scarlet. Immediately after came two women, who went through the same process on their own account, and finally ducked a child, who vigorously protested against the impurity.

Seated by the well was another Brahmin, who, if physiognomy be a true guide, ought to have spent his nights and days in the well. He had the most evil-looking countenance I have seen since I left San Francisco. There was about him, withal, a grotesqueness suggestive of the low-born villain of the stage,

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who lays in wait for the fair maiden, and would rob and murder her but for the timely appearance of Sir Galahad de Montmorency. On his head was a hat built up in conical shape, till the diminishing peak reached a height of fully two feet. Round it were twined garlands of yellow marigolds, the Hindoo's sacred flower. Round his neck were half a dozen strings of beads of various sizes. His right hand was hidden in something like a sock, with the toes downward at right angles from his wrist. The counterpart of this I had seen offered for sale in the bazaar, and knew that it was designed to cover the hand with which he counted his beads. Some of these curious adjuncts to Church service are decorated with the semblance of a cow's head sewn on at the heel part. This holy man was content with a plain sock.

He sat crossed-legged on a bench, motionless, and apparently lifeless, save that as I stood a little distance off and made note of his dress, I could see his weaselly little eyes furtively glancing at me. He evidently thought I was sketching him, which pleased him, though there was higher satisfaction in the conviction that the episode would certainly not end without a transfer of coppers, perhaps even of silver. By the side of him upon the

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bench was a trumpet and a sort of tambourine. Slipping the sock from off his hand, he took up the musical instruments, blew a tremendous blast from the trumpet, and vigorously rattled the tambourine. I was so pleased with this remarkable man that I am afraid I behaved with injudicious liberality, and the report of my munificence (it amounted to sixpence in sterling silver) being noised abroad, the two Brahmins, leaving a fresh influx of pilgrims in the well, ran after me clamouring for backsheesh.

This well is the centre of shrines and holy places. A stone's throw from my friend with the peaked hat and the cunning, greedy little eyes, is a marble slab, in the centre of which are two small dents. These, we learn, are the veritable imprint of Vishnu's feet when he alighted upon the earth. They are certainly very small.

In many of the temples the Brahmins are employed in rubbing oil into the heads and bodies of the devout. In one I saw seated an old man with a grand statuesque head patiently sitting whilst a muscular Brahmin worked the oil into his pate. Close by here, too, is a more than usually sacred growth of the peepul, a patriarchal tree, whose once stalwart limbs, drooping under the weight

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of far-spreading boughs, were supported by a block of solid masonry built under them. Being Saturday, an ever-changing procession of grave elders, matronly women, young men, and maidens were walking round and round the tree, chanting a low strain. Every time they passed a particular point in its circumference, they threw on it with their hand water taken from the Ganges and carried in their *lotas*. Some varied the performance by throwing marigolds or grains of rice. It seemed a particularly dull game of follow-my-leader; but it is a serious religious function, and good Hindoos would not see Saturday's sun go down till they had walked a hundred and eight times round the peepul tree, laved its trunk with holy water, or cast upon it some offering of food or flower.

A goat had discovered the richness of the land, and, climbing up the masonry, browsed upon the flowers; whilst the pigeons, coming down in swarms, pecked up the rice, nobody saying them nay.

Bathing was going forward briskly in the Ganges, and it was notable how men and women, coming up from their ablutions, shrank from the touch of the Christian. In the narrow byeways they flattened themselves against the wall and gathered in their skirts

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as we passed by. If we had accidentally touched them, the spiritual benefits of their morning bath would have been forfeited, and they would have had to return to the Ganges and go through it all again.

We visited the Monkey Temple, which swarms with hideous bloated brutes, who have a most ungodlike hankering after a kind of sweetmeat sold at the gates of the temple. The temple itself is a poor place, with a shrine that might easily be turned to useful purposes by the slight alterations necessary to transform it into an "Early English" fireplace. The monkeys, when not grinning on the temple steps, or making long arms about the court-yard for stray beans or sweetmeats, or foraging among private dwellings which abut on the temple, live in stately palaces of tamarind trees, from the boughs of which they hang by the tail and jabber at their votaries. We saw the shrine before which a goat is sacrificed every morning, the blood-stained block and the flag on which it stood, testifying to the faithful performance that morning of the ceremonial.

But far more interesting was the observatory, built nearly two hundred years ago by the Rajah Jay Singh, by whose stupendous instruments Hindoo almanacks are to this day constructed. The observatory stands near the

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Mân-Mandil ghât, on the banks of the Ganges, and is a striking object seen from the river. It is reached by many steps leading to a courtyard. The instruments, as they are called, give the place an appearance rather of a gymnasium than of an observatory. There is a wall 11 feet high and 9 feet 1¼ inches broad, set in the plane of the meridian. By this instrument able persons can ascertain the sun's altitude and zenith distance at noon, its greatest declination, and the latitude. Another wall, also set in the plane of the meridian, is 36 feet in length by 4½ broad. It slopes upwards from a height of 16 feet 4¼ inches to 22 feet 3½ inches. Following its lines the eye infallibly rests upon the north pole. This brick wall is useful for ascertaining the distance from the meridian, the declination of the sun or of any planet or star, and the right ascension of a star.

The most curious of the instruments, and the most colossal, is appropriately called Digansayantra. It consists of a pillar 4 feet 2 inches high and 3 feet 7½ inches thick, surrounded at a distance of 7 feet 3¼ inches by a wall exactly its own height. This, again, is encircled by a wall double its height, and distant from it 3 feet 2½ inches. The upper surfaces of both walls are divided into 360 degrees, and are

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marked with the points of the compass. The object of this simple and attractive contrivance is to find the degrees of azimuth of a planet or star. On the whole perhaps a good telescope and a quadrant, whilst more portable, would be equally useful; but Jay Singh worked according to his lights, and enjoyed high honours in his day.

The bazaars of Benares are, like the native quarters of all great cities, the most fascinating places to linger in, far above temples and ruins and the ordinary show places which have honourable mention in guide books. They lie low in the shadow of lofty buildings sacred from the noonday sun. The shops are constructed something on the principle in which a Malay digs out a boat from the trunk of a tree. A hole in the wall is pierced on the level of the street; occasionally a few shelves are put up, quite as often none; the stock-in-trade is piled about the floor, leaving place for the proprietor to squat, as near the open air as possible; and the shop is open for business.

In the larger establishments dealing in cloth and cotton goods there is space for one or two customers also to squat on the floor. More generally business is conducted with the customer standing outside in the

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street. In either case, if all the parties engaged be natives, the proceedings are conducted in a style calculated to strike terror into the heart of the timid passer-by. Shopkeeper and customer glare upon each other with flashing eyes, they shout and rave and gesticulate till just when the order-loving foreigner thinks it his duty to go for the police the row suddenly ceases, the customer takes a yard or two of print under his arm, puts down a few annas, and goes his way. Life being long and custom fleeting in the bazaar, much time is, by mutual consent, whiled away in the practice of bargaining. The shopkeeper asks twice or three times as much as he means to take. The customer offers something less than he means to give, and before the extremes meet at the line fairly marking the value of the goods, an immense deal of shouting is done, and an hour of an otherwise dull day pleasantly disposed of.

Where Europeans are the purchasers a *tiers parti* appears upon the scene. This is the man who wants backsheesh for having brought the high contracting parties together. It will be your guide if you have one. Otherwise any native will do who has seen you wandering about the bazaar, and followed you

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up to a particular stall which you have selected without his assistance, and even without knowing that he was following. So deeply rooted is the principle of backsheesh in the Eastern mind that even in these circumstances the shopkeeper will not deny the interloper's right, and when you have paid your money hands him a percentage.

On the first day we visited the bazaars a man got up on the gharry and rode into town. When we got out to walk he followed us, and as we stopped to make purchases at various shops he joined the party, assumed proprietorship of us, and claimed his backsheesh. At one place we bought some white muslin caps at an expenditure of six annas, whereupon this fellow extorted from the shopkeeper two pice as his legitimate backsheesh. After this I took the precaution on approaching other shops formally to introduce this gentleman to the proprietor, explaining that we had nothing to do with him, or he with us, and stipulated that if we bought anything he should get nothing. This did not abash him in the least, or influence his movements, and I believe it was with unfeigned regret that the shopkeepers found themselves debarred from giving him anything. They would much rather have done business in their own

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way, and secretly resented this interference with their national customs.

An English resident told me when he took a gharry home from the station his servant openly went up to the driver and demanded his share of the money payment. All Indian servants when making purchases for the household take their commission. There is no secrecy in the matter. It is done as openly and as much a matter of course as he takes his monthly wages. I asked a householder in Bombay what percentage of the charges in the monthly expenditure book managed by his butler went into that worthy's pocket.

"Well," he said, having carefully considered the matter, "he ought not fairly to get more than 25 per cent."

It would be interesting to hear the comments of a congregation of native Indian servants on the story of Gehazi. That the prophet's butler, merely for following his master's guests and taking as backsheesh two changes of raiment and two talents of silver, should be turned into a leper as white as snow would seem to them an unjustifiably harsh proceeding. This chapter would with such a congregation prove an insuperable obstacle to proselytizing.

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CHAPTER XIV.

BATHING IN THE GANGES.

A DIFFICULTY, small in its way, but not without embarrassment, has pursued me since I landed in India. I am constantly tempted, more especially in the cool freshness of the morning, to fill up pauses in conversation with chance acquaintances by observing "What a lovely day!" or "What beautiful weather!"

Such a remark I feel would be quite startling to an Anglo-Indian, and might even be accepted as a sign of gibbering idiotcy. One might with equal appropriateness accost an acquaintance at breakfast by remarking that "Twice two are four," or break in upon his evening meditation by observing, "Three from five leave two." Fine weather is a matter of course in India at this season, and is no more a subject of remark than the break of day or the constant flow of the Ganges towards the sea. Nevertheless, it is to the new-comer

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a source of constant marvel, a fund of endless pleasure. The winter season in the north-west is the perfection of weather—cool and fresh in the morning, summer heat and cloudless sky through the day, and at night opportunity for the delights of blazing wood fires. Yesterday we said we would set out early and row down the Ganges to see the bathing—"if it were fine," life-long habit involuntarily added. Of course it was fine, gloriously fine, and after chota hazree, the simple meal of tea and toast with which Anglo-Indians early break their fast, we set out.

There are several means of locomotion provided in Benares. You may drive through the streets in a bullock cart or be drawn by buffaloes — long-necked, ugly, black beasts, altogether unlike the lordly buffalo of the American prairie. There are camels galore, and there is a curious carriage called "eka," very much like the Irish outside car, except that it is smaller and holds only two passengers, who sit on either side with their feet over the wheels. There is accommodation for resting one foot in an iron stirrup. It is usual to sit upon the other. These "ekas," drawn by stout little horses driven at high speed, seem to require on the part of passengers long training and insensibility to early falls before

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becoming quite comfortable. We contented ourselves with the slower but safer "gharry," and drove to Mân-Mandil ghât, where we took boat, an over-decked top-heavy structure rowed by four men with oars having the maximum of loom and the minimum of blade. In addition to the four men who rowed there was one who shouted a good deal and steered a little, and two who did nothing till we disembarked, when they asked for backsheesh.

It was eight o'clock, an hour at which bathing is in full swing. All along the town-side of the river ghâts (stone steps) run down into the water. Generally there is a temple at the top of the ghât. By the Sindhia ghât are two lofty turrets, which appear to be toppling to the ground. The foundations, built almost in the river, have sunk, and it is said are still sinking. The veil of a temple close by has been rent in twain, and some day there will be shrieking and sudden death when these massive turrets complete their destiny and fall with a crash among the crowd always encircling them on its way to and from the river. Lower down, a palace once belonging to the Rajah of Gwalior has sunk into the earth, only the ruined and roofless walls of its upper stories uplifted from the tomb.

Where there are no temples or palaces the

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sloping ground is taken advantage of for the carving out of grotesque figures of the gods. There is one of the brother of Vishnu, his head and shoulders carved out in the yellow stone of the perpendicular rock, his body from the middle downward being represented with legs apart. An inane, half-surprised look on his visage furthers the fancy that this is the representation of a drunken man, who has slipped down on his haunches and doubts whether he will be able, unassisted, to get up.

The scene on the river's bank is a bustling one. Thousands of people, men and women, are coming and going by the steep stairways. Women with earthenware pots on their heads, red in colour and lovely in shape, though they cost but a few pence, come for water for household purposes. Others bring their household washing to the marge of the beautiful river, and side by side with pilgrims from distant Madras or the far north a woman washes her skirts or scrubs her brazen vessels. But the great business is to bathe, to wash and be clean from impurities more grievous than those that come from household labour or journeyings by the wayside. On all the highways and railroads converging on Benares troops of pilgrims wend their way. Benares is their Mecca, the Ganges their Jordan. To

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behold the one and to wash in the other has been the daily dream and aspiration of their life. Many of them are very old, and to watch them tremblingly picking their way down the rough-hewn steps and eagerly clutching at the cool water suggests the doubt whether they will live to mount the steps again. Doubtless many would be greatly content if death came to them here and now, and if life should vary its long unkindness by suddenly quitting them whilst their eyes feasted on the flow of the Ganges and their weary limbs were laved in its cool waters.

It is hard for phlegmatic Englishmen to realize the sentiment with which the Hindoos regard the Ganges—Mother Gangá, as they fondly call it. It is part of their daily life to-day, as it was in days through which history stumbles with faltering step. To the Hindoo the stately river is daughter of King Himalaya and of his Queen, the air nymph Menaka. The icicle-studded cavern at the base of a snow-drift from which the river issues is the tangled hair of the god Siva. To cry "Gangá! Gangá!" three hundred miles distant from the river is sufficient to wipe away many sins. To bathe in its waters, as blue and fresh when they pass Benares as when they first reach the plains, is eternal bliss.

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To spend six years in following the river's course from the Bay of Bengal to the Himalayas and back again is to secure a place in the immortal, imperishable world sung of in the Rig-Veda, "where there is eternal life, where joy and pleasure reside, and where the sun is placed."

Life and death stand hand in hand on this consecrated ground. Close by the most crowded ghât is a funeral pyre, so near that the bathers might reach out their hands to warm them at its flame. This fire is always burning, night and day, fresh fuel being brought hourly from the great city, which never seems to have one less in the bazaars because of these vacancies in households. When the bodies are burned out, the ashes are thrown upon the Ganges, and the stream running inshore mingles portions of them with the bathers.

From some of the ghâts wooden stages are built over the river, thus multiplying the accommodation for the worshippers. Here is an old man, his wrinkled face aglow with devotional feeling, on his knees at the edge of the stage, ladling up the water with his hands and muttering incessant prayer. Close by is a fine, stalwart young Brahmin going through the ritual with a rapid ease that

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betokens long practice and no disinclination to get through with it as quickly as possible. Here is another Brahmin up to his waist in water working his fists in an energetic fashion, which at a short distance looks as if he were wanting some one on the opposite bank to "come on and have it out" in good old English fashion. On closer inspection it is seen that he has a piece of string round his neck, and that, holding it out first with one hand and then with the other, he is vigorously washing it. Here is a woman whose matronly figure is boldly outlined by the cotton drapery that clings to her as she comes up, wholly unlike Venus, from her third dip. A man close by scoops up the water in the palms of his joined hands and pours it out as if offering a libation, thrice repeating the ceremony and crying aloud his petition to his Preserver.

There is wide variety of attitude and age, but all bound by the common bond of profound earnestness. There can be no question of the sincerity of the form of worship which necessitates standing knee-deep in the river in damply clinging cotton cloths, with the morning air, fresh from frost-bound fields, blowing keenly. Not less in earnest are the Brahmins, who sit under umbrella shades at the head of the ghâts caring for the superflous clothing

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of the bathers, and waiting to stamp their foreheads with the mark which testifies to due performance of the morning function. This care-taking and stamping means coppers, and some of the stands must bring in a good deal of money. Seen from the boat Benares is very beautiful in the morning air. The minarets, which mark former Mahomedan dominance in the stronghold of Buddhism, stand out clear against the sky, that is momentarily deepening in blue as the sun rises higher over the broad river.

In a population of this strongly marked religious tendency it is interesting to inquire what way Christianity has made. There has been no lack of honest and earnest endeavour, there being not less than five missionary societies which have agencies here, and some of them have been at work for over a quarter of a century. According to the census report of the North-West Provinces, I find the population of Benares is a little over 175,000. Of these 133,000 are Hindoos, 42,000 Mahomedans, and 265 Christians. How many of these are officials and missionaries I do not know, but at best the number of natives gathered into the fold by the united efforts of the missionaries is lamentably small.

On Sunday I went to the mission-house of

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the London Missionary Society, to attend the native service. It is a neat, commodious building, comfortably seated and possessing the attraction of a harmonium. In Mr. Hewlett, the pastor, missionary work has a model servant. When I entered he was earnestly preaching to eleven natives, one-half of whom were directly and officially connected with the mission.

This was bad, but I gathered from a melancholy little joke, heard from the lips of a missionary, that things are worse elsewhere. At Mirzapore it befel at one time that the native congregation was reduced to a single individual, a lad of fifteen. In course of time the news spread that "the congregation at Mirzapore is growing;" the lad of fifteen was becoming a youth of eighteen. Next, Christian India was thrilled by the report that "the congregation at Mirzapore had doubled;" the young man of nineteen had taken to himself a wife.

Mr. Hewlett preached his sermon with doors and windows wide open. His house stands within the compound, a few yards distant, and his voice fell upon the ear of his dog, who had been taking a siesta in the verandah. Presently the dog appeared in the doorway, and discovering his master in the pulpit walked up

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to him and entirely disappeared from view, save that its tail was left wagging in the friendliest way outside the limits of the pulpit.

This is a trivial story, but it has a grave moral. If a man like Mr. Hewlett, a scholar and an earnest, simple, gentleman, whom men and dogs are instinctively drawn towards, has not more to show for twenty-three years unremitting labour than this scanty congregation, Christian missions are in a bad way in India. It is true that in the south there is a longer list of converts to show, but these are found chiefly among outcasts who, peremptorily cut adrift from Hinduism, are peculiarly amenable to the kindly influence of Christian missionaries. In Benares, Mr. Hewlett's own testimony is "that for years the native congregation has hardly grown, either in numbers or in ability to support a pastor."

But if the seed of the gospel fails in hopelessly stony places in the stronghold of Hinduism the missionaries are doing a great work in the way of education. In the London Mission College and Girls' School, 1265 pupils last year were receiving a thoroughly sound education. I came across one of the ex-pupils, a young fellow who is the proprietor of a well-to-do shop in the inlaid brass-work. He spoke excellent English, was bright and intelligent,

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and was so pleased to find me in company with Mr. Insell, Mr. Hewlett's colleague in direction of the London Mission College, that he sold me a lot of things at their market price, without the customary preliminary of asking three times their value, and gradually coming down to fifty per cent. over it. In addition to the work carried on in the college and schools, and over and above her labours as principal of the girls' school, Mrs. Hewlett pursues the system of Zenana work, visiting the Hindoo women in their own homes. These things may even yet, as Mr. Hewlett with pathetic patience and courage hopes, bring about a great awakening in the Hindoo mind. In the meanwhile the benefits of the educational system administered by the missionaries is unmistakable, and cannot fail to bear fruit in increasing measure.

The general position of Christianity in India as affected by mission labour is grimly told in the official statistics of 1871, the latest available. These show that of the 240 millions then peopling British India, only 718,000 were Christians, considerably less than half per cent. of the population. Of these only a small proportion are Protestants. In Madras, for example, where more than half the converts have been made, of a total of 533,760, 416,068

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are Roman Catholics. Of the total number of Christians in India, British and feudatory, the Roman Catholics claim 1,317,782, and the Protestants, 325,000. The superior tactical adaptability to circumstances of the Roman Catholic priesthood may be held in some measure to account for this remarkable discrepancy. If it were part of the business of a Protestant missionary in China to have pictures of the Annunciation in the mission room, he would be content to follow early models of art. The Jesuits know better than that, and their chapels are adorned with pictures of the infant Jesus in a pigtail, and Mary tottering on feet squeezed small enough to please a Mandarin.

The conversions to Protestantism, such as they are, have been the result chiefly of the London Missionary Society, which entered the field in 1798; the Church Missionary Society, which sent out its first representative in 1814; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which followed in 1826; the Presbyterian Missions, which opened in 1830; and the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Excluding the Scotch Church, of which I have no particulars, the other four societies maintain their position at an annual expenditure of £165,000, contributed from home. In addition to this there are

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special funds and money raised in India, which would probably bring the expenditure up to something like a pound per convert per annum.

In the afternoon we were on the river again, rowing to Ramnagar, the palace of the Maharajah of Benares. The castellated front of the palace stands boldly out on the river bank, and through the bright clear atmosphere seemed distant only half an hour's rowing. But this prospect is illusory, and it was after an hour and a half's battling with the current that the men brought the boat to the landing-place at the foot of the castle. The scene on the river in the afternoon is greatly changed from that witnessed in the early morning. The ghâts are almost deserted, though here and there are to be seen tardy worshippers bathing their thinly draped bodies in the holy stream.

Godliness having been cared for in the morning, cleanliness has its due sequence in the afternoon. Men and women, kneeling on the bank or standing ankle deep in the water on the steps of the ghât, were busy scrubbing pots and pans or washing household linen. The Brahmins, save one at a remote ghât, had gone, only their umbrellas remaining to mark the spot sanctified by their presence and ministrations. The broad river, shading from

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green to blue, and wonderfully clean considering the hourly pollution of a great city, flowed steadily on, sparkling in the sunlight. Looking back, growing distance added enchantment to the city standing high up on the bank, with its frontage guiltless of a straight line, and the twin minarets of the mosque always the most prominent feature in the picture. Of all possible views of Benares, the best is to be obtained by a journey towards Ramnagar. The city, following the bank of the river, curves outward in crescent form, displaying all its beauty to the south. The opposite bank going towards Ramnagar is a flat plain, a brown bank showing where the river overflows after the rains, and beyond this, fields dressed in the living green of the young shoots of late autumn-planted wheat.

When the Ganges rises after the rains, it does so in a manner worthy of its reputation. At the Maharajah's palace there is a watermark, showing how the river rises in August from thirty to forty feet. On the low bank, now deserted by the stream, a flock of vultures were gathered, discontentedly picking at the ribs of a skeleton. A little further on something was floating in the water, serving as a resting-place for a flock of smaller birds, who diligently pecked at it. We were too far off to

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see what this was, but it was too probably a dead body. There is no municipal law at Benares forbidding the casting of dead bodies into the river. This is, however, done only in the cases of people too poor to pay two rupees for wood to light a funeral pyre. It is equivalent to a pauper's funeral; but as there are many paupers in Benares, there are many corpses in the Ganges.

A little apart from the vultures perched on the skeleton, a sirus paced in solemn meditation. The sirus is much like the stork, though with bigger body and broader bill. Its stride is curious, the pompous way in which it slowly draws its foot up and plants it out for another stride, combined with a slight swagger of its tail, being reminiscent of a being something between a churchwarden and a masher. It took no notice of the vultures at their sorry banquet, nor of the smaller birds perched on the vultures' backs, nor of the sky overhead, nor of the river rustling by, nor of the great city in the solemn stillness of the opposite side of the river. It paced up and down with its ridiculous stride, its head hung down in meditation, and the movement of its body suggestive of its having its hands clasped under his coat-tails. Scarcely less comical was its mate, sitting on the bank with its legs, pro-

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digiously long from knee to claw, spread out flat before it, hooked from the knee, as a man might rest on his elbows.

The sirus is always found in couples, and there is a pretty legend, doubtless founded upon fact, that when one dies, its mate, refusing food or drink, pines away. Caught young and tamed, the sirus will answer the purpose of a watchdog. It makes a curious noise, which gives warning of the approach of strangers by day or night, and has an impartial way of pecking at the legs of unfamiliar visitors, which makes it interesting. Some people who have tried it say the flesh of its breast is very good eating. Broiled with onions, it makes a passable substitute for beef-steak. But its chief commercial value when dead lies in its long legs, which from the knee down to the claw make a pipe stem much affected by the natives.

Still nearer the palace a body was burning under a pile of wood, by the edge of the river, the bereaved relatives sitting on the bank dressed in white. The funeral was not going off very successfully. The wind, such as it was, blowing from the south, had lit up that side of the pile, leaving the other untouched. The undertaker's men, evidently familiar with this mischance, stood at the side, and with what

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looked like a red tablecloth fanned the dying embers into a flame, laughing and talking the while as if the freshness of the joke of cremation never palled.

The descendant of one of the ancient princes of India has a right kingly watchdog at the gate of his palace at Ramnagar. This is a tiger, which a month ago was roaming free in the Maharajah's jungle some twenty miles off. He was caught in a trap cunningly prepared, and after infinite labour and no slight personal danger was caged and brought in triumph to Ramnagar. For the people of India the tiger has an interest quite different from that which stirs the breasts of visitors to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park and kindred institutions. For Western people the tiger is a curiosity; for the Hindoo it is a painful reality, like hunger and houselessness.

At this very time of writing, there is a village in India on the outskirts of which devoted policemen, dressed in women's clothes, are walking about. The neighbouring tiger, with a fine appreciation of quality, will lunch only off the female inhabitants, and after many vain attempts at catching him by traps and legitimate hunting this device has been had recourse to, hitherto without success; for whilst the disguised policemen walk about in abso-

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lute safety veritable women are from time to time snapped up.

Doubtless the tiger at Ramnagar had frequently contemplated a visit to the village, but not precisely in this style. Reflection on this unfulfilled intention may add to the poignancy of his feelings. However it be, he is the most sublimely wrathful creature I ever saw. Still fresh from the jungle he has not learned that trick of restlessly pacing round the cage, with which Zoological Gardens tigers amuse themselves. He lies at the remote end half rising when a crowd gather round, and with lips drawn back and bristles stiff as lance-poles, he growls. At times the noise, which seems to shake the cage, is more like a moaning sigh of infinite regret than an ordinary growl. Here are these people, ten or a score of them, within the length of half a bound, and between him and them what looks like a frail immaterial mesh of bamboo. But he knows its strength, for he has tried it, springing with a single bound from the further end of the cage, expecting to find himself plump in the crowd, astonished and dismayed to find his head beaten against iron bars.

He has given that up now, and, spreading out his magnificent body at full length at the end of the cage, only growls. Once an in-

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genious villager rattled a stick through the open bars of a narrow porthole by the tiger's head; then he leaped up, and, with hate and rage blazing from his eyes and thunderous growls issuing through his closed teeth, he smote the iron bars with his mighty paw.

After the tiger the palace of the Maharajah was a very poor affair. Admission is obtained through a gateway and by an ill-kept courtyard, flanked on either side by shabby huts in which the prince's retainers live. There was a sentry at the gate dressed in what looked like the cast-off clothing of a British soldier. He was lounging about the gateway as we approached. At sight of us he took up his gun, and, like the faithful sirus, whom he resembled to the extent that he had a red tuft on the top of his head, showed a disposition to peck at us with the bayonet. As he was inflexible we had to wait till our cards were sent in and were permitted to pass only when the Maharajah's private secretary, a baboo with kindly face and gentle manner, came to the rescue. When we left, the sentry was again caught napping; but he shouldered his rifle with comical alacrity as we came in sight, and as he saluted, looked more than ever like the soldier of the burlesque stage.

The apparition, not unfrequent, of natives

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with red hair is startling till it is known that the effect is obtained by dye. The mandlee, a leaf something like the myrtle, works this wonder, and is much used by the Mahomedan soldiers. We did not see the Maharajah, who happened to be at prayers. His Highness engages in devotion for twelve hours a day straight off, and has done so for twenty years. This habit, commendable in itself, interferes somewhat with his opportunities of social intercourse. Six hours he sleeps, six hours he devotes to mundane affairs, and the rest to heaven. Should there be any imperative call upon him, such as the visit of the Nizam, which happened the day before our visit, he takes the necessary time out of his sleep. One half the day is inviolably dedicated to preparation for the world to come. I asked the baboo whether the heir-apparent was devotional to equal extent.

"No," he said, with a sigh; "he takes only one hour in the morning and half an hour at night."

The rooms of the palace are large and lofty, but the effect is spoiled by the importation of glass chandeliers with coloured globes and furniture from Tottenham Court Road. The attendant showed with especial pride half a dozen French musical boxes under glass

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cases, which when wound up played jigs and set birds hopping about on trees, monkeys performing, niggers clanging cymbals, and other vulgarities. It was pitiable to see these things in the house of a man who had within reach the illimitable art treasures of India. The only decent things in the palace were the marble floors, the inlaid marble chimney-piece in the drawing-room, and an ingenious clock, a duplicate of which the Maharajah with characteristic generosity presented to the Prince of Wales, who had admired the original.

As we rowed back to Benares the sun had set, and night was swiftly descending over river, fields, and city. The mist, rising from the Ganges, had wrapped itself round the city like a mantle. A second fire had been lit close by where the ashes of the one we had watched in the afternoon still smouldered. They glowered upon us as we passed the low bank like two great red eyes peering across the darkling river at the great city on the other side, which we could not see, though we could hear the far-off murmur of its multitude.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW.

Lucknow might well be named the City of Palaces. Long the residence of the kings of Oude, it has been dowered with many imposing buildings where formerly royal state was kept, and where now British officials carry on their work, or the infrequent footfall echoes through tenantless rooms. It would seem that whenever time hung heavy on his hands the King of Oude built a new palace. They are not excellent in any way, and a glance at the outside as the traveller passes is sufficient to meet the requirements of the occasion.

Prominent among a score of these royal buildings is the Hoseinabad Imambara, with which the third King of Oude endowed the city. Like many of the ancient buildings in India, it is a mausoleum, inclosing the tombs of the king and his mother. It is a poor,

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gaudy place, with a confusion of glass chandeliers, coloured glass globes, looking-glasses, and other devices calculated to please the minds of children. The prophetic eye of the king foreseeing a time when, in default of special arrangements, his tomb would be neglected, and his globes and his chandeliers left unpolished, he bequeathed a sum of money sufficient to keep up an establishment of servants, who lounge about the place and pounce upon visitors with demands for backsheesh. Once a year, on the anniversary of the lamented death of this monarch, there is a great flare-up of candles within the mausoleum and of lamps in the courtyard and garden. This is a highly popular festival and serves to keep green the memory of Mohammed Ali Shah.

Broad roads flank the quarter of palaces, and, not examined too closely, the big white-fronted houses look well seen through the vista of green trees. The native town is much like that of any other Indian city where over two hundred thousand natives congregate. There are narrow streets and interminable bazaars populated chiefly by sellers. Here, as elsewhere, it is a marvel how these shops can be kept open. Everybody is busy manufacturing articles for sale or calmly

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smoking awaiting the arrival of a customer. But the customer comes only at rare intervals, and though he makes a terrible noise when he arrives, that will not strike the balance of the long blank in the day's business. In these Indian bazaars business is conducted on a literal adaptation of the principle "much cry and little wool"—or little cotton goods, muslin, brass-work, inlaid metal, gold, embroidery, or pottery, as the case may be.

For Englishmen the real interest of Lucknow lingers round the looped and windowless raggedness of the Residency, held by a handful of gallant men during the mutiny. The Residency is approached through a broad Portland Place-like thoroughfare in the Quarter of Palaces. Eighty-three years ago it was resigned by the reigning Nawab for the use of the British Resident at his court. The Baillie Guard Gate, the outpost of the gallant defenders of the Residency, is now a few ruined walls eloquently pitted with bullet-marks. Where in 1857 the native city stood, creeping close up to the walls of the Residency compound, a fair park now smiles.

It has been the policy of the British, alike at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, while preserving the memorials of the defence of the beleaguered loyal troops, to level with

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the ground the congeries of houses from which the mutineers poured their shot and shell. Close by the Baillie Guard Gate—so called from Colonel Baillie, the officer who commanded the first Resident's escort—is Dr. Frayrer's house. Hither Sir Henry Lawrence was carried on receiving his fatal wound, and here he died. A roofless chamber in this battered house bears the inscription: "Here Sir Henry Lawrence died, July 4, 1857."

There is an underground room where a number of ladies and children passed through the dreadful days of the siege, with shot and shell whistling overhead and the slow progress of the day marked by the deadly cannonade. Every morning at daybreak it began, continued till the heat of noon came on, then fell away, to begin again in the afternoon and continue as long as light lasted. When relief came, and the garrison with its womenkind had been quietly withdrawn in the dead of the night, the mutineers, breaking in, and mad with rage to find their prey had escaped, vented their fury on the dumb sticks and stones of the house, smashing everything that was breakable even to the stone staircases.

The Residency must in its time have been a pleasant house, standing on one of the

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highest spots of ground in the city, with a fine view of the country beyond. Entrance is obtained by one of those broad, lofty porticoes that are a feature in all Indian houses of the better class. At some distance in front, just behind the Baillie Guard Gate, is the banqueting hall, where gloomy state dinners and gayer balls were given before the trouble came. This building admirably served as a hospital during the siege. Like all other outbuildings, the banqueting hall is battered with cannon-shot and perforated with bullets. As for the Residency itself, it is simply a heap of ruins. On a mound close by is a prim Maltese cross reared "in memory of Sir Henry Lawrence and the brave men who fell in defence of the Residency." It is a poor, mean-looking thing to stand as the official memento of so glorious a deed. But Englishmen have always been more successful in doing great deeds than in commemorating them in marble or brass.

The true memento of the defence of Lucknow, and the only one needed, is the picturesque ruin of the Residency itself. Every portion of a wall standing, every roofless room entered, has its story, written in the sharp, decisive handwriting of cannon or rifle. Here is the room where Sir Henry

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Lawrence was sitting at breakfast on the 2nd of July, 1857, when a shell came in through the window and mortally wounded him. It is a small room, looking on to a verandah with a tower beyond. If the gunner who laid the mortar had seen the British Resident across the intervening space and through brick walls, he could not have taken surer aim. The hole in the outer wall through which the shell passed still exists, precisely as it was made, and one can clearly trace its course across the verandah through the window and into the little room where Sir Henry sat apparently in full security.

Here is the Tykhana to which a former Begum was wont to retire from the heats of summer. It is some feet underground, and no place could have been better designed for the purpose to which it was put during the siege, when two hundred and fifty women and children lived here, or rather here died daily. When the Begum dwelt here, fresh air and sunlight came in through the carefully constructed portholes near the roof. With a constant hail of shot and shell raining on the place it was not felt permissible to leave these apertures unguarded. They were accordingly blocked up, and in darkness, with scanty supplies of fresh air, sick in body and

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sore at heart, women and children dwelt in this chamber for five months and five days. One morning, in spite of all precaution, a shot found its way through one of the blocked-up windows, and a deep hole low down on the opposite wall shows where it landed. No one was hurt, but one lady died of fright.

Food and water were brought to the prisoners through a secret underground passage communicating with the Tykhana. Like the house of Dr. Frayrer, this carries proof of the fury of the mutineers when they leaped over the mud walls of the entrenchment and entered the silent and deserted Residency. Having no English men and women to slash and hack, they turned with impotent fury upon the very stone staircases of the Tykhana and broke them down.

Here is the guard-room, next door to the fatal breakfast-room, where six soldiers were buried alive in the ruins created by a shell. Here is the tower, honeycombed with cannon-shot, on the top of which day after day some gallant officer volunteered to stand, telescope in hand, and report the movements of the mutineers. Shot and shell flying around the Residency constantly struck here and there; but this tall tower, on which the British flag defiantly floated, was a mark always being

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struck, and the marvel is that so much stands. Here is the flagstaff, cut in twain by a cannon-ball in the early days of the siege, patched together with iron hoops, and once more carrying the flag before the exultant shouts of the mutineers had gone the full round of their camp.

The flag, riddled with shots, is still preserved, and on Christmas days and Sundays floats from the patched-up flagstaff on the old tower, looking out on a scene in strange contrast with that it witnessed in 1857. Except the Tykhana, which is really a cellar, there is not a roof to any chamber in the Residency. Very early in the siege the upper rooms were rendered untenable, and the work of destruction was finished when the mutineers broke in.

Throughout the grounds dwarf brick pillars mark the places where the various batteries stood. One place not marked, though it is worthy of a tablet, is the drain through which Mr. Kavanagh made his way into the city, and so on to the Alambagh, with a letter to Sir Henry Havelock, who had established himself there with the relief column. Mr. Kavanagh had dressed himself as a native; but a man cannot creep through a mile or so of drain pipe without obtaining a suspicious

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appearance. As he emerged at the other end of the drain he was arrested and taken before the rebel leaders, but succeeded in getting off and placed his missive safely in the hands of Sir Henry Havelock.

The churchyard behind the Residency is full of interesting memorials of the siege. Of the little church itself the mutineers scarcely left one stone standing upon another. Near its ruins is a plain marble slab bearing the legend: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." This is the full inscription as usually quoted, and it would seem difficult to spoil its touching simplicity. This has, however, been done by the curious rider, so familiar in the death sentences of the judges in the Old Bailey, "May the Lord have mercy on his soul."

There is an odd monument over the grave of a lady burnt by the explosion of a shell. The slab on the top is carved into curious convolutions, designed, it is said, to simulate the blisters which broke out over the unfortunate lady's body. There is a monument over the grave of the lady killed in the Tykhana by a shot that never touched her. "Sacred," so the inscription runs, "to the memory of the young wife of Captain Lancelot, who died of fright, 16th July, 1857." In one corner

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of the churchyard is a little cluster of graves where lie the children who did not survive their baptism of fire.

As we stood by the pillar marking the position of one of the hottest batteries, served only by volunteers, two jackals trotted into the compound outside the graveyard, and, lifting up their voices, piteously howled. But this was the only note of discord in a place where the peace of a summer day reigned, and where under the shade of the sacred peepul tree and the tower-like tamarind, the sorely tried sojourners in the Residency take their rest.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CHRISTMAS AT CAWNPORE.

WITH the thermometer at eighty in the shade, with roses blooming in the gardens by the wayside, and violets scenting the air in the Memorial Gardens, it is hard to believe that this is Christmas Day. The imagination is not greatly helped by the scene around. It is impossible, with whatever goodwill, to imagine Trotty Veck, with his red comforter twisted round his head by way of turban, a pair of trousers made out of a cotton duster, and, for all other clothing, a bright yellow cloth hung about his shoulders. Nor is Tiny Tim to be recognized among the heap of half-clad children that swarm in the streets, though heaven knows some of them are sickly enough.

When night falls the condition of affairs grows more homely. It is cold enough for the most "seasonable" Christmas weather. Unfortunately for comfort, domestic arrangements

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in India—at least as far as they are known to the wanderer in hotels—do not recognize the contingency of Christmas weather. The great problem of life in India is how to keep cool, and to its solution all the energy and ability of the housebuilder are bent. We dined last night at Lucknow in a comparatively small room, which had six doors, and every one of them open. There was a fireplace and some fire in it, but it was set back well into the wall, so as to secure the minimum of obtrusiveness. The doors in houses here are not moderate-sized apertures such as serve at home. They are slices out of the wall, cut broad and high, and it comes to pass that a dining-room is actually composed of a series of pillars, the rest of the space being open doors. This is delightful in the hot season, and well enough in the daytime, even at Christmas; but at night it creates discontent.

Anglo-Indians keep Christmas-time with the jealous affection with which they cherish everything that reminds them of home. A sprig of mistletoe or a bough of holly would create unbounded enthusiasm could it find its way to an English bungalow to-day. That is impossible. But since it is the custom in England to deck houses and churches with evergreens on Christmas Day, we have our

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show at Cawnpore. The porch of the verandah in which I sit at noon and write, grateful for the shade, is festooned with ropes of mango leaves with garlands and marigolds drooping from them. Running up the posts at the gate are two gigantic plantain leaves. Thus is every large house in Cawnpore decked because of Christmas Day. The Memorial Church is filled with the scent of roses, of which thousands bloom on the pillars, the arches, the pulpit, and the altar. Here, too, the mango leaf plays the part of holly, and the plantain makes-believe to be mistletoe. Walking out before breakfast this morning we met many servants hurrying along, carrying to their masters' friends the compliments of the season and big bunches of fragrant roses.

We spend our Christmas Day all by ourselves, sole tenants of the hotel, which, by the way, is an exceedingly pleasant and comfortable hostelry—a rare thing in India. It was formerly the officers' messhouse, and stands well back from the road in the shadow of monumental tamarind trees. It is called "The Original United Service Hotel," whereby hangs a tale. The present proprietor had a house a short distance off called the United Service. Some time ago it was burnt down, whereupon a smart native opened another

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house, for which he borrowed a name that stood in high repute with travellers to Cawnpore. This did very well till another native opened a house, which he called "Number One, United Service Hotel." This necessitated the first pirate numbering himself "two," and now we have the "original."

The comfort, which smiled through tiffin and made fresh promises for dinner, with the table prettily decorated with flowers, evergreens, and a generous bill of fare, was destined to suffer rude eclipse. It was the plum-pudding that did it. If there had been no plum-pudding there would have been no catastrophe. As it was, the landlord, anxious that the day should pass off worthily, ordered a plum-pudding, and gave into charge of "the butler," as the head native servant is called in India, a tumbler half full of brandy. This the butler incontinently drank, and in the course of half an hour was hopelessly drunk. His baleful example spread with alarming rapidity. Every Christian servant on the premises, eager to do honour to the festival, got drunk; only the Mahomedans, unbelievers, remained sober. Unhappily (I mean in this particular connection), the cook was a Christian, and had been overtaken before he had carried into full effort the generous intention of the bill of

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fare. The consequence was that practially we had no dinner, and the entertainment of watching the butler, with his glance fixed on a distant object, walking up the room as if the floor were a tight rope, holding in his hand a hot-water plate, from which the water either oozed out on the meat or trickled over his trousers, began to pall after the third course.

The manager apologetically informed me on the following day that he had soundly thrashed the butler, a proceeding which, it appears, is becoming somewhat risky.

"You cannot lift your hand now to one of them fellows," said the manager, with fine indignation, "but they have you into court and you're fined five rupees. It's perfectly scandalous, and will be worse; it's since this Ilbert Bill has come on. It's very bad for us here, owing to the resident magistrate. It's Colonel Wheeler, whose sisters and father were slaughtered by Nana Sahib. Yet the man's as gentle with the natives as if they were English. He listens to all they say, and as often as not goes with them. Once, when he was on leave, we had here another magistrate, who *was* a man. It was Colonel ——. He had not been in office five days before he had turned every native out of it. If a native came up complaining that he had been

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thrashed by his master, he made short work of him, and the man didn't trouble to go back to court."

"Aye," chimed in the manager's wife, with a sigh of regret, "Colonel —— was something like a magistrate. He was always just."

"Now," the manager continued, "we can hardly call our house our own, can't knock a fellow down if he's insolent, can't thrash the cook if he's late with dinner. But I gave it the butler last night; and he daren't go to court, or they'd ask him where he got the brandy from."

There was a gleam of comfort in this; but, on the whole, the good old times seem to have departed from India, and the stereotyped notice posted in country hotels "earnestly requesting guests, not to ill-treat native servants," but to report delinquencies to the managers, is growing out of date.

Cawnpore is built much after the fashion of Lucknow, being spread over a considerable plain, breaking forth into streets of houses in unexpected places. It is a busy place, being the principal grain market in the district. It is also a head-quarters of the cloth trade. There are two large cotton mills here, and a third is being built. But its interest for the English-speaking race centres round the places where

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is kept green the memory of Nana Sahib's cruel treachery.

The story begins to be written on the bare space of ground where a few stones mark the lines of the camp where General Wheeler entrenched himself with his little army and his many camp followers. In the first week of June, 1857, all India was in revolt, the fire burning most fiercely in Oude, whence the fiery cross had been sent round. Delhi was held by the rebels, and the descendant of the old Mogul kings had been tumultuously reinstated upon the throne. John Lawrence held the mutineers in check in the Punjaub, but Henry Lawrence was already beleaguered in Lucknow, and there was not a native regiment in Oude that could be depended upon. On the 5th of June the crisis came at Cawnpore, and found General Wheeler entrenched in this ill-chosen quarter. All told, he had 1100 souls within the limits of his camp. Less than 500 were fighting men, and Nana Sahib had surrounded the camp with an impenetrable ring of 30,000 men.

Wheeler had thrown up a wall of mud, well enough to keep an ill-disciplined rabble out, but no protection against the rain of bullets and the incessant cannonading kept up from the camp of the mutineers. At first he had

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two buildings which served for partial shelter, not so much from the fire of the enemy as from the deadly heat of the sun, and from the rains which had commenced. These buildings were speedily levelled by Nana Sahib's batteries, and there remained for the hapless refugees nothing but the bare ground and the open sky. At the end of three weeks, when hundreds had died and the rest were starving, the crafty Hindoo proposed terms of capitulation which were surprisingly generous. The troops were to march out, stacking their rifles, but wearing their side-arms. They were to be escorted to the riverside, where they were to take boat and make the best of their way to Allahabad.

The road by which they started on this fatal march is clearly enough marked to-day. It follows a direct line for the Suttee Ghat, passing under the high road at a short distance from the river. After the rainy season a rivulet finds its way by this course to the Ganges, and it must have been heavy marching for Wheeler's men and the women and children who accompanied them. It is dry enough to-day—a dusty pathway through an arid plain. The ghât by which the sick and weary company took boat was at that time a busy landing-place. At the top of the steps is the little

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temple and suttee-house which gives the ghât its name. Other spots connected with the tragedy have been swept and garnished, and are guarded as sacred memorials. But the slaughter gate through which the unsuspecting men and women went to their doom has been left untouched as an accursed thing. The temple is doorless and windowless. The house behind, where a faithful Hindoo widow was, long time ago, burned with the head of her dead lord on her knee, is crumbling to pieces, and the tomb in which husband and wife lie undivided in death is broken and defaced. The steps of the ghât are half an inch thick with dust, undisturbed by the tread of human foot. The two peepul trees which witnessed the murder still flourish, and doubtless are green enough after the rains; but just now the leaves are dust-laden and parched, and the grey, gnarled trunks lean over towards the river as if they had long been tired of life, and would above all things like to tumble into its cool depths.

The place is indescribably lonely and desolate. Standing by the temple there is plainly in view the bend of the river behind which Nana Sahib had hid his guns. A little lower down on the other side of the river lay in ambuscade a regiment of rebels charged with

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the duty of slaying all whom the cannon spared. Three boat-loads got off, and rowed for a thousand yards in fancied security, and with lightened hearts at the thought that their troubles were now over; that no more would they see the terrible camp, with its hunger and thirst, its houselessness, its never-ceasing rain of bullets, and its frequent thunderstorm of artillery. Just round the point the slaughter began. The boats were sunk with cannon-shot, and those who escaped and tried to reach the land were pitilessly shot by the troops on the other side of the river. General Wheeler, some of his officers, and most of the women had been halted under a tree, which still stands, eight or nine hundred yards distant from the ghât. When they heard the firing they knew what had happened, and fled in wild affright along the main road. But the cavalry speedily hunted them down. The men were shot like dogs and the women and children carried off to Nana Sahib's house.

Had Wheeler been able to hold out a few days longer all would have been well. Havelock was already on the march, his nearer approach being made the signal for an episode which is the darkest act in the hurried tragedy. On the eve of going out to give battle to the English general Nana Sahib

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issued orders for the massacre of the women. They were invited to leave the house under pretence of being conducted to a place of safety. But they had had enough of the Hindoo's clemency. They refused to move, and were shot by volleys fired through the windows, Sepoys entering sword in hand and completing the work. This done, they were dragged out dead and dying, women and children, and cast into a well that stood opposite the house. There they were found when Havelock's men, having utterly routed Nana Sahib, entered the town, flushed with the generous hope of rescue.

The Memorial Church stands just outside the entrenchment of Wheeler's camp. It is a substantial rather than a handsome structure, built of red brick faced with sandstone. Round the chancel is a row of memorial tablets, set there "to the glory of God and in memory of more than a thousand Christian people who met their deaths hard by between the 6th of June and the 15th of July, 1857." As already mentioned, the church is to-day decorated for the Christmas festival, and over this memorial of massacre there runs a garland proclaiming, with grim but undesigned irony, "Peace on earth, and goodwill among men." Near the altar rail is a pretty marble font sent as an offering by the Queen.

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As we stood in the church reading the names of the victims of the Mutiny we could hear the cheers of the British soldiers in the barracks, welcoming their officers, who had looked in upon their Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding. The barracks, built since the Mutiny, stand not far from the house which was Nana Sahib's head-quarters at a time when he was treating for the capitulation of a British general, and believed that within twenty-four hours Cawnpore would see the last of the English soldier.

The Memorial Garden is separated from the church by a space big enough to hold the city of Cawnpore if the people could by any means be induced to dwell in neighbourly fashion. At the time of the Mutiny the well served the needs of a few straggling houses which in the eccentric disposition of the town happened to find themselves here. Now only a marble cross set in a grass plot—dark in the shadow of solemn yews—marks the site of the butchery, whilst the well itself is a prominent object in a rich and well-ordered garden. When Havelock reached Cawnpore, and found this terrible truth at the bottom of the well, it was too late to furnish Christian burial to Nana Sahib's victims. The well was bricked over, and in due time there has

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risen upon the site a beautiful marble figure—an angel with sad face, yet not sorrowing as those that have no hope, but carrying in either hand the palm of victory. Over the gateway of the enclosure which surrounds this solemn burial-place is written—

"These are they who came out of great tribulation."

Round the base of the statue runs the inscription :—

"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoomdopunt of Bithwoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below on the 15th July, 1857."

In strange contrast with the scene recalled by these words is the aspect of to-day, with the sun shining down on bright flowers, green grass, and lusty trees, and all around the peace and goodwill of Christmas Day.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAPITAL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

I MADE an acquaintance at Cawnpore who is too interesting to be altogether lost sight of. We met first in the early morning when I was looking for the post-office. There approached from down the road a gharry with a human shoulder projecting from either open window, and a prodigious arm hanging limp, pensively enjoying the cool morning air. The nearer approach of the gharry disclosed the upper part of a gigantic man. His turban brushed the roof of the gharry as he sat, and if he had not got his arms outside I cannot conceive where he would have put them. As I gazed he nodded in the friendliest way, and when I asked if he knew where the post-office was he stopped the carriage with effusive politeness. He even made as if he would descend, but reflection on the difficulties that surrounded his getting back again made him

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pause. As it was he insisted upon shaking me by the hand, and so bubbled over with friendship that I felt as if we had known each other for many years.

His knowledge of English was not more than sufficed, with the assistance of gestures, to direct me to the post-office, and after he had shaken hands with me again the patient horse moved off with him. I marvelled much who he might be, but having no means of learning I had given up the puzzle when I met him once more amid surroundings that deepened the mystery.

I had obtained the address of the editor of a native paper published in Cawnpore, and went in quest of him, desiring to have a talk on the subject of the Ilbert Bill and other matters. His office was in the native part of the town, approached by a street so narrow that driving was inconvenient, if not impossible. Holding the address in my hand, I walked down the street, a narrow lane flanked with shops a few feet square, windowless and doorless. Native shopkeepers in the street at the top skirting the Memorial Gardens might, if they pleased, dress themselves in the borrowed plumes of the English. "Bhonsla Mistre" might vaunt his "furnitures room" and "Mistry Janoji" might write himself up

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"couch-builder." But in this street, older by a century than the English occupation, natives were content to follow old customs and retain ancient appellations.

In each shop squatted a man or woman waiting for custom, which came but slowly. Occasionally a child came up and had weighed out to her with infinite carefulness an ounce of ghee, fished out of a jar by the impartial finger of the proprietor, which was next inserted in whatever other receptacle had a call made upon it. Now and then a woman bought a few pice worth of rice, and the trade in betel-nuts was comparatively lively. For the rest the dealers sat in their shops gazing into vacancy or talking across the narrow passage to their equally disengaged neighbour on the other side.

At the corner of a by-street sat an old woman with a few handfuls of parched peas stored in a bit of paper with a little tin measure designed to mete out the luxury to solvent customers. As none came, the old woman fondled the peas with bony hands not less parched than they, arranging and rearranging them with a tireless devotion that must have added sensibly to their flavour. Perhaps she was hungry herself, and thus dallied with an appetite too expensive to be

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satiated. I suppose the market value of the whole stock was one penny, and when this was turned over and the first profits gleaned the old lady would have her dinner. In the meanwhile she took in sustenance by the pores, as Joey Ladle was accustomed, in the recesses of his employer's cellar, to take his wine.

Whenever I saw a comparatively well-to-do person I showed him the scrap of paper with the Hindoo's address on. Generally he turned it so as to read it sideways, and invariably returned it with a deprecatory shake of the head. No Christian, it seems, ever penetrates this quarter.

At last I came to a place with "Press" written over it, and, showing the paper, was directed by sign up a courtyard. There were stables outside, and at first that seemed all. But espying a narrow passage I followed it, and came into a courtyard faced by a house of remarkable appearance, flanked on either side by outbuildings. The house was a cut between a disused gin palace and a show booth. It was painted in gaudy colours, had glass chandeliers hanging down, and was adorned with many mirrors. In one corner of the verandah, rolled up in a blue-and-red coverlet, was a patriarch fast asleep, and

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there in the centre of the yard, sitting upon a low couch some eight feet long by six broad, was my mysterious acquaintance of the morning.

He was as delighted to see me as I was surprised at this second *rencontre* in this out-of-the-way yard in the native quarter. His back was turned as I entered, and he was gazing reflectively upon a basket of very dirty cakes which shared the couch with him. Around, in different postures all indicative of profoundest respect and veneration, were half a dozen men. One, waving a dirty pocket-handkerchief, was keeping flies off the too seductive face of the giant; a second held in his hand a stock of lime leaves; and a third held fast in the damp palm of his swarthy hand a store of small pieces of betel-nut. From these the mysterious creature on the couch alternately helped himself while he gazed with troubled brow upon the casket of cakes, apparently debating with himself whether he should buy a pennyworth.

But trouble vanished when he saw me. The cakeman was peremptorily dismissed, the other two servitors were waved off, and a great fat hand was affectionately pressing mine.

"Post-office, ha!" he said by way of greet-

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ing, and that being his available stock of English he shook hands again.

In his country this essentially absurd ceremony is unknown; but he knew Englishmen did it, and if he could not speak English he could shake hands, which he did frequently. I sat and talked with him for a time; but I could make nothing of him, and left without the slightest notion whether he was the Hindoo editor (whom otherwise I never found), or whether he was a false prophet or a deposed prince. He was certainly, taking into account the absence of preliminary acquaintance, the friendliest man I ever met.

Agra, called by the Mussulman Akbarabad, the City of Akbar, was not always the capital of the Great Mogul. He had begun to build it in 1566, but four years later a circumstance happened which determined him to move to to Futtehpore Sikri, some twenty-four miles distant. At this place there lived a holy man named Selim Christi, who foretold the birth of a son to the great Emperor. The son arrived in due time, a remarkable circumstance in early married life which so pleased Akbar that he not only called the lad Selim, after the Sheik, but determined to go and reside in the immediate neighbourhood of the holy man. Agra was projected and partly

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built, but that was a mere trifle in the way of an imperial whim. The capital should be at Futtehpore Sikri, and forthwith the Emperor set about building a palace for himself, one for his Christian wife, a row of palaces for his other wives, a palace for his Prime Minister, stables, a mint, a pavilion, a council chamber, and other marvellous structures, the ruins of which stand to this day attesting imperial magnificence and the genius of the native workman.

But the same personal influence that had caused the creation of the city decreed its desertion. Selim Christi discovered that the pomp and circumstance of the Court interfered with his devotions. He bore the affliction as long as possible, spreading his prayer carpet in quiet places and groaning inwardly in the spirit.

At length the crisis came. The Emperor having created this splendid and costly jewel of a town, determined to enclose it in a casket of impregnable fortifications. Then out of the fulness of his heart the holy Sheik spoke.

"My lord," he said, "twenty times has your slave made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and never amid the heat of the day, the weariness of the night, or the hunger of the morning was his soul so sorely tempted by worldly

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things as amid the distractions of this great city which the Emperor has created where yesterday was a lonely waste."

"If it be your Majesty's will," said the Emperor, "that one should go, let it, I pray you, be your slave."

And thus it was settled. The Great Mogul, worthy descendant of Timour the Tartar, invincible in war, sagacious in council, omnipotent conqueror of Hindostan, yielded to the fancy of the soiled and sainted ascetic. The word was given to move on to Agra, and the beautiful palaces, the spacious courtyards, the lofty council chambers, were quitted as promptly as if they had been furnished lodgings. The Sheik regained his solitude—the greater solitude of a deserted city—and when he died was buried here in a tomb whose floor is jasper, whose walls are marble inlaid with precious stones, whose doors are of solid ebony, and over which rises an arched canopy covered with mother-of-pearl.

A city more or less was nothing to Akbar, absolute master of a hundred million men and of all the riches of India. Having created a splendid city at Futtehpore Sikri, he determined to excel it at Agra, and succeeded. His palace with its many adjuncts remains to this day in a condition which enables a visitor

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to realize all the magnificence of the Mogul Court. It stands high on the banks of the Jumna, the buildings occupying a space of a mile and a half in circuit, surrounded by a glorious red sandstone wall sixty feet high. In Akbar's time there were outside this battlemented wall a ditch and rampart. These have disappeared; but the inner moat, thirty feet wide, still exists, and the fort is entered by the drawbridge which once resounded to the tread of Akbar's spearmen.

In a great courtyard surrounded by arcades, now used as a British arsenal, stands the judgment-seat of Akbar. In a recess in the centre of the hall is a pavilion of white marble inlaid with mosaic where the throne was placed. Below is a large white slab on which the Prime Minister of the hour (they were changed even more frequently than capitals) stood and introduced claimants for justice to the notice of the Emperor. Behind the throne are a series of chambers lighted by windows of trellis-work closely cut in marble. Through these on great occasions when Durbars were held the ladies of the Zenana used to peer forth, themselves unseen, just as ladies in the House of Commons at this day peep from their cage over the Speaker's chair.

This hall has recently been repaired by the

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Indian Government at an expenditure of eight thousand rupees. Close by is the Motel Musjid, or Gem Mosque, a gem of architecture which would be held as matchless if a mile down the river, clearly seen from the walls of the fort, the white dome of the Taj did not seem to float, a fairy thing far up in the blue sky. In this mosque, built of pure white marble, Akbar was accustomed to worship in the select company of his many wives. The Emperor, the princes of his household, his Ministers and chief men of war, spread their prayer rugs on the marble pavement, while the ladies said their prayers behind marble screens which guarded them from wanton glances.

Shah Jehan, grandson of Akbar, was half a century later provided with prolonged and exceptional opportunities of conducting his devotions in this mosque. His son Aurungzebe, having arrived at the conclusion that his father had had enough of sovereignty when he had sat on the throne for nearly a quarter of a century, shut him up in this mosque and peacefully reigned in his stead. At the back of the Hall of Justice is a corridor in which lies Akbar's marble couch, grievously shattered and clumsily mended as if it were a broken dish. But even in its decrepitude it puts to shame a gilt-backed,

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cane-seated, British lion-decked, uncomfortable monstrosity which the Nawab of Lucknow presented to the Viceroy when he held a Durbar at Agra.

The Emperor's palace remains as to its main structure in excellent preservation. But its bejewelled walls have been sadly pecked at by successive hosts of conquerors, notably including the British soldier, who seems to have had a fine eye for jasper, agate, and cornelian, and a deft hand for picking it out with the point of his bayonet.

The Indian Government with well-dispensed liberality have recently wakened up to the value of these priceless possessions and have not only taken measures to stop further depredations but have begun the work of restoration. For the last five years two hundred men have been daily employed in restoring the unsightly gaps whence the precious stones have been plundered. Under a better taskmaster than Akbar these descendants of the early artists labour, cutting out marble with bows strung with fine steel wire, shaping and polishing precious stones, and fitting them into the wall with a nicety which but for varied colour would defy discovery of the joining places.

The original carving of the pure marble,

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not being portable or saleable property, has suffered least, and there are suites of rooms containing panels some four feet high, from the rough face of which are carved in relief beautiful flowers which bend their heads with all the graceful repose of the living plant. Even beyond these in beauty are the screens, each one carved out of a solid slab in marble and looking like delicate lace-work. Sometimes a whole window is thus wrought, giving glimpses of the Jumna which washes the walls of the fort, and of the green fields that lie beyond. Often it is an open screen over a doorway, designed to promote the circulation of air which is one of the chief ends of the house-builders in India. Wherever the screens appear they are beautiful beyond possibility of reproduction by modern art, and it is well that so many remain undamaged.

In the Diwan-i-khas, or private audience-hall, is another throne of Abkar's, a slab of black marble six feet square. Like his couch, it is cracked right across. At intervals on the line of the crack are two smudged red spots, whereby hangs a tale. When the Maharattas, continuing their triumphant campaign against the Mussulmans, took Agra, the Rajah of Burtpore presumptuously seated himself on the throne of the Great Mogul;

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whereupon the shocked marble cracked and a gout of blood issued from its anguished heart. Many years later Lord Ellenborough, having conquered the conquerors of the Mogul dynasty, took his seat on the throne, when once more the sensitive marble distilled a huge drop of blood. This satisfactorily accounts for the second stain.

Across the broad courtyard is a smaller throne of white marble. Here, according to Mussulman tradition, the Emperor's fool was wont to take his seat and mimic his mighty master. It is noteworthy that the jester, with a shrewdness not incompatible with native simplicity, was careful to have his throne well outside the swing of the Emperor's scimitar.

In this part of the building is the Jessamine Tower, with bouquets of jessamine carved in relief out of massive blocks of marble. Leading out of it is a court paved with squares of black and white marble so as to form a pachisi board. Pachisi is a game something like backgammon, but in place of ivory pieces Akbar was wont to engage a number of pretty girls, who stood upon the squares and moved hither and thither at a signal from the players. In this quarter is also the Shish-mekal, a palace of glass, an Oriental bath, the marble roof and walls of

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which are decorated with thousands of bits of looking-glass. In Akbar's time the bath was served with water falling in a broad sheet into a marble basin. Behind the waterfall lamps shone. Others blazed amid the fountains, their refracted light gleaming at a thousand points where it caught the miniature mirrors.

Leading out of the Zenana apartments is a small square jealously shut in by high walls. Here the ladies of the Zenana used to chaffer with happy merchants admitted to show their wares. The garden of the Zenana is, save in respect of lack of care, much the same as it was when the imperial wives walked and gossipped under the shadow of its trees. The centre is divided by stone copings into little squares and ovals, sometimes inclosing a foot or two of earth, and again forming the boundaries of a mimic lake. Here, too, is Muchee Bhawan, where Akbar, forgetful of the cares of state and assisted by his favourite wives, whiled away the summer afternoon fishing in a tank.

Recent excavations carried on in the neighbourhood of the fort have brought to light a number of marble pillars, some broken, others whole, but all preserving the imperishable work of the early sculptor. They lie in a heap in one of the courtyards, there being

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apparently no settled scheme of dealing with them. Perhaps they might be spared for one of the London parks, as examples of the position which art had reached in India at the time Queen Elizabeth was on the throne of England.

Outside Akbar's palace, but still within the circle of the fort, is a palace built by Jehangir, Akbar's son. The passion for palace-building was so great among the Mogul emperors that the beautiful house Akbar had built would not serve his successor. He raised one for himself and to his own perpetual glory. Going back for his model to his father's earlier essay at Futtehpore Sikri, Jehangir's homestead is built of red sandstone, and has in respect of architecture nothing in common with the dainty palace of his great father. Akbar's taste was essentially Mahomedan; Jehangir, a longer settler in the conquered country, made his house a stately monument of native architecture.

Not least in interest to the English visitor are the Gates of Somnath, which find lodgment in Akbar's palace. They are of sandalwood, finely carved, with the colour deepened and enriched by age. As gates go, they are not massive, being only twelve feet high and not more than conveniently broad to be passed

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by a pair of loaded camels marching abreast. On a panel on the left doorway are three metal bosses, said to have been taken from the shield of Sultan Mahmood. It was Lord Ellenborough who lifted the Gates of Somnath into a high place in history.

"My brethren and friends," he wrote in the famous proclamation to the princes and people of India, issued at the close of the Afghan campaign of 1842, "our victorious army bears the Gates of Somnath in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmood looks upon the ruins of Ghuznee. The insult of eight hundred years is at last avenged. The Gates of the Temple of Somnath, so long the memorial of your humiliation, are become the proudest record of your national glory, the proof of your superiority in arms over the nations beyond the Indus. To you, princes and chiefs of Sirhind, of Rajivana, of Malwa, and of Guzerat, I shall commit this glorious trophy of successful war. You will yourselves with all honour transmit the gates of sandalwood through your respective territories to the restored Temple of Somnath."

This remarkable production, which reads like the effort of a schoolboy who had spent his nights and days studying the bulletins of

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Napoleon the First and Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings, met with a fate which must have astonished as much as it pained the noble author. It was greeted in England with a shout of uncontrollable laughter; the reverberation of which stopped the southward progress of the gates. The princes and chiefs of Sirhind, of Rajivana and of Malwa hustled them along through their respective territories as quietly as possible. The Prince of Guzerat conveniently ignored the proud mission.

The gates were stranded at Agra, and now find shelter in the palace of Akbar, surrounded by an iron kitchen-area railing of prim, uncompromising pattern, by which Birmingham shows what *it* can do when placed upon its metal.

As for the Temple of Somnath, it goes further to ruin without sighing for its sandal-wood gates, which in truth there is grave reason to doubt ever belonged to it.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE WONDER OF INDIA."

The tameness of the common birds in India has been nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in this crowded city. On a piece of waste ground skirting one of the main roads a flock of sirus, numbering over half a hundred, are daily accustomed to gather and discuss the occupation of Egypt, the Ilbert Bill, the alleged designs of Russia on India, and other matters of general interest. No one disturbs their consultation. No wicked boy throws stones at them, nor does any man raise gun to shoot. They have their talk out and go their way in search of whatever scraps householders may have provided for them. At the hotel many more sparrows than guests sit down to breakfast. They fly in by open doors, across bedrooms into the dining-room, walk about the floor, and sometimes alight on the tablecloth, helping themselves to crumbs.

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Every morning one particularly pert fellow flies into my bedroom, perches on the inner window-sill, and with shrill voice and mendacious detail tells me he built the Taj. This is manifestly impossible, and is confuted by well-known facts. But if contradicted he brings in two or three other fellows, who, sitting on the bed-rail, on the washstand, on my portmanteau, wherever there is clawhold, back him up with more details, creating a shrill clamour from which I am at last glad to make escape.

Before going to see the Taj, "the wonder of India," it is advisable to visit the mausoleum of Kwajee Aeeas, commonly known as the tomb of Itmud-oo-Dowlah. This would of itself be worth seeing if it stood one hundred miles distant from the Taj. But the truth is that, after beholding the Taj, nothing of the same kind is worth looking at. Nevertheless the tomb of Itmud has attractions of its own, and a history excelling in human interest that of many grander places. Kwajee Aeeas was a soldier of fortune who came from Western Tartary in the hope of finding appointment in the service of the great Emperor Akbar. In this he succeeded, but the foundation of his supreme fortunes was laid when his daughter Noor-Mahal was born. She

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grew up in matchless beauty, and lit in the breast of the heir-apparent that glowing passion the history of which is written in Moore's "Light of the Harem."

She happened to be engaged to Sheer Afgan, one of the nobles of the court, and being an exceedingly shrewd person married him. A match with the Emperor's son seemed more brilliant, but in those days it was by no means certain that an heir-apparent would reach the throne. His very claim might prove fatal to him, and if he were poisoned, strangled, or walled up, his wife would be in sore straits. Sheer Afgan, on the contrary, was in a well-established position, not too high to invite hostility and yet high enough to satisfy the reasonable expectations of Becky Sharp. When, however, Jehangir succeeded to the throne of Akbar, things were changed. Sheer Afgan was got out of the way, and his widow, otherwise inconsolable, married the Emperor.

The new Empress immediately began to provide for her relations, who at news of her advancement flocked in from Tartary. Her father she caused to be made high treasurer, and all her uncles, her cousins, and her aunts had fat places found for them about the court. Having no children by Jehangir, she concen-

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trated her attention upon the advancement of her daughter by the hapless Sheer Afgan, whom she married to a younger son of the Emperor. As a preliminary towards recovering the throne for him, she induced her husband to put out the eyes of his eldest son, Khosroo.

Khosroo's mother was naturally indignant at this. Noor-Mahal invited the lady to her apartments to talk the matter over. Walking round the courtyard she incidentally asked her visitor to look down a new well that had been dug, and gently but firmly pushed her in.

This new family bereavement moved the heart of Shah Jehan, the second son, toward his unfortunate elder brother. He went off to a quiet place in the south of India, and sent back a messenger to say he "could not endure the separation from his poor blind brother." Khosroo, touched by this sympathy, went off to his brother, who embraced him so affectionately that he strangled him.

Noor-Mahal looked upon this proceeding with approval, since it left only one life between her son-in-law and the throne. Shah Jehan must be removed, and all would be well. But Jehan, as his little comedy with his "poor blind brother" testified, was both crafty and determined. It became a game of "pull-devil, pull-baker," and Shah Jehan

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won. Coming to the throne on the death of his father, he put out the eyes of his brother Noor-Mahal's son-in-law, impartially strangled all his other blood relations, and cast into prison the dowager Empress.

Here through long years this Catharine of Hindostan ate out her lion heart, comforted only by the memory of the days when she had been first at the council board, had led the imperial troops into battle, and had caused her name to be struck on the coin issued from the imperial mint, the first and last time till the epoch of Victoria that a woman's name was so honoured in India.

Noor-Mahal, as will appear from this simple story, was a woman of strong family affection, and it was in obedience to this impulse she built this great mausoleum, Itmud-oo-Dowlah, for the entombment of her father. She sleeps by his side, life's fitful fever over, only her story left to light up a lurid page in the early history of India.

The Taj was built by Shah Jehan, apart from its architectural beauties, it is the most magnificent tribute ever raised by man to the memory of a dead wife. Jehan had married the niece of the terrible Empress Noor-Mahal. Moomtaz-ee-Mahal had inherited much of the beauty of her aunt, and

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might have developed something of her ambition and unscrupulousness. But Jehan was a stronger man than his father, and had his ideas of the proper place of woman in politics. He would not let his wife meddle with the Imperial government; but he loved her very dearly, and when she died resolved that she should have the most magnificent tomb in India. Hence the Taj, by common consent *The* tomb as distinct from all others in the world.

Like the fort, the Taj stands on the banks of the Jumna. Seen from its marble terrace the river, second in sanctity only to the Ganges, presents a strange appearace. Its wide bed is for five-sixths of its extent dry land, the enfeebled current running through a narrow channel on the other side. Under the walls of the Taj a great field of wheat is growing among the gray sandbanks in the very middle of the river bed. When the rains come in June the newly born river will rush downward in a mighty stream, washing high up the walls of the Taj, and the cornfield will lie some fathoms deep. In the meanwhile the harvest will be garnered in, and when next autumn the river dries up again, a rich bed will be ready to receive the sowing for a new harvest. I suppose there is no other

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instance of a river so rich in gifts as this—to give fish at its flood and corn at its ebb.

Like the minarets at Benares, the Taj dominates the city. Its white domes are seen almost from every point of view. It is approached through a magnificent gateway built of red sandstone elaborately carved and eloquent with sentences from the Koran. At the end of an avenue of dark cypress trees the Taj reveals itself. It is built of white marble raised upon a platform of red sandstone, the marble as purely white to-day as when it was polished. The building realizes to a great extent the structure of the New Jerusalem, which John in his dream at Patmos beheld, when the first heaven and the first earth had passed away—the great city whose "foundations were garnished with all manner of precious stones," the first a jasper and the twelfth an amethyst.

The uttermost ends of the earth were put under tribute to furnish building materials to the Taj. Jeypor sent white marble. The rare yellow marble came from the banks of the Nerbudda, and the black from Charkoh. China contributed the crystal; the Punjaub sent jasper, the cornelian came from Bagdad; turquoises from Thibet, and agate from Yeman. Ceylon loaded the Emperor's com-

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missioners with lapis lazuli; the Red Sea was dragged for coral; Bundelkund sent garnets; Punnah produced its diamonds; Nerbudda sent rock spar; Marcheen yielded its famous philosopher's stone; Gwalior paid tribute in loadstone, Villait in chalcedony, Lunka in sapphires; whilst Persia presented onyx and amethyst to her powerful neighbour.

This rare wealth of precious stones is disposed over the marble with infinite skill and artistic taste. Where the marble ends and the inlaying begins is to be told only by the varied colour. Happily the Taj has escaped the fate of the palaces within the fort. The British soldier, flushed with victory and animated by extra rations of grog and new-born love of art, has not come poking round the walls with point of bayonet; nor has the Jat swooped down on the place, nor the Maharatta overrun it. It is as perfect as when Noor-Jehan was laid here, and, looking upon its perfectness, Shah Jehan conceived the notion of building a similar mausoleum on the other side of the river, connecting the two by a silver bridge.

The grave of the beautiful Noor-Jehan is dug in a vault underneath the level floor by which access is obtained to the cenotaph. A flight of marble steps leads to the solemn

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gloom of the chamber, the light falling like dim break of day full on the end of the tomb bearing the inscription of the Empress's name. This is the crowning beauty of the idea of the immortal architect—the chamber all gloom, and only the name of the dead wife illumined by the soft daylight struggling down the staircase.

Whilst we were enjoying the beauty of the inlaid work, easily enough distinguished when the eye grows accustomed to the half light of the chamber, there came bustling down the steps an anna-touting intruder with a lantern, whose vulgar farthing light he shed upon the inscription of the tomb and proposed to carry round the chamber so that we might rub our noses against the masterpieces of the nameless artists. He was a Sepoy, and I confess to finding it difficult to repress the wish that he had died during the mutiny. He and a worthy colleague with another lantern were fluttering round the upper chamber when we arrived, pestering visitors to note this and that, to be seen only with their lantern, and taking all the graciousness out of the place. The authorities, who take such infinite care of the Taj, should confer a last favour upon the public by having these obnoxious pests removed.

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Shah Jehan never began his mausoleum on the other side of the river, wanting too early a tomb for himself. He was laid by the side of his lost bride, the tomb being magnificent enough even for emperor. It stands on the left-hand side, leaving Noor-Jehan's undisturbed in the centre, and bears an inscription, of which the following is a rough translation:—

"The Magnificent Tomb of the King, Inhabitant of the two Heavens, Ridevun and Khool; the Most Sublime Sitter on the throne in the starry heavens, dweller in Paradise, Shah Jehan Badshah Gazee. Peace to his remains, Heaven is for him. His death took place the 26th day of Rujub, in the year 1076 of the Hijree (A.D. 1665). From this transitory world eternity has marched him off to the next."

Each grave is covered by an immense block of marble exquisitely inlaid. A marble screen carved so delicately that it looks like a web of lace-work encircles the cenotaphs that stand in the centre of the marble hall above the vault. The walls of this larger chamber are inlaid to the roof, which rises in a dome over the cenotaphs. This marble dome possesses amidst other beauties the most melodious echo ever heard. A single

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note sung below it is repeated as if by an angelic choir, dying away in the faintest far-off trill.

The building of the Taj occupied twenty thousand workmen twenty-two years, and cost three millions sterling, even in the age when there were no trades unions and no possibility of strikes. Some details are preserved in a Persian manuscript of contemporary date. The yellow marble cost £4 per square yard; the black marble cost £9; the crystal £57; the lapis lazuli £115. Whatever might have been the wages of the workmen, the masters of art were paid on an imperial scale considering the value of money at that date. The overseer was paid at the rate of £100 a month, a similar wage being allotted to the chief illuminator and the master mason.

It is perhaps interesting to add that the platform of red sandstone on which the Taj stands measures 964 by 329 feet; that the terrace of white marble built on this platform and from which the beautiful structure rises is 313 feet square; that the roof is uplifted 70 feet from the terrace; that the dome—70 feet in diameter—is 120 feet high; and that the gilt crescent which surmounts the dome is 260 feet from the ground. The perfection of the architect's art is told in the fact that

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one looking upon the building does not think whether it is large or small or of any geometrical shape. It is simply perfect, something to be seen not once but a hundred times in all the varied aspects of weather and hour. It is a chameleon among architectural works. In the early morning whilst dawn is breaking it seems coloured a light blue. Rose-tinted beneath the rising sun, dazzling white at noon-tide, violet colour before an impending storm, crimson at sunset, pearly white under the moonlight, always a thing of beauty, a joy for ever.

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CHAPTER XIX.

DELHI.

WAITING for the train at Agra, hanging with Hindoos and Moslems on the bridge, I saw a sight doubtless familiar enough in this ancient stronghold of the Mahomedan faith, but fresh and marvellous to Western eyes. As the train drew up there poured from it the incessant stream of third-class passengers which, coming and going, is the fount of the wealth of Indian railways. When the stream began to fail, four men, carrying two kangos chairs, approached the end compartment of a third-class carriage, out of which was projected the head of a grim old man, becomingly attired in white turban and flowing robe of bright pea-green. The old gentleman got out when the coolies came up, and a great white sheet was produced. This was carefully elevated so as to touch the top of the carriage, the lower end draping the chairs and hiding

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them from view. The old gentleman, who had been hovering around the group cackling like an old hen whose chickens were giving her trouble, now disappeared behind the sheet, which was violently agitated from within.

There was certainly some one there, and underneath the lowest fold of the sheet I caught sight of a bare foot which was a great deal too small to belong to the old gentleman. After the space of a moment the sheet was withdrawn, and presto! there was no one there but the old gentleman, looking heated and flurried. Whilst I was watching this native conjurer, the coolies picked up the two kangos, which were jealously closed in with red cloth, and rapidly moved off, the old gentleman hitching up his pea-green gown and hobbling after them, the furrows on his face visibly deepening as he made his way through the crowd, his eyes fixed upon the coolies and their presumably precious burdens. When he had seen them clear out of the station, the indefatigable old gentleman trotted back to the carriage, and, getting in, shut the door after him.

The compartment was hidden from the view of other occupants of the carriage by means of a black cloth fastened across the open iron-work that divides third-class

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carriages on the Indian railways. But I caught a glimpse of him from the outside, and noticed that he seemed to be occupied in making up a parcel of clothing. He had one of the large bed-quilts without which no native travels in this winter weather, and was hurriedly tying it around something. He opened the door and the bed-clothes began to move, clumsily making the descent from the carriage to the platform. Then it was clear enough that the bundle was a woman—possibly a young woman, certainly not a small one.

With the bed-quilt pulled over her face and her body bent nearly double, she ambled off by the side of the old gentleman, disappearing up the staircase, where doubtless a kango awaited her. In the haste of covering her up, too much of the bed-quilt had been appropriated to her head, and as she bent forward there was disclosed a vista of loosely made trousers draggling down to the heel. I wish the old gentleman could have been made aware of this. I should like to have seen his expressive countenance when he made the discovery. But he was too much occupied in getting a third wife out of a crowded station and went on a little ahead, all unknowing.

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Delhi is a striking illustration of the passion for building which possessed the Mogul emperors. There is one Delhi, too well known to the British nation, who in 1857 watched with bated breath the movements of the little band of 8000 men who made believe to be besieging the town with its army of 30,000 rebels armed and desperate. But known to history there is not one Delhi but forty-five square miles of Delhis. The advantages of the site on which the present city stands were always clear to the old city builders. But, sometimes because Delhi had been rooted up by an invader, even oftener because the reigning emperor desired to associate his own name with the city, Delhi was always being rebuilt somewhere within a square of forty-five miles.

The present city was built by Shah Jehan about the middle of the seventeenth century. Five and a half miles are enclosed within its ramparts of red granite, battlemented and turreted. It has twelve gates, the name of one, the Cashmere Gate, being imperishable as long as English history shall be told. Of the ancient Delhis there remain only ruins, the best known surrounding the Kootub Minar, the loftiest column in the world. At the present time it stands 240 feet high,

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tapering from a base of fifty feet in diameter to a summit of thirteen feet. When first built it stood sixty feet higher. Its form is peculiar being divided by heavy balconies into seven stories, the first three being of red sandstone and the last two of white marble. Six bands carrying inscriptions encircle the basement story of the tower. Some of them contain passages from the Koran, others hymn the praises of successive sultans who built the tower or from time to time repaired it.

Like Agra, Delhi has its fort enclosing the palace of the emperor. It extends for a mile along the bank of the Jumna and is a mile and a half in circuit. On the three sides facing the town there rises a wall of red sandstone forty feet high, flanked with turrets and cupolas. The palace has suffered more grievously than those at Agra. Shah Jehan made the place too tempting for the times in which he lived.

"Ach Gott," Blucher whispered as he looked round upon London, driven through it an honoured guest after the peace which followed on Waterloo, "what a place to loot!"

The thoughts of neighbouring kings turned with equal tenderness toward Delhi when they heard of the treasures with which Shah

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Jehan had loaded it. There was the Peacock Throne, six feet long and four feet broad, of solid gold inlaid with precious stones. Twelve pillars of gold supported the canopy, wrought of the same precious metal and trimmed with a deep fringe of pearls. On each side of the throne stood two umbrellas, beside which King Coffee's sunshade was a worthless rag. Shah Jehan's umbrellas, symbols of his imperial state, were made of crimson velvet, royally embroidered with gold thread and pearls, with handles eight feet long of solid gold flashing with diamonds. In the rainy season a stout seven-and-sixpenny gingham would have been of more use.

But these umbrellas had attractions of their own which proved irresistible to the Persian Nadir Shah, who swooped down on Delhi, rolled up the umbrellas, and took them off to Teheran, together with the Peacock Throne, with its back cunningly wrought in jewels so as to represent an outspread peacock's tail. The throne itself, not to mention the umbrellas, was worth six millions sterling to the Persian. He was so well satisfied that he did not too carefully strip the palace, and when in later years the Maharattas took their turn, they found, amongst other things, the silver filigree ceiling of the throne-room, which they

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melted down into a block of silver worth £170,000.

Of these barbaric splendours there is scarcely any trace left. Of the Peacock's Throne there remains only the marble block on which its glories were uplifted. The audience chamber, a square marble pavilion, was transformed into a ball-room when the Prince of Wales visited Delhi, and fountains plashed, flowers bloomed, and gay company gathered as they had been wont to do in the time of Shah Jehan. But that was an accidental and unrepeated reflection of glories dead and gone. Leading out of the hall is a fine room with a balcony, on which Aurungzebe was wont to take his pipe and his ease, and watch the elephants fight on the bank of the Jumna which runs below.

Here also is the Zenana, used as the mess-room of the 12th after Delhi was stormed. There is an underground passage of plain stone steps, by which the last King of Delhi, an Indian "Mr. Smith" without the umbrella, fled when the Cashmere Gate was blown in. Less fortunate than Louis Philippe, Bahadur Shah was caught by Major Hodson when he had got as far as the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, and sent a prisoner to Rangoon.

The Turkish bath is not the least beautiful

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structure in the palace. The walls are charmingly inlaid, the pavement being formed of plaques of plain marble, the joinings so skilfully hidden with inlaying of bloodstone, black marble and yellow, that the floor seems one massive block. In 1857, after the storming of Delhi, the palace was used as barracks for the British soldier, who, having leisure and bayonet-points ready, pursued that search for the beautiful alluded to at Agra and elsewhere. So diligent was the pursuit, and so indiscriminate the choice, that wide spaces of wall have been reduced to patch-work, great gaps showing where precious stones had shone. The ceilings have been whitewashed, doubtless during the occupation of the place as a barrack; but here and there glimpses of the old paint and gilding are caught.

One specialty about the palace is the occasional plaques of marble, so thin that the sunlight suffuses it from without, as if it were horn. Another is the mosaic in precious stones, representing flowers, fruits, birds, and beasts. This decoration was lavished on the hall of public audience, where sat the Mogul kings in the days of their greatness. This spot was greatly affected by that free-handed patron of art, the British soldier, and when he marched out of Delhi, after saving the

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empire, the walls of the audience chamber looked as if they were recovering from a severe attack of smallpox. This hall is now being repaired. The throne on which the kings of Delhi sat whilst giving public audience faces an open court looking out upon what is now a tree-grown park, but was at the time of the mutiny crowded with native houses, spread out at the feet of the monarch, as was the custom wherever a palace was reared.

The panels of marble covering the block on which the throne rests are amongst the finest carvings I have seen. Each carries alternately a lily and a sunflower of great growth and exquisite grace. The big heads droop as naturally as if they grew in garden mould, instead of sprouting in adamantine marble. An ugly iron railing of the kitchen-area order surrounds the base of the throne.

"Why is it padlocked?" I asked the guide.

"The canteen's close by," he explained; "British soldier gets wines, then when tight comes and smashes stones."

The authorities check this misdirected energy by means of lofty railings, and the soldier, if he feels like smashing things after "getting wines," must needs knock his knuckles against the iron bars. With a fine disregard of historical and art associations, one

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barrack canteen is really situated close by the throne, and beer-stained tables are spread where Moslems used to hold forth their hands to Mogul majesty.

The canteen displays a sort of time-table, so curious that I took a copy. It runs thus, the lines being set forth after the fashion of a railway time-table: "Extra beer, 8 till 9 a.m. Dinner beer, 12 to 12.45. First half-dram, 4.30 to 5.30. Extra beer, 5.30 to 6.30. Evening beer, 6.30 to 7.30. Second half-dram, 7.45 to 8.14."

Thus is the British soldier's day portioned out by a kind of beery dial-face. At 8 o'clock his day begins, with the possibility of extra beer, and at 8.14 sharp it closes. Night and dulness fall illumined only by the reflection that half a dram is better than no drink.

Across the greensward, within view of the throne, is a venerable peepul tree, which, like others of its kind, was selected during the mutiny as the scene of an infamous act. Here fifty-three English women and children were put to the sword, with old Bahadur Shah, last and most impotent of the Mogul emperors, sitting on his jewelled throne and congratulating himself upon the return of the olden times when he was something more than a shadowy monarch surrounded by a mock

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court. A little later another peepul tree, a larger one in the centre of the city, near the police court, bore fruit of another kind. Here, after the city was stormed, 250 mutineers, taken with arms in their hands, were strung up by the neck, half a dozen on a bough, till the stalwart tree bent under the weight of this unwonted harvest.

Not far from the palace is the Juma Musjid, counted the most beautiful mosque in India. It stands in a court 450 feet square, paved with red stone, and approached by handsome gates of sandstone. In the centre is a marble basin full of water, in which the pious Moslem laves his feet before entering the holy place. The mosque is of immense size, surmounted by three cupolas of white marble, each crowned with spires of copper richly gilt. Two minarets, 130 feet high, flank it on either side. From these a splendid view is obtained of Delhi and of the ruins which for miles around mark the site of the earlier cities. The interior of the mosque is paved with slabs of white marble, each decorated with a black border. Some 1800 worshippers kneel at prayer here, and in the palmy days of Mahomedanism 50,000 more stood outside and joined in the service.

There is to this day on the top of the

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flight of steps leading into the courtyard and immediately facing the Kibla and Mecca, a watch-tower, on which two mullahs stood and signalled to the mighty multitude outside the progress of the service. A hand uplifted, and the great congregation knew, though they could neither see nor hear, that the priest was reading; both hands raised, and they fell upon their knees with heads bowed to the ground, knowing that the priest was praying. There are still sufficient Moslems in Delhi to form a congregation for the mosque on Fridays, but the multitude in the courtyard has passed out, never to return.

In place of this magnificent and imposing demonstration Moslemism has now nothing to show but a few relics kept in a hut in a corner of the courtyard, and producible for the inspection of the unbeliever upon the jingling of the invincible anna. As usual, there are two men in charge of the show, one who displays the wares, and the other who stands by doing nothing, and asks for backsheesh after the first has been paid. The old Mussulman, diving into the recesses of the hut, produces a copy of the Koran, which he affirms is 1300 years old, and which he handles with a lack of reverence that sets the unbeliever at his ease. The precious volume is contained

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in a shabby green velvet box, much the worse for constant handling. There is in another equally shabby box of tawdry green velvet a portion of the Koran writ by the hand of Mahomet's grandson. King Tamerlane, the showman says, brought these precious things from Medina.

Even of more absorbing interest is a red hair shown under glass in a mean little tin box, and looking at first sight like a cutting of stout thread. This is a hair from the beard of Mahomet, miraculously preserved through all these centuries. In another box is a stone with four very decided toe marks. This is the impress of Mahomet's foot. Looking at this bit of marble, and its deep imprint gravely held out to view by the hoary Mussulman in charge, it is borne in upon one that the Prophet was not a man in whose way it would be safe to stand. The hut in which these relics are kept is something like the dark room of a photographer, a similitude strengthened by the hasty manner in which the old Mussulman dives in, brings a relic out to the daylight, and when it has been duly examined, disappears in search of a second one.

On a rail in front of the shed were tied bits of string and scraps of red and blue rag.

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These, it was explained, were the mementoes of pilgrims who had brought to the feet of the Prophet special petitions. In the event of their being granted, the faithful Moslem returned, took away his rag, leaving a flower for the Prophet, and a few coppers for the keeper of the Prophet's hair and toe-marks—a practice singularly akin to that noted at the temple of Nikko, where men and women brought petitions to Buddha written on scraps of paper, which they left on a string before his altar. As in Japan, I noted that there was an accumulation of these scraps, showing a gathering store of unfulfilled desire.

The Cashmere Gate still stands, its walls broken with cannon ball, and a tablet recording the names of the six English and five natives who blew it up. Through its shattered framework Nicholson led the storming party, and it is easy to trace his way through the narrow streets in which fighting hand to hand with the mutineers, and falling in scores under the fire poured upon them from windows and roofs of houses, the little band made its way. Their object was to reach the Cabul Gate, where a rebel battery still harassed the besiegers. The young general, a conspicuous object on horseback, rode sword in hand at the head of his men, and had

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driven the rebels a few paces past the entry to the troublesome battery when a shot, fired from a mosque hard by, brought him down. The mosque has been angrily demolished, but a plain tablet let into the city wall marks the place where the hero fell. Nicholson sleeps in a shady cemetery overlooking the city where he completed his deathless fame, and where he fell in the hour of victory and in the earliest prime of manhood.

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CHAPTER XX.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

JEYPORE is perhaps the prettiest town in India, as its men are certainly the handsomest. There is none of the manifold races of India, not excepting the Sikhs, which has a prouder history than the Rajputs. They date their ancestry back to the Sun god, the Hindoo Apollo, whose ideal type of manly beauty is well preserved in his descendants of to-day. To be six feet high is the normal condition of manhood in Jeypore, and it would not be difficult for the Rajah, if he were so minded, to have a body-guard of giants averaging six feet four. The Rajputs have always been soldiers from the time they came down, a Scythian horde, and swarmed over the Himalayas to take possession of the fertile plains. They were ever a thorn in the side of the Mogul conquerors. Akbar, attracted by their chivalry, made friends with

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them, and they gladly did battle for him; but they were always at war with the proselytizing, meddlesome Auranzeb, and took their full share in bringing about the dismemberment of the Mogul Empire.

Whilst the great majority of the native states of India have been merged in the British Empire, Rajputana still maintains a kind of complimentary independence, and lodges its sovereign prince in royal state at Jeypore. Though there is no more fighting to be done, Afghans, Persians, Moslems, and Maharattas all being gathered into the British fold where the lion lies down with the lamb, the Rajput still carries his sword. Driving about the outskirts of Jeypore we did not find a single man unarmed. The common labourers, weighed down with burdens they carried to and from the city, always found a loose hand for their sword, a good serviceable weapon, with a small hilt capable of being firmly gripped. They were not content to sling the sword to their belt, but carried it in their hand as if peradventure an enemy lurked at the next turning.

Jeypore stands upon a plain surrounded by hills, grateful to the eyes wearied with the level stretch of country from Benares to Delhi. The streets are unusually wide, and

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full of life and colour. Strange to say, the women are not handsome above the average, the type of beauty being retained only in the male line; but they are graceful in figure, and delight in gay colours. As elsewhere in India, daily life is carried on out of doors, the broad long streets lending fuller effect to the picturesque scene. Jeypore is a great agricultural centre, and along the pavement are strewn heaps of grain of beautiful colours, from soft greens to golden yellows. It is not likely that they were spread there with æsthetic purpose; but nobody seemed to buy, and they made a rarely beautiful street decoration.

Dyeing is a great business in Jeypore. The cloths—orange, rose colour, pale green, yellow, and deep crimson — are of course dried out of doors. As they come from the dyer's hands, the womenkind of the family take them up, spread them out at full length, and wave them hither and thither in the summer air to dry. Glancing down the street and seeing a dozen groups thus engaged, it looks like some graceful scarf dance which the women are engaged in, out of sheer idleness, love of bright colours, and of langrous movement. Through the throng in the broad streets glide troups of camels, of a much finer breed than we have been accus-

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tomed to see. They move forward with head well up, lower lip dropped, and eyes cast down under half-closed lids, imparting to their visage a comical "don't-know-yah" air. Camels do the principal porterage of Jeypore, but there are also in use a remarkably fine breed of oxen, standing fully sixteen hands high.

Former Mahomedan supremacy has left its trace in the considerable sprinkling of Moslem women to be met with in the streets. These are recognizable by their dress, the principal article of which is a pair of trousers, tight from knee to ankle, but otherwise loosely made, superinducing an uneasy feeling that they are gradually coming down. The Rajput women of Hindoo faith dress much more than their sisters in Bombay. In that populous city the garb of the women is based on the model of Miss Nelly Farren's favourite costume in Gaiety burlesque. A strip of cloth wound round the waist, and probably reaching the feet when hanging loose, is caught up between the legs and fastened in waistband at the back, leaving the swarthy limbs exposed downward from above the knee. The dress is, indeed, much the same as the coolies wear, and is contrived in the same dexterous fashion out of a single straight

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length of cloth. The Rajput women wear full petticoats coming down to their ankles, affording endless opportunity for display of colour. They sit on the pavement, weaving cloth with a simple wheel and a little basket aglow with the colour of many threads. One of the commonest sights is two women grinding at a mill, "as they were in the days of Noe, and so shall be at the coming of the Son of Man," when "one shall be taken and the other left."

The palace of the Maharajah is situated upon the outskirts of the town farthest removed from the railway. It is a poor place, a kind of Lowther Arcade furnished from Tottenham Court Road. Of late years the Maharajah has built his soul a lordly dwelling-place, which is, if possible, worse than the older wing. It is a lofty white building, all bay windows and balconies, apparently built in emulation of a modern hotel at Margate-on-the-Sea. There is nothing in India more pitiful than these ill-disciplined endeavours of historic princes to graft European furniture upon oriental life. The place swarms with retainers, who parcel out visitors among themselves in too ingenious fashion. One solemnly conducts the visitor to the billiard-room. Fancy visiting the home of the lineal descendant of

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the Sun god to be shown a billiard-room, with cues, markers, shaded lights, and benches round the walls as may be found and enjoyed in an English hotel! Having steeped his soul in barbaric splendour of the slate table, and shaded his eyes from the oriental glamour of the cues, the stranger is handed over to another attendant, who takes him to a reception room with furniture (Tottenham Court Road) massed in the centre as if there had been a ball yesterday, or were to be one to-night. There was a third attendant whose special preserve was a drawing-room, with Axminster carpets on the floor, glass chandeliers pendant from the ceiling, a marble consol-table, some bow-legged chairs, and many mirrors. I looked in at the door, turned and fled, with the three attendants after me, each demanding backsheesh.

Passing through a courtyard I saw a group of men squatted on the pavement, who broke the horrid nightmare, and relieved the place from the aspersion of an ambitiously genteel furnished lodging-house. All wore flowing robes, crowned with turbans of many colours. They were playing a game something like draughts, except that the chessboard, made of embroidered cloth, was shaped like a Maltese cross. Four men played, a dozen looked on.

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Before a player made a move he threw over one limb of the cross three oblong-shaped dice. I could not get any inkling of the game, but an essential part of it evidently was that each time the dice was thrown the assembled company, players and spectators, must proceed to conduct themselves as if murder were imminent. Faces grew black as thunder; eyes flashed under beetling turbans; frantic gesticulations were made with both hands; and everybody shouted at the top of his voice. The storm ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and amid dead silence the man who had thrown the dice moved one of the counters on the cloth. Then the next man took up the dice, threw them over a limb of the cross, and once more murder was the matter. This alternation of riot and silence proceeded with unvaried regularity during the ten minutes I stood and watched; but nobody was killed. The outbreaks prolonged the game, but added zest.

Jeypore, like Delhi, has its half-ruined and deserted palaces. In earlier days, when the Rajputs were always on the war-path, their sovereign lived in a half palace, half fortress, perched on a rock some six miles out of the present capital. Amber (pronounced *am-beer*) is to be approached with convenience

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only on an elephant, the hill on which it stands being too steep for carriage traffic. The Maharajah courteously placed an elephant at our disposal, the rendezvous being fixed for a spot four miles out of the town where the steep ascent begins.

Driving through the town evidence of the lofty scorn of the Rajput for the so-called triumphs of civilization was amusingly displayed. On a wall some local artist had drawn, nearly life-size, an animated group. In the near foreground was an express train running at full speed. In the air overhead (perspective not having entered into the study of the artist) was an elephant, with four men in the howdah. The elephant was pacing along *vent-à-terre*, and was easily beating the express train. "Elephant first, the rest nowhere" was the motto, unwritten but expressed, of this spirited drawing.

It was in this street that, later in the day, I came upon an artist in sweetmeats. He was modelling out of a kind of toffy various figures, chiefly native; but he had gone further afield and produced an Englishman, unmistakably recognizable by the bottle held in his right hand, a pipe in his left, and a maudling look on his face. The way to Amber, after we had passed through the broad streets set at right

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angles like an American town, lay along sandy roads, cactus-bordered and for the most part under the shadow of great trees. On the right was a range of hills crowned with white-walled castles. We met processions of women walking into the town carrying on their heads loads of fuel, composed chiefly of dung, which would have been better disposed of if dug into the land. It is their poverty, not their will, consents. Fuel is scarce and dear, and this artificial compost serves its purpose. We saw on the hill-side men and women engaged in its preparation, spreading it out to dry in the sun.

We passed our elephant on the way from the palace grunting discontentedly at this necessity for turning out in broiling midday to compliment the foreigner. Further acquaintance confirmed the opinion of his strong individuality. He knelt down at the signal from his driver, and we climbed up on his back by a ladder. There was no partially enclosed and canopied howdah as is represented in popular pictures of elephant-riding, only a kind of pack saddle, whereon we sat sideways, with feet dangling down and full opportunity of slipping off. This is the usual way of riding in this district, the elephant furnishing the "outside car" of India. Our elephant was rather artistically got up, both

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his forehead and the enormous flaps of his ears being painted in blue and red patterns. The motion was by no means pleasant under the hot sun. There was never any mistake when he put his foot down. I found that, to begin with, half an hour of an elephant is enough. But our journey there and back involved a ride of an hour and a half.

The elephant had brought with him a copious supply of water which he tanked somewhere in his stupendous chops. Every ten minutes, or oftener if he met a camel, he inserted his trunk in the reservoir and brought out about a gallon of water, with which, waving his trunk to and fro, he splashed his chest and the front of his fore legs, a refreshing gust of spray rising up for the delectation of his "fare." We met many camels, which involved lavish draughts on the reservoir; but it was equal to the calls upon it, and certainly lasted all the way back. The camels were terribly afraid of the monster, the supreme "don't-know-yah" air with which they passed through the town, being changed at sight of the elephant for one that may be described as "rather-not-know-yah." They invariably halted and cringed up to the hedge at the side of the road, as Hindoos fresh from bathing in the Ganges flatten themselves against the wall when a Christian passes.

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Some of them sobbed in their fright. As for the elephant, he vastly enjoyed himself, grunting with terrible import and emptying his tank with increased energy as the camels' knees shook and their piteous sighs broke forth. I believe it was all a joke, and that he liked to frighten them, enjoying the spectacle of their abject terror. The driver sat astride the elephant's neck, armed with a kind of kitchen poker, hooked at one end, pointed at the other. When the elephant became too demonstrative this poker was brought down on his skull with resounding whack.

"Did a leaf fall?" Thor murmured, drowsily turning over on his side when the earthly giant, catching the god asleep, smote him on the forehead with a bludgeon wielded with all his strength.

When the kitchen poker came down on the elephant's skull his snorting and watering were interrupted by a moment of reflection. He seemed to come to the conclusion that a twig had fallen on his head, of itself not much, but it might presage the tumbling of a whole branch. He therefore concluded to be quiet and watch. But as certain as a camel appeared his propensity for practical joking overcame his caution. There was more grunting, a fresh shower, renewed terror among the

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camels, then more kitchen poker, and the reascendancy of caution.

After climbing some distance over a hilly road, sometimes provokingly dropped down on the other side of a crest, we came to the outskirts of the deserted city, the Futtipore Sikri of the Rajahs of Jeypore. The houses are for the most part lofty and commodious, rather palaces than hovels. They are partly inhabited by families who do not seem of the class able to pay rent. It is a steep climb to the castle, through narrow tortuous streets, overshadowed by peepul trees, from the boughs of which monkeys jabbered at us as we passed. There is nothing specially beautiful about the palace except its situation. It stands on a crest, girdled with ruin-crowned hills. From the terrace there is a view, through a gap, showing a far-away plain, all yellow in the sunlight. Within, the principal treasures are a fine pair of brass gates, some brass-bound oak doors, and some good carving of marble. But Amber should certainly be visited before Agra.

When we came down into the court-yard to remount our steed, we discovered him under the shade of a mighty peepul tree, such as that under which Buddha sat and endured the pangs of his spiritual second birth. The

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driver giving him the signal to advance, he suddenly uplifted his trunk, wound it round a stout bough of the tree, and tore it off as if it were a leaf. Down came the kitchen poker, but the elephant would move only at his own pace, which was encumbered by the necessity of holding the bough under his foot whilst he tore off with his trunk the succulent green leaves.

We accomplished the return journey in safety, and bade farewell to the elephant at the point where the carriage was waiting to take us back to Jeypore. As he ponderously moved off, there was something in the back view of his hind legs irresistibly reminiscent of Major O'Gorman, once member for Waterford, walking out of the House of Commons to vote against the Government.

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CHAPTER XXI.

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

It was close upon midnight when we reached Ajmere, the last halting stage on the return journey to Bombay. It was some consolation to know that the dak bungalow, where we were to stay, was just over the way from the station. These dak bungalows are an institution peculiar to a condition of things rapidly passing away in India. They are, in their way, identical with the refuges sprinkled over the bleak passes of the Alps. The structure is created by the Government, who, at more frequented stations, place a khansamah, or caterer, who supplies food at charges subject to the supervision of the district committee. In out-of-the-way places the dak bungalow is simply a shed, as comfortless as any in Alpine passes.

It had not hitherto come in our way to stop at a dak bungalow, and hearing that there

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was an exceptionally good one at Ajmere, we decided to go there. The room into which we were shown was plain, but sufficiently comfortable for a traveller's rest. The lofty walls were recently whitewashed; there was a spacious bath-room, and the bedroom was furnished with a few chairs, a table, and a small truckle bed in the corner. There were neither sheets, blankets, nor quilt on the bed; but the man, who had disappeared after showing us into the room, had doubtless gone in search of them.

After waiting a reasonable time I went to hurry him up, and made the pleasing discovery that sheets, blankets, and counterpanes do not enter into the domestic economy of a dak bungalow. We had omitted in packing up for our journey to put in a feather bed, a blanket or two, and a change of sheets, and the prospect for the night was not attractive. It was varied by the appearance on the scene of a boisterous Briton, a fellow-lodger, who, hearing of our dilemna, literally broke into the room, dragging his bed-clothes with him, and insisting upon our accepting the loan. I weakly protested; but he stormed so, declaring in typhoonic manner that he "could not lie in his bed and know that a lady was without sheets," that there was no help for it. The

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matter settled by his insistance, he left his bed-clothes and disappeared down the passage like a gale of wind blowing itself out to the southward.

Ajmere is not one of the show-places of India, lying out of the hurly-burly of trade, and having nothing well advertised in the way of tombs and temples; but it is, in its quiet way, a singularly interesting exemplar of native life. Moreover, it has its Hindoo temple and its Moslem mosque, both of hoar antiquity. The temple is known to the Hindoos as Arai-din-ka-jhopra, which, being translated, means "the work of two days and a half." The story is that the king, one of the old Rajahs of Rajputana, projecting a journey to his residence on a hill overlooking the town, gave orders for the building of a temple, mentioning by the way that he would be back on the third day, and that he expected to find the work complete. He went off, returned in sixty hours, and the temple was ready for service.

This fact, strange in itself, becomes even more amazing reflected upon among the ruins of the temple, and taking note of the enormous labour that must have been expended on its construction. There remain now only the brick wall and the roof, supported by red

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sandstone pillars. These are exquisitely and elaborately carved. Some recent excavations, accidentally conducted, have brought to light a number of slabs of stone covered with inscriptions, which, as far as I could gather from inquiries on the spot, no one has attempted to decipher.

In the main street stands the mosque, in much better preservation and in daily use by the faithful, who form a considerable proportion of the population of Ajmere. The mosque was founded in the early days of the Mogul Empire, by Khaja Synd, the first missionary to the heathen Hindoo of Ajmere. We have visited many mosques in India without let or hindrance, and were taken aback when, on proposing to enter this building, a Mussulman, with ferocious beard and imaginary scimitar in his hand, waved us back.

The barber is one of the luxuries of European residence or travel in India. He is innumerable and ubiquitous. On arrival at a station after an all-night journey he is sure to be waiting, and will enter the carriage and shave you without troubling you to move from your seat. At the hotels he knocks timidly at the door as soon as he conceives time has been allowed for the consumption of chota hazree, will patiently wait half an hour or

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an hour, and thankfully takes his threepence, conscious that it is eight times as much as he would get from a native, whilst Sahib is not exigeant in the matter of nostrils and ears, and would even be angry if he laid waste a square inch or so on the crown of his head.

It was curious, as we strolled about, to find the dogs barking at us. One suddenly coming upon us would stand and gaze for a moment, marvelling at the strange thing, and then, first observing the precaution of sidling out of the way, begin to bark. Others coming out to see what was the matter, and being equally disturbed in their mind, took up the cry till matters began to grow exciting. We came upon a shoemaker sitting full in the sun by the dusty roadside with the forlornest agglomeration of wrecked boots and shoes ever seen off a dust-heap. He was gazing upon the mouldy mass of soleless uppers and earthquake-rent soles, a picture of despondency. A possible customer coming along, he brightened up, and in a long and animated speech appeared to be demonstrating that, though eccentric in appearance, these were the kind of shoes which, with judicious mending, were warranted to carry a man on to fortune.

Boot-making and boot-mending, a poor

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trade generally throughout India, is brisker in Ajmere, where the men are much more given to wearing boots than is the rule. Women here, as elsewhere, invariably go barefooted. Shoes used by a native must necessarily be a size too large, since their career is a constant alternation of slipping off and shuffling on. No native enters a room or shop with his shoes on.

Driving out to the gardens we came upon a gang of road-makers. The process of mending the Ajmere roads is peculiar. A strip about six feet wide is formed in the centre with a mixture of hard clay and gravel. When it is level it is beaten down, and makes an admirable road for light traffic. The outer edges get whatever may be left. A gang of ten men were beating the road with rammers. They stood in double line, five facing five, one line retiring and the other advancing. As they moved they chanted in quick time a refrain which, phonetically rendered, reads, "Sydly-hum, Sydly-hum," the rammers being brought down altogether at the "hum." Women brought in baskets, carried on their heads, the road material, which they flung down as it was wanted. One woman, doing her full share under the hot sun, carried a lusty one-year-old boy on her hip. This is a

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marked distinction between Japan and India. While in the former country babies are always carried on the back, in India they are invariably borne astride the hip.

Women work hard in Ajmere. By the dak bungalow I saw a file of a dozen, chiefly young girls, uplifted high on an unfinished house, busily engaged in bricklaying. The drawing and carrying of water is an important item in the day's work. In most towns water is supplied in frequent wells approachable from the street level. At Ajmere the daily store of water is found in a dip between two walls of rock approached by steep flights of steps. One rock rising sheer out of the water was almost literally hidden from view by a cloud of pigeons that clung to its rugged front.

It was a pretty sight, the constant stream of straight, lithe women in many-coloured kirtles coming and going with their red jars poised on their heads. Some had a small ring of plaited straw which they placed on their heads, and on this stood the water-jar, slim-necked, full-bodied, and rounding off at the base to a ring not larger than the palm of the hand. Far up at the top of the steps on the town side was a stalwart blind beggar, who had miraculously caught sight of us, and at short intervals broke forth into sten-

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torian entreaty for backsheesh. The pigeons, alarmed at the reverberation, started off from the rock, darkening the air in their flight.

I don't know what becomes of the pigeons; evidently no one kills and eats them. In the peepul tree, under which a betel-nut man was getting shaved, there were trays suspended from the boughs on which passers-by threw a few grains of rice or millet. The tree was peopled with birds, which, when not over-eating themselves, hopped about as if the place belonged to them; which indeed it does, for no Hindoo would disturb them.

All the life of an Indian bazaar dies out at sundown, as it begins at sunrise. There are no flaring gaslights, no crowd of promenaders. As darkness falls over the narrow streets the goods are taken in from the ever-open shop. The shopkeepers disappear, the shops become dark, empty caverns, and only here and there the glare of a miniature furnace with a man's face suddenly lighted up as he applies the blow-pipe, shows the late worker in silver or brass.

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CHAPTER XXII.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT INDIA.

I WENT to India with the depressed feeling born of listening to innumerable debates on the subject in the House of Commons. From these I gathered that India is a hopeless incubus upon the Empire, a source of constant and increasing danger, which might any day, even to-morrow, reach its crisis. That India should "perish," or that in some other quite conclusive way England should be rid of a legacy originally created by traders and fostered by military adventurers, seemed to be the best thing that could happen for this country. I left India full of amazement at the fertility of her resources, the steady growth of her prosperity, the docility and industry of her people, and full of hope for her future.

India is still one of the richest countries in the world, though in a different way from what it was when Clive extorted over two

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millions and a half in jewels, plate, and specie as a fine for the revolt of Bengal. The jewels and precious stones are exhausted, and Golconda has become but a name. But, fostered and encouraged by wise and watchful government, the manifold natural gifts of India are being cultivated till its trade has reached colossal proportions, which increase with every year. Fifty years ago, after a quarter of a century of British rule, India exported goods of the value of ten millions, showing the country tenfold richer than it was before English influence prevailed. In 1880 India exported sixty-six millions worth of its natural products, making with its imports a total turnover of one hundred and twenty-two millions within twelve months. Not the least hopeful sign in the aspect of Indian trade is its adaptability and its readiness to take advantage of all the adverse circumstances of foreign nations.

Other people's adversity has ever been India's opportunity. The civil war in America gave an impetus to its cotton industry which has proved permanent. The failure of crops in the United States suggested to India that it might become the great wheat-growing country of the world, an expectation by no means beyond reasonable hope of fulfilment.

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Ten years ago India exported one million hundredweight of wheat. Three years later the exports reached over six millions hundredweight, valued at three millions sterling. The Crimean war, shutting out Russian flax and hemp from Dundee, brought jute into use, and India is now richer by a steady and increasing income and nearly four millions sterling a year. There is scarcely any great article of international trade which India does not produce and deal in in increasing quantities. Cotton, jute, and wheat have been alluded to; but India exports rice, oilseeds to the extent of six millions sterling per annum, indigo, opium, tobacco, coffee, cinchona (an industry of recent years), and tea, the trade in which has multiplied fourfold in ten years and is still increasing. Its carpets and rugs are familiar to every English household. Its pottery, as exemplified in the Bombay School of Art, requires only to be better known to become a fashionable craze, profitable for India and wholesome for English taste. In addition to these exports, India has coal, not very good it is true; iron, of the best quality in the world; copper, some lead, much tin, petroleum, and a fathomless stock of saltpetre, with which it supplies the world's need of gunpowder.

With a country thus exceptionally rich

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in natural products, it will reasonably be asked why we hear so much of the poverty of the people and of the difficulty the administration find in making both ends meet. One reason for this is that for the last quarter of a century India has been plagued with famine and war. The mutiny of '57, the great famines of 1874 and 1876–78, and the last attempt to create a scientific frontier on the north, whilst they account for the unflourishing state of the Indian Exchequer, really supply the best proofs of the natural wealth of the country and the elasticity of its revenues. There are few other countries in the world that could have survived those successive blows, whereas India to-day is more prosperous, with fairer prospects, than at any previous period of her history.

Relief from war or, what is scarcely less fatal to the prosperity of a country, deliverance from the daily apprehensions born of a restless policy, has come only within the last four years, and the taxpayers of the country are still handicapped by the weight of expenditure incurred in the Afghan war. But recovery is almost complete, and it is expected that the year's Budget of 1884 will show a fair surplus. As to the recurrence of famine, the foundations of its empire are being sapped

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every year. With the growth of irrigation famine is beaten within smaller and smaller area, and when after long successive drought it rears its head, the extension of railways enables the Government to grapple with it. For irrigation works and for the fostering of trade the natives of India have directly to thank the British Government. That Government is in the strictest and best sense a paternal government, watching over the needs and the welfare of the people with keen, wise eyes, and doing for them what they are either too indolent or too ignorant to do for themselves.

It is undeniable that in the earlier history of British rule in India there are many pages which cannot be looked upon without feelings of shame and indignation. For the last thirty years, since the Viceroyalty of Lord Dalhousie, the whole energies and the entire spirit of the English Government have been devoted to improving the condition of the natives and of the country. "Governments exist for the good of the governed," was Lord Dalhousie's rule, a little startling, not to say blasphemous, to Anglo-Indians of the old school, but which has on the whole been adopted as the axiom off successive viceroys. The result of British rule upon the condition of the natives is set

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forth in the incontrovertible language of facts. Wherever a state has been annexed it has grown in numbers, prosperity, and social improvement.

We hear from time to time much passionate sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden native of India," crushed under the weight of taxation. As a matter of fact the rate of gross taxation paid by the natives during the ten years ending 1879 was 3*s*. 8*d*. a head. In 1880 the foray into Afghanistan had increased this to 4*s*. a head. But the British taxpayer, in addition to local and municipal rates, pays imperial taxes at the rate of £2 a head. In the penultimate days of the Mogul Empire, of which England was in due course the successor, eighty millions sterling were exacted in the way of taxation as against thirty-five millions now drawn, whilst Aurungzebe ruled over a smaller area and a considerably less population than own the sway of Victoria. The Famine Commissioners, in their report published in 1880, state that throughout British India the landed classes pay revenue at the maximum rate of 5*s*. 6*d*. a head, the trading classes pay 3*s*. 3*d*., the artizans 2*s*., and the agricultural labourers 1*s*. 8*d*.

"Any native of India," the Commissioners add, "who does not trade or own land, and

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who chooses to drink no spirituous liquor and to use no English cloth or iron" (conditions easily fulfilled by a native), "need pay in taxation only about 7*d.* a year on account of the salt he consumes." On a family of three persons the charge amounts to 1*s.* 9*d.*; which, it is true, is in the lowest strata equal to four days' wages of a labouring man and his wife. But what labouring man is there in England who would not gladly compound with the State by yielding four days', or even seven days', labour as payment in full for all taxation, direct, indirect, local, and municipal?

The truth is that India has been made by England, after being delivered by her strong arm from successive floods of cruel conquest and rapine, Afghan, Mussulman, Persian, Tartar, or Maharatta. The natives who tilled the soil had no chance till the English came, and it must be admitted not much immediately after, though it was the rajahs, fat with the spoils of each other's palaces and temples, that Clive and Warren Hastings chiefly bled. All that is changed now, and the good of the governed is the object of the solicitude of the governors, not without some evidences of fretful irritation on the part of the descendants and successors of the old colonists. India has now fairly entered upon the path of pros-

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perity, is able, and I believe willing, to pay the moderate price levied for the charges of good government, asking only to be delivered from the ruinous fines incurred by restless foreign policy in Downing Street, and the clash of party warfare at Westminster.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A BRITISH OUTPOST.

REGARDED as a harbour, Aden is one of the finest sites in the world. As a home for man it is among the most desolate. It yields neither fruit nor vegetables, nor grows flowers, nor scarcely any grass or green thing. Its hills yield no fresh streams, nor is water to be had by digging wells. Condensed water is the sole resource of the colonists, and beef alternating with mutton their daily fare, except when friendly ships bring rare presents of fowl or game. The harbour and the European settlement are built on a narrow strip of sandy, gravelly land, lying at the feet of hard bare brown rocks. Somebody must, from time to time, sojourn here, for there are two hotels whose high-sounding names contrast with the desolation of the scene. Nothing less than the "Hotel de l'Univers," unless it be the "Hotel de l'Europe," will do for Aden. It is

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a pathetic fancy this. All Europe, nay, all the universe, hurrying out to make a stay at Aden, and here are the hotels with green verandahs awaiting their reception, with a waiter standing in either doorway ready to take the universal orders, but in the meanwhile yawning, and lazily flapping at flies with a dirty napkin.

Aden itself, the native town peopled by Arabs, Africans, and a miscellaneous horde of nationalities much out of the elbows, lies four miles inland. We drove thither, passing out of the neighbourhood of the two hotels by stores of coal which tell the enormous business done at this half-way house to India. To-day there is stored in Aden 70,000 tons of coal, chiefly imported from Cardiff. The price just now runs as high as 35*s*. a ton, which is moderately cheap. During the Abyssinian war the price of coals at Aden was run up £8 a ton. Government must have coal for their transports and men-of-war, and patriotic stockholders held on till they got their price. Just now a hundred steamers a month call at Aden, chiefly to coal, from which it will appear that somebody turns over a pretty penny in compensation for the absence of all other joys of life.

But there is a cloud rising over Aden

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which may work its ruin. At present it is no bigger than a little island in the Red Sea called Perim. Perim also belongs to England, and has been leased to a private company, who hope that it will some day supplant Aden as a coaling station. It has many natural advantages, including a fine harbour, and offers the inducement of increased cheapness of coal. At Aden a big steamer cannot let go its anchor and haul it up again under a fine of £20. There are no port charges at Perim, which is, moreover, directly on the route, and a day's steaming nearer to Cardiff.

It is, however, as a naval station, an outpost of the British Empire, that Aden is chiefly prized, and as such it will always hold its own. At present the fort is not very heavily armed, its biggest guns being nine-inch muzzle-loaders of twelve tons, practically obsolete in these days of ironclads. The guns are mounted on the open barbette system, pretty to look at, but dangerous to serve. This is to be altered at something like an expenditure of £100,000. New guns of twenty-six tons are to be placed in armoured cupolas, and all points within the harbour at which a landing might be effected by an enemy will be protected by light guns. At Aden, as at Hong-kong, a place practically defenceless against

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first-class ironclads, trust has hitherto been placed in the watchfulness of the fleet. It is intended to place Aden in a position in which, like Gibraltar, it can answer for itself. This is a work quietly undertaken by a Government understood in some quarters to be careless of national defences, and particularly reckless of the safety of our empire in the East.

I hear at Aden of another little stroke of business affected without blare of trumpets, and uncelebrated in music-halls. Just facing Aden, and commanding the harbour, there just out a rocky promontory which, should it be seized by an enemy or acquired by a friendly Power, would immeasurably reduce the value of Aden as a naval and military post. In 1869, when Mr. Gladstone's Government was supposed to be absorbed with such humdrum things as reforming churches, freeing land, and creating a system of national education, this long-overlooked coign of vantage was quietly bought from the Arab chief who held its suzerainty. One day Lieutenant (now Major) Hogg, in command of a troop of Scinde Horse stationed on the narrow spit of sand where the cavalry lines lie, received instructions to go and take possession in the Queen's name of this potential Gibraltar. So little was known of the district that he was informed

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that the journey skirting the bay would be seven miles. He found it fifteen, and though the little troop had started with the hope of arriving at their destination before the heat made day insufferable, it was high noon when the fagged horses and men reached their camping-place.

At sunrise the next morning, amid a salute from the cavalry, the British flag floated from the barren rock, announcing to whom it might concern that this was British soil. At sunset the flag was taken down, the process being repeated every day for a week, at the end of which time the troops trotted back, and a new, though exceedingly rough, diamond had been added to the circlet of the British crown. Nothing has been done since, but I believe that Little Aden, as it is called for want of a better name, is forthwith to be fortified, completing the impregnability of the harbour.

Driving along the road skirting the bay on the way to Aden town, we passed on the right-hand the burial-place where hundreds of natives were huddled during the last cholera epidemic. It would be impossible for words to convey an idea of the desolateness of this place. It is not even enclosed, and all but a few of the graves are nameless and unmarked, save by the little mounds that rise out of the

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unkempt shingle. Behind, bare and bleak, ungraced by tree or shrub and unblessed by blade of grass, rise the forbidding hills of volcanic rock. In front is the sea, with glimpses beyond of a jagged coast and an illimitable stretch of desert. Here, when the sun has gone down and the sea moans all round, sits Death in the dark alone.

> All shores about and afar lie lonely,
> But lonelier this than the heart of grief.

We passed on the road many Arabs leading strings of camels loaded with elephant grass, the principal fodder yielded by the district. One camel went by with a load of rough but sweet-scented hay. A gharry drove by with an Arab and three children in the front seat. The back part under the hood had a cloth drawn down, closely veiling the inmates—presumably the wives of the gentleman on the box seat—who thus sadly took their pleasure on a morning's drive. A little ahead was a lanky Arab on a minute donkey. The man carried a little child, fast asleep, on his breast. What with the heat of the sun, and the distraction born of the united duties of caring for the sleeping infant and keeping his feet off the ground, he perspired freely.

Through the covered way flanked by the

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fort we came upon a funeral procession of Arabs. The leader, dressed in white, held in his arms a packet wrapped in matting, through the open end of which peeped a tiny bare brown foot. About twenty Arabs, chiefly dressed in white, followed in irregular procession, singing a monotonous chant. I hope they were not going to bury the little thing among the shingle under the hill.

Nearer Aden, just before the road turns off to mount the hill that leads to the town, there is another graveyard, not much better kept, but lying in a shadier nook, with an outlet upon another position of the bay, where the blue waters fall in tiny breakers around purple islets. Doubtless that was their destination.

Most of the people we met on the road were Arabs, fine, handsome men, with erect bearing and lithe, springy step; but there was a considerable sprinkling of Somalis, a race who come from the other side of the Red Sea. Many of these had their woolly hair curled and tinted yellow, a mode at one time, I believe, popular among ladies of fashion in London. I do not know how they acquired the adornment, but the process in vogue among the Somalis is very simple. On the shore by the port he finds a soft yellow mud, with which he liberally plasters his head.

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This is left on for a week, during which time it is sufficiently baked by the sun. The head is then washed, the woolly hair put into curl papers, and the Somali beau walks about with the conviction that he is rather fetching.

Aden town lies, as it were, in the bottom of a cup, the sides being rugged volcanic hills. It must be a fearful place in summer. In these January days it is dangerous to appear out of doors without a sun helmet or a *terai*, which is simply composed of two felt hats, one fitting close upon the top of the other. The streets are narrow and dirty, swarming with black-eyed children, chiefly naked, who run after the carriage and lisp for backsheesh. There is also a choice collection of deformity, the fortunate possessors of which close round the visitor and make it almost impossible to proceed a few yards on foot. Another nuisance are the money-changers, who cannot be convinced that the chief object of one landing in Aden is not either to get rupees changed into English money or English money converted into rupees. One of these men spent the whole morning with us, holding out a handful of silver. It was a little monotonous, but we got used to it in time, and he seemed to be enjoying himself.

The one thing Aden has to show to the

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tourist are its famous tanks. These are scooped out of hills standing a little above town. They are natural excavations, nature having been but slightly assisted by art. There is a series of four or five tanks, yawning caldrons, each one capable of holding thousands of gallons of water if it could only get them. That is, however, the drawback. The tanks are quite empty now, as they always are except for a short period after unusually heavy rains. They are no use for the purpose for which it is naturally supposed they were constructed, that of supplying Aden with water. When the rains do come, after the long drought, they bring down tons of mud, the washings of the dusty hills. It would take a year, with a constant supply of fresh and cleaner water, before the store could be used for domestic purposes. But the Government, whose property the tanks are, manage to turn them to commercial account. These washings of the hills are full of manurial properties, for which the agriculturists for miles around compete. Last year the dirty water sold for £800, and went to irrigate a thirsty land.

As to the origin of these colossal reservoirs it is lost in remote antiquity. The generally accepted theory is that they were made

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by the Romans, who once had a settlement here. They were accidentally discovered some years ago, and the rubbish with which they had been gradually filled was cleared away at the expense of the Government. They are approached by a neatly kept garden, in which, at nearly every turn, is set up an earnest request that visitors will not pluck the flowers. This, I fancy, is a bitter joke, for scarcely any flowers will bloom in this enclosed space, on which the sun beats down with a terrible power that dries up the thinly sprinkled soil.

We returned to the port by another route, on which the dust was laid by water-carts, drawn by camels. From this road, not Aden, but the prospect from its hills, looked fairer. The volcanic peaks on the opposite shore were doubtless as brown and desolate as that on which we stood. But seen at a distance across the blue bay, they were dowered with soft reds and deep purples, whilst here and there the riven masses opened up glimpses of golden sand.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

The voyage from Aden to Suez in such weather as fell to our lot is one of dreamy delight. Leaving Aden behind, we sailed along a coast guarded by files of sentinel hills rising one above another, with boundless wealth of blue sea at their feet. There is no sign of tree or verdure, but the rocks, birth of volcano, take on in the varying distance hues of infinite beauty. Close by Aden there is a miniature bay of pure white sand, shut out from the world in the rear by an impenetrable wall of rock; this is called "Honeymoon Bay," because, it is said, young couples getting married have been known to sail away and build them a tent here. Further out there are a constant succession of bays sufficient to meet the honeymoon necessities of the close of a London season. We had magnificent

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weather and seas without a ripple till almost within sight of Suez; but the clouds had, as of old, hidden Mount Sinai as we passed.

On the afternoon before we reached Suez, the wind suddenly veered round, and a summer's afternoon was instantly changed into bleakest October weather, the sun still shining, but the wind piercingly cold. The Southern Cross, constant harbinger of the coming day, was left behind, not to be seen again on this journey. The last time I saw it, midway up the Red Sea, it was shining brightly in the southern heavens, whilst to the eastward both sea and sky were suffused with the rosy tints of the coming sun. In the west the moon and its attendant court of stars and planets shone out as brightly as if the sky were their unquestioned empire, and there was no such thing as day.

On the fifth morning after leaving Aden we awoke to find ourselves anchored at Suez. Two miles away on the left, lay the town, its white-walled houses shining fair in the morning light, though I believe it is the cleanliness and beauty of a whited sepulchre. We got a nearer view of Suez as we entered the Canal, and saw the long procession of mules travelling to and fro along the narrow causeway raised above the swampy level, and connecting

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the town with the port. The French genius of the place breaks out in a little *café* fronting the entrance to the Canal, where doubtless *petits verres* are to be had, after which refreshment the pleased resident may stroll along a forlorn boulevard, bordered here and there with stunted funereal cypress.

At Suez, in accordance with the regulations of the Company, we took on board a pilot, a stout middle-aged Italian, who knew as much of English as our captain did of the language of Dante — that is to say, nothing. The necessity of engaging a pilot to take a steamer through the Canal is analagous to that which exists for compelling the commander of a flat to ship a pilot on entering the Metropolitan boundary of the Regent's Canal. What is wanted is a steady hand on the tiller, and an eye that can follow a straight line. It might even be supposed that a pilot, in addition to the heavy impost exacted for his service, is undesirable, since a quartermaster accustomed to steer the ship would do it better if left alone. However it be, our pilot within an hour of taking command ran us ashore, in broad daylight, in a straight cut of the Canal, with not a breath of wind stirring, and with no one on board having a command of the Italian language

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sufficiently fluent to let him know what we thought of him.

The *Nepaul*, after unaccountably wobbling to the port and starboard, finally selected the left bank, and with gentle gliding motion ran on to it, her bows rising three feet in the air. The engines were already reversed, and the screw plunged and hissed through the water in the effort to withdraw the bows; but the bank held like a vice, and the only result was that the stern swung over, grounded on the opposite bank, and the screw was useless. This was a pretty interruption of a prosperous voyage, lying like a log athwart the Canal, with the pilot aimlessly trotting up and down the bridge, and no one on board able to speak Italian!

All along the Canal bank, on both sides, posts have been driven for use in contingencies of this kind. Captain Wyatt, leaving the pilot to his own reflections, promptly had steel hawsers attached to these posts, the steam winch was got to work, and an effort was made to slew the stern round so that the screw could be freed. After a few moments' straining the hawser parted, the riven end wriggling along the deck like a snake that had been cut in two. Fortunately no one was near, and no one hurt. Another steel hawser

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was got out at the stern, a second one at the bows, and a united effort made to pull the ship straight. To this end all the ship's company, including the stewards and barber, were mustered aft, and the game of "rolling" essayed. This is a simple game much enjoyed by the crew. Everybody gathers at one side of the quarter-deck, and at a signal given by the steam whistle they run over to the other side, the object being to loosen the vessel in its sandy bed, and so ease the work of the cables still straining fore and aft.

At Suez we had had put on board, in addition to the pilot, a representative of the Egyptian Government charged with the mission of seeing that the quarantine regulations under which we sailed were not broken. To that end, as soon as we had got under weigh, he stretched himself out on one of the benches and went to sleep. He was awakened by the shock of the grounding, and evidently regarded the incident as a personal matter, depriving him of his sleep. I wanted him to join in the rolling exercise, but he resolutely declined, whilst making my advances the basis of an acquaintance, subsequent developments of which consisted of his asking me for cigars. He was a poor, dirty, disreputable-looking fellow, whose pitiful wages were probably in arrear.

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He slept most of the way through the Canal, and faded out of sight at Port Said, as it were in an earthquake. A boat came alongside with the P. and O. agent in charge of a quarantine officer; but whether to prevent the agent catching cholera from us, or whether to deliver us from the danger of contagion by touch of a resident in Port Said, is a nice question left unsolved. Our quarantine man leaning over the bulwark engaged in conversation so loudly with his colleague in the boat, that after various remonstrances, the captain, looking up from the companion-ladder, said, "Take that fellow away." Instantly the quartermaster, a giant with face simple and kindly as a child's, had the representative of the Egyptian Government by the throat, whisked him across the quarter-deck, and with a parting kick sent him whizzing round the captain's cabin, and for aught I know into space. I never saw him any more. As for the quartermaster, he resumed his position at the head of the companion way, looking gentler and more childlike than ever. I fancy he had been yearning all through the passage to kick this lazy, frowsy Egyptian, and was glad when the time came.

For half an hour the ship's company ran to and fro, to their huge enjoyment. Then

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the second wire cable broke, fortunately in an interval of breathing-time. It was evident we were in bad case. Nothing more could be done, and a telegram was despatched for a tug. At dusk it arrived, and a Manilla cable of prodigious size was fastened stern on; but it was now low water, and night was falling. A jackal came to the edge of the bank, looked at us, and trotted off, as if it were no business of his. A flock of black ibis rose up from the desert, spread out in single file, curled like the lash of Titanic whip. They circled slowly round the ship, and passed away out of sight. The sun went down in a cloudless, lurid sky, and we were left alone, shut up between two sandbanks.

The tide would be near flow at one in the morning, and the crew turned in early, to be piped up half an hour after midnight, when the silence of the desert was broken by the tramp of men as they ran from side to side. The tug puffed, and hauled astern. The steam winch strained at the cables fore and aft. Half a hundred men ran from side to side, but still the great ship lay stedfast in her bed of mud, and to move her seemed as hopeless as the endeavours to slew Arabia round to join Egypt. Once more the task was given up. The only hope now was to lighten the

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ship, and telegrams were despatched for men and lighters. The prospect was not a pleasant one. Ships aground as we were had been known to stick for five days, till half the cargo was out. We were going to breakfast with gloomy hearts when it was suddenly discovered that, without apparent effect, when operations were suspended except for the puffing tug, the stern had slewed round into deep water. The welcome vibration of the screw was felt again; the tug puffed more frantically than ever; the cable over the bow strained between winch and post: in ten minutes the steamer slowly moved astern, and we were again afloat, after twenty-one hours' detention.

It was proposed, amid acclamation, to put the pilot on board the tug, or ship him in one of the lighters for Suez. But that would have been against the law of the land; so he was quietly ignored, and the vessel safely steered to Ismailia. Here we made the pleasant discovery that practically no time had been lost by our misadventure. If we had not been aground at the entrance to the Canal we should have been at anchor in Lake Timseh. Another steamer had not only grounded, but sunk, a hundred yards up the Canal after passing Ismailia, and Lake Timseh was crowded with steamers awaiting the removal

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of the block. We fortuitously arrived at the end of two days' detention, and early the next morning were able to proceed, leading a fleet of splendid steamers, and passing at successive *gares* groups bound East, moored till the line was clear.

Our journey lay all day through a narrow ditch, with the spoil bank rising at either side, for the most part shutting off all view of the desert. At places the Canal is so narrow that, as we crept along, the melancholy sandladen mimosa that fringes the banks almost brushed the side of the ship. Nearing Port Said the view widened. The waters of the Mediterranean began to creep over the low lands. Away to the left we saw what seemed far-reaching white rocks surrounded by a quiet pool of water. As we drew nearer we discovered that this was an innumerable flock of flamingoes, standing knee-deep in the water. At the firing of a gun the flock rose like a great white cloud, changing to pink as, mounting higher, the plumage under their wings came into view.

We found Port Said crowded for the same reason that gathered a fleet at anchor at Ismailia. The block in the Canal had thrown out of gear the traffic of two worlds, and at least twenty-four hours must elapse before

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the tangled skein could be unravelled. The yellow flag at our mast-head indicated our condition of quarantine, an absurd and vexatious regulation which it is not easy to see who benefits from. We had a clean bill of health, and were thirteen days out from Bombay, where there was rather less cholera than on the average throughout the year; but if we had left a town tainted to the water's edge we were safe company, as the seeds of cholera do not wait thirteen days for their generation.

Nevertheless, the condition of isolation was maintained with ludicrous strictness. Letters and newspapers for the passengers were gravely handed over with a pair of tongs. Letters and documents from the ship were taken up with the tongs, put in a tin box, and carried off at arms' length to be fumigated before being handled. The passengers were condemned to remain on board for twenty-four hours during coaling, and Port Said lost the certain sum of money they would have spent had they been allowed to go on shore. To complete the comedy, Malta put Egypt in quarantine, and rather than run the risk of further annoyance and delay it was decided to steam straight home for Plymouth, thus losing for Malta the con-

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siderable profits of a call from a P. and O. steamer.

Early on the morning after our arrival at Port Said, a crowd began to gather on the quay right opposite the steamer's moorings. The majority of the men wore the fez, some turbans, and a few Arabs had their heads tied round with shawls. The favourite colour of dress was a shade of light blue, too cool for the state of the weather, but pretty to look at. A crowd of boats gathered in front of the quay, and men and boys in them began to undress in spite of the keen wind that blew, and made muffled-up folks shiver.

Presently, from round a corner to the left, there emerged a procession. In the van came two men, in short white skirts, red stockings, and black skull-caps trimmed with gold lace. Behind them walked a priest, in long white gown, trimmed with frills and lace. Over this hung a crimson silk cape, rich with gold lace and embroidery, a gold embroidered cross pendant from his waist. Four boys in white gowns carried crosses and censors, and behind came a long string of rabble, running and pushing, threatening to run down the priest, as if he were the Speaker, and they hon. members proceeding on the opening day of the Session to hear the Queen's Speech read in the House

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of Lords. As the procession approached, the men in the boats cast off all their clothing save a pair of drawers and eagerly stood up. The priest halting at the edge of the quay, took a book from a white-stoled boy, read a verse or two, raised his hands as if invoking a blessing, and then flung out seaward a golden cross. An eager spring was made at it by the half-clad men in the boats, who simultaneously leaped into the sea. I fancy one caught it before it touched the water. Nevertheless, all dived, splashed around for a minute or two, and then one sprang out and made off down the street at the top of his speed, the water dripping off him and the rabble following pell mell.

Meanwhile the priest, the gentlemen in red stockings, and the boys with the crosses had executed a strategic retreat, and were retiring in good order by another street on the right. We learned, in explanation of this remarkable scene, that the day was Epiphany, and that this was the annual ceremony of blessing the Suez Canal on behalf of the Greek Church. The apparently lunatic behaviour of the damp man, madly running off with the rabble after him, was that he had secured the cross and was making for the church, where, on delivering up the treasure, he would receive a handsome money reward.

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We sailed just before sunset, finding the sunny skies and sapphire seas of the East changed for troubled waters and lowering clouds. After two days of dirty weather the sea smoothed itself out, the sun shone forth, and life was once more worth living. We skirted the African coast so closely that we could see Algiers, shining white in the sunlight. Crossing over in the night, we awoke to find ourselves under the lee of the rugged coast of Spain, with here and there a lighthouse, a little town lying embayed among the hills, and often only a lonely martello tower perched on a rock, to speak of human habitation. Gibraltar we passed at night in a rain squall that obscured its lights, and broke out in the Atlantic to find the seas kinder and the skies bluer than they had been at the remoter end of the Mediterranean.

At a time when the question of doubling the Suez Canal or making a parallel one is occupying public attention, it may be useful to state the view of the men who are most intimately acquainted with the practical bearings of the case. I had opportunity of widely gathering the opinions of captains and officers of large ships habitually using the Canal, and I find them, without exception, in favour of widening the existing ditch. The reasons for

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this are simple and forcible. The chief cause of the vexatious and costly delay now habitually taking place in the Canal arises from the grounding of big steamers. In places the canal is so narrow that one could jump ashore from either side of a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. The slightest turn of the tiller and the steamer is aground.

With the Canal doubled in width this danger is reduced to a minimum. It is all the difference between walking on a tight-rope and crossing by a plank. If a second canal is made, presumably of the same width as the present one, this danger will still remain, though reduced by one-half. The maximum rate of steaming permitted by the Canal regulations is five miles and one-third, a limitation rendered necessary by the danger arising from the force of the "wash" in so narrow a gut. It is admitted on all hands that if the Canal were doubled in width a speed of eight knots might be safely accomplished. Moreover, vessels might steam by night, whereas they are now obliged to lie up from sunset to sunrise. This would shorten the passage by a day — a great consideration for shipowners, consignees, and passengers.

Besides extending the usefulness of the Canal by limiting the period of its occupancy

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by individual ships, added expedition would be gained in a widened canal by the avoidance of the necessity of the block system now existing, whereby vessels have to pull up at stations, and wait indefinite periods till the line is clear. With a canal of double width, whilst small steamers could pass each other, it would only be necessary for the larger craft to lie up at points where others pass them, an operation that would not incur more than a quarter of an hour's delay.

Finally, the project of doubling the Canal recommends itself on the score of lesser expense. The original cost would be much smaller, whilst the permanent charges of administration would also be reduced. The only argument conceivable in favour of the second canal is the supposition that it would be made with English money, worked under English direction, and in the matter of rates be competitive with the elder scheme. That, however, is a possibility obviously incompatible with the collaboration of M. de Lesseps, which is the basis of the understanding arrived at in 1883 between him and the English shipowners.

What those who do business in the narrow water of the Suez Canal would like above all things to see is a canal double the width of

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the present one, and five feet deeper, under British, or, for the matter of that, international, commercial direction. Failing that, the widening of the existing Canal is the only scheme that would give practical relief to the shipping trade.

"Travel east, travel west,
A man's own house is still the best."

THE END.

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